Evening Post · January 30.1965 · 25c

POST

HOW WE'LL REBUILD THE G.O.P.
BY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

THE GIRL WHO WROTE
'SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL'

THE KU KLUX KLAN:
"We got nothing to hide"

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LISTEN—DANCE—DREAM

Romantic Music

1539. Also: My Heart Cries for You; Hey, Good Lookin'; etc.

1607. Also: Drowsy Waters, The Hawaiian Wedding Song, etc.

1361. Also: I Stayed Too Long at The Fair, Gotta Move, etc.

1593. Gordon Jenkins' musical poems in praise of Manhattan

1537. Also: Lost in The Stars, Too Close for Comfort, etc.

1351. Also: Dream, This Is All I Ask, Noelle, 12 in all

1442. The Sweetest Sounds, You'll Never Walk Alone, 10 more

1365. Also: What'll I Do, Always on My Mind, Solitude, etc.

1350. Also: Third Man Theme, Caravan, Solitude, etc.

1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

1596. Also: Home on The Range, Carolina Moon, etc.

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. ✻

1061. Also: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.

1614. Also: Forget Him, You Don't Own Him, Sugar Shack, etc.

1002. Also: What Kind of Fool Am I?, May Each Day, etc.

1113. Also: A Guy Is A Guy; Whatever Will Be, Will Be; etc. ✻

1302. Also: The High And The Mighty, I Got Rhythm, etc.

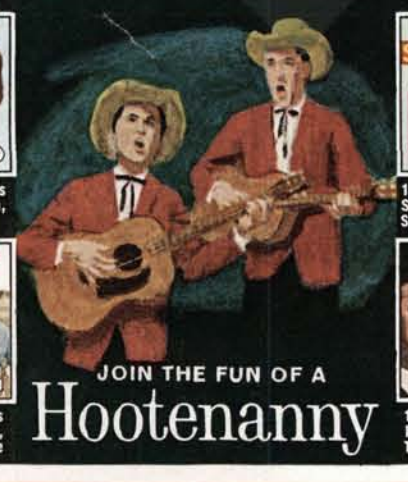
1257. Also: Return to Paradise, Beyond The Reef, etc.

1406. Also: Daddy, Come On-A My House, Blue Moon, etc.

1457. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, Nina Never Knew, etc.

1594. Also: Tara's Theme, Imagination, Laura, etc.

1595. Also: Because of You, All The Way, Secret Love, etc.



JOIN THE FUN OF A

Hootenanny

1162. Also: Rovin' Gambler, A Travelin' Man, 12 in all

1458. Also: Streets of Laredo, Bonanza, New Mexico, etc.

1448. Also: Sunshine Special, Goin' Home, Sinner Man, etc.

1443. Also: Slowly, Back Street Affair, More And More, etc.

1598. Also: Cup of Loneliness, Color of The Blues, etc.

1590. Also: Anything Love Can Buy, This Ol' Riverboat, etc.

1450. Also: Folsom Prison Blues, Bad News, etc.

1006. Lemon Tree, If I Had A Hammer, This Train, 12 in all

1004. Green Leaves of Summer, My Tani, Greenfields, 9 more

1597. Also: How Long Is Forever, Please Talk to My Heart, etc.

1012. Also: What Do I Care, Forty Shades of Green, etc.

1449. Also: Tell Old Bill, The Tarriers Song, etc.

1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.

1501. Eight spanking new explosions of laughter and song

ENJOY A SWINGING

Teen Party

1413. Drag City, The Queen, 10 more

1586. Also: It's So Easy, etc.

1585. Also: What Am I Living For, etc.

1545. Also: So Sad, Temptation, etc.

1580. Also: Gee Baby Gee, etc.

1582. Also: Cherry Stones, etc.

1581. Also: You Don't Own Me, etc.

1114. Cry Your Eyes Out, 12 in all

1588. Also: My Own True Love, etc.

1445. Also: Life Is But A Dream, etc.

1552. Also: Blueberry Hill, etc.

1571. Also: Hey Little Freshman, etc.

1410. Also: Hurdy-Gurdy Man, etc.

1188. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, etc.

1460. Also: For You, Kansas City, etc.

1009. Also: Party in Laguna, etc.

1587. Leave Me Alone, Don't Call Me, 10 more

1348. Also: Getting to Know You, etc.

1390. Hitchhike, The Bird, 12 in all

1444. Also: No Time to Lose, Stay, etc. ✻

1063. Also: Rumble, Honky-Tonk, etc.

1584. Also: Fools Like Me, etc.

THE BEST FROM

Broadway and Hollywood

1362. Also: Exodus, Irma La Douce, etc.

1439. Also: Lawrence of Arabia, etc.

1031. Great Rodgers & Hammerstein Hit ✻

1032. "Brilliant." — N. Y. Journal-Amer.

1346. Also: Secret Love, Gigi, etc.

1035. "A triumph." — Dorothy Kilgallen

1459. T... Academy Award W... Score

1033. "Wonderful." — Ed Sullivan

1036. Also: Smile, Magnificent 7, etc.

1199. "Superb!" — HiFi/Stereo Review

1355. Eleven riotous sketches

1030. "Splendid tunes."—New Yorker

1037. Most exciting musical ever made

1602. "A historic Hamlet!" — Life

1453. ...guili...

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1044. Also: Rinky-Dink, The Stripper, Take Five, etc.

1258. Also: Midnight in Moscow, If I Had A Hammer, etc.

1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus." —New York Times

1538. Also: If I Had A Hammer, La Bamba, A-Me-Ri-Ca, etc.

05. America's most ebrated organist." Newsweek

06. Also Lovesong May, Frasquita's ade, etc.

1165. Also: Lovely Hula Hands, Pagan Love Song, etc.

1542. Also: O Sole Mio, Sixteen Tons, Via Venato, etc.

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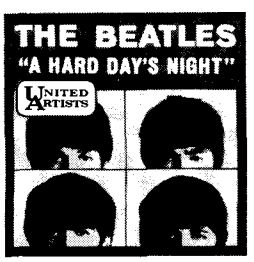

the Beatles

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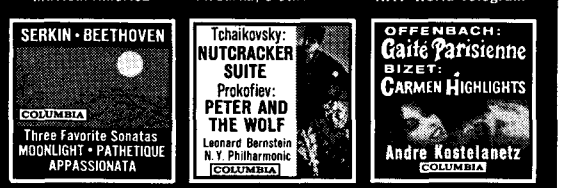
1093. "A work of genius . . . colossal score!" High Fid.

1480. "Sparkling performances...music." —Musical America

1326. Humoresque, Nocturne, Romance, Mazurka, 9 others

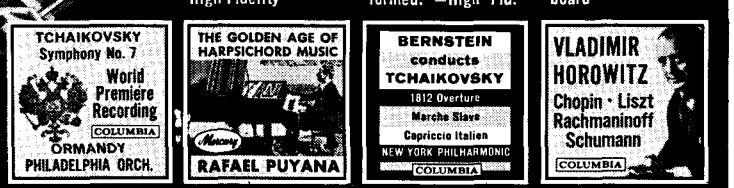
1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." —N.Y. World-Telegram



1263. "Magnificent performances!" —High Fidelity

1070. "Skillfully, warmly, richly performed." —High Fid.

1523. "A glittering performance." —Billboard



1283. "Appealing tunes and lush romanticism." —Life

1081. "Most astonishing playing we've heard!" —Wash. Star

1603. Bernstein "at top of his form." —High Fidelity

1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording." HiFi Rev.

Highlights — auser, Lohen-Siegfried, etc.

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1322. Performances are "quite dazzling" —New York Times

1577. Performed with "glowing intensity." —High Fidelity

1043. "Abundance of pulsing rhythms." St. Louis Globe-Dem.

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1359. Standanavian, Rubberneck, 7 more

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1364. Here are the Count's greatest hits

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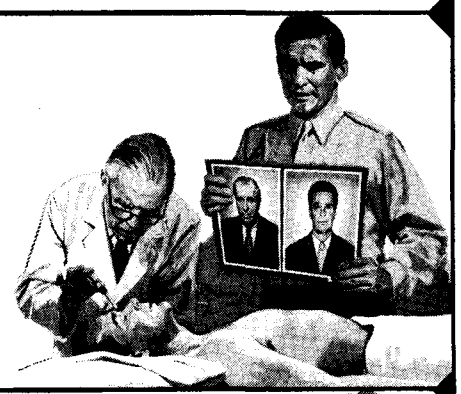

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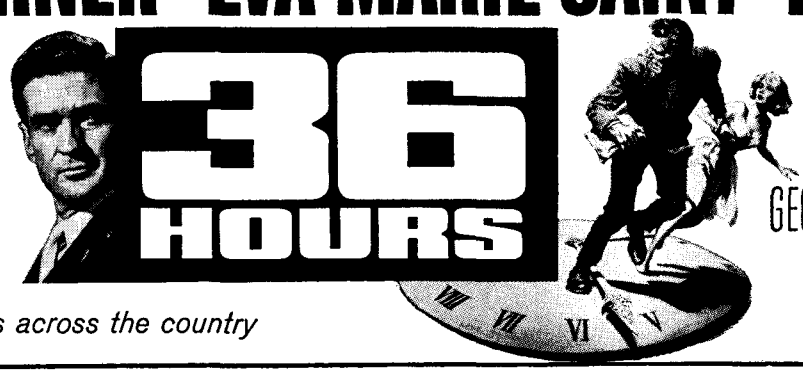

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IN THIS ISSUE

January 30, 1965 • 238th Year, Issue No. 2

ARTICLES

What's wrong with germ warfare? *(Speaking Out)* *Dr. Clifford F. Rassweiler* 12
Blandness in the White House *(Affairs of State)* . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 18
The future of the Republican Party . . . . . *Dwight D. Eisenhower* 21
The K. K. K.: 'We got nothing to hide' *Harold H. Martin and Kenneth Fairly* 26
Bosses make lousy lovers . . . . . *Joan Didion* 34
Mastah Freddy's modest miracle . . . . . *John Reddy* 68
The house that art built . . . . . *Richard Lemon* 72
Filet of hippo, anyone? . . . . . *Anne Chamberlin* 78
The masquerade of a counterfeit doctor . . . . . *Bard Lindeman* 83

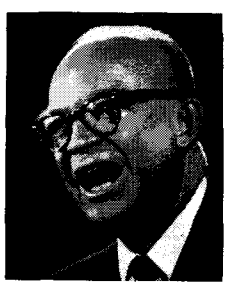
FICTION

The buffalo . . . . . *Noel Mostert* 40
An error of judgment . . . . . *Walter Meade* 48
Are you ready for Egyptland? . . . . . *Morton Fineman* 56

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 6
Post scripts 66
Hazel 80
Editorials 88

ABOUT THIS ISSUE



Mr. Eisenhower

One big question since last fall's Democratic landslide has been: "What will happen to the Republican Party?" In an exclusive article, former President DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER offers some constructive criticism of his party and tells how it can and must be rebuilt. . . . Our behind-the-scenes report on the Ku Klux Klan was prepared by two Southerners: editor-at-large HAROLD H. MARTIN, who lives in Georgia, and KENNETH FAIRLY, a criminal investigator for the Hinds County Sheriff's Office in Jackson, Miss. Mr. Fairly formerly was a police reporter for Hodding Carter's *Delta Democrat-Times* and a criminal investigator for the U.S. Treasury Department. . . . JOAN DIDION, who writes about Helen Gurley Brown (*Sex and the Single Girl*, *Sex and the Office*, etc.), is a *Vogue* columnist who has published one novel (*Run*, *River*) and is working on a second. . . . JOHN REDDY, a staff writer for the *Reader's Digest*, tells about a former airman's unique tribute to the natives who saved his life in the South Pacific during World War II./Cover by LYNN PELHAM.

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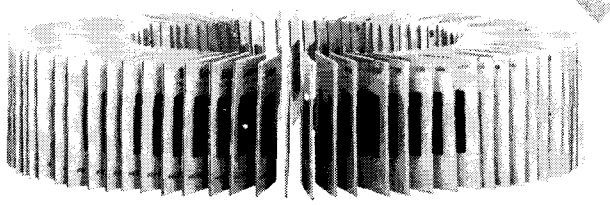

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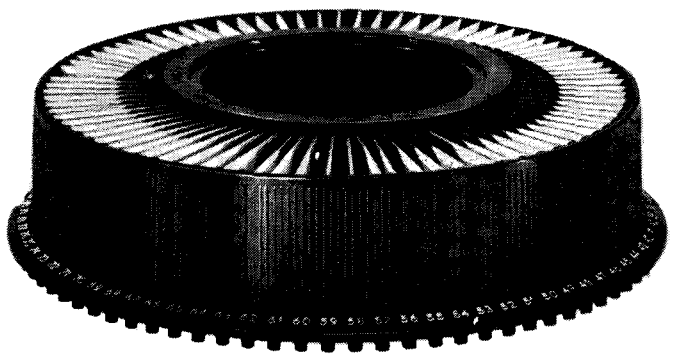

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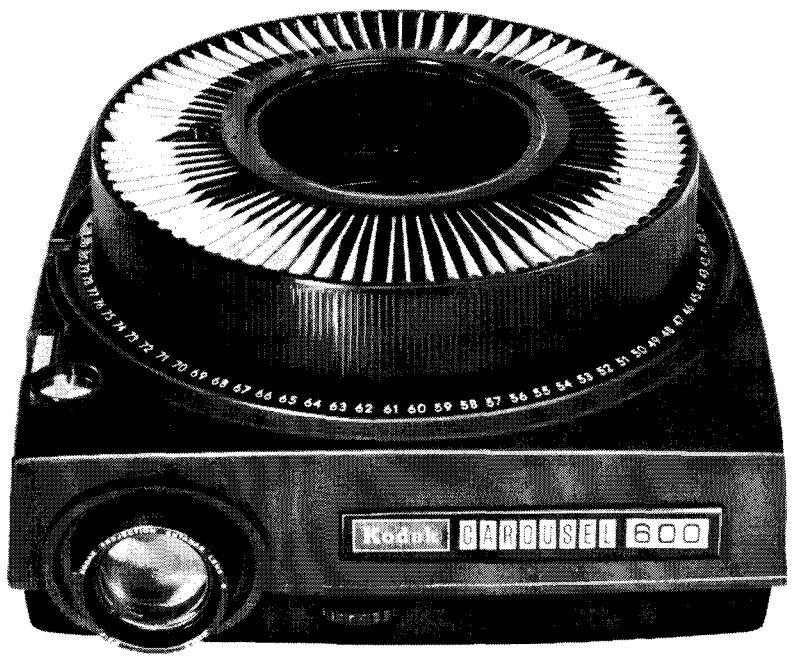

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Letters

Children

Congratulations on a unique and superlative issue devoted to THE CHILDREN OF AMERICA [December 19–26].

ARTHUR BEVAN
Santa Rosa, Calif.

• I thought Jamie and Suzy Kitman's letter PARENTS WILL NEVER AMOUNT TO MUCH [December 19–26] was so ridiculous because it didn't show any respect for parents. Parents help in some ways. They teach children to do things right. Jamie didn't realize that why his parents were yelling at him was because they were only trying to make him learn that what he was doing wasn't right.

Another thing was about not going to bed early. Children need more rest.

Nothing is wrong with chewing gum, social drinking and having a little candy.

The part of Jamie and Suzy's letter I hated the most was about forgetting "to keep a civil tongue in their heads" when they speak. Parents are never terribly cruel.

GLENN ROBERTSON (Age 8)
Whittier, Calif.

• Well! Maybe there *is* hope for American education after all . . . just when I was about ready to give up. What a joy to read about THE EXTRAORDINARY AMIDON SCHOOL [by Normand Poirier] with its "old-fashioned" ideas. Hurray for educator Carl F. Hansen, not spending half his time bowing before the tarnished image of John Dewey. Rah! Rah! for Amidon and discipline.

RUTH JOHNSTON
Fort Wayne, Ind.

• Mark Kauffman's beautiful photographs illustrating A CHRISTMAS CAROL helped me introduce the classic to my three-year-old.

CLIFTON J. NOBLE
Westfield, Mass.

• Thank you for that article MY FATHER WAS 'UNCLE WIGGILY' by Roger Garis. I'd like author Garis to know that the two most sorrowful events in my growing-up life were: learning there was no Santa Claus and learning that Uncle Wiggily was a rabbit.

MARION F. BAILEY
North Haven, Conn.

• Your editorial THE STRANGERS IN OUR MIDST really gave me something to think about. It helped me go to our daughter and say "I am sorry" for scolding her about school. You see, she makes poor grades most of the time. But she has tenderness; she is full of fun and makes friends with everyone, young or old. She hates history but will spend hours reading from my books of poetry. Now I am going to remember your editorial—education isn't just getting good grades in school—and try and appreciate her good qualities.

A READER
Milton-Freewater, Oreg.

Treats

Though I wouldn't want to go back, I remember, like author Mack Thomas, those days of TREATS [December 12] and the love among the family members. These stories should be a must on required reading lists for all jaded elders over 40.

ALICE DUTTKIN
Atlantic Highlands, N.J.

Women

What penetrating insight J. B. Priestley has into the nature of woman [WOMEN DON'T RUN THE COUNTRY, December 12]! It reminds me of the views of the anthropologist Dr. Ashley Montagu in his book *The Natural Superiority of Women*—that the true nature of woman is to humanize man. Man, with free hand, has indeed created a society alien to emotional security and has realized the macabre achievement of "sufficient instruments of destruction to kill every man, woman and child on earth."

MAY NELSON
Norwood, Mass.

• I think I am madly in love with J. B. Priestley.

MRS. C. HAGREE
Corvallis, Oreg.

• I work and am successful in a world dominated by men (a musician, I am) but I have never stopped believing in the simplicity of female needs—love, kindness and tenderness. All the mink and swimming pools in the world cannot take the place of a man who is understanding and might "hold your hand" when he knows that is what woman really needs.

BONNIE CARROLL
Vancouver, Wash.

War

I am sure that there were many men who felt the same deep and moving emotions that came over me when I read AFTER TWENTY YEARS: THE GI'S WAR FADES AWAY [December 12]. For those who read it and did not write; for those who died there and could not, may I offer a grateful thanks. That goes to *The Post*, to author W. C. Heinz and to the feeling photographs of John Launois.

PAUL BOESCH
Houston, Tex.

• There is only one word for THE GI'S WAR FADES AWAY—beautiful.

ARNOLD S. LOTT
LCDR USN
United States Naval Institute
Annapolis, Md.

• I am 22 years old and I remember nothing about the war except the sailor dress I had to match my father's navy blues. Your article made me realize my abhorrence and fear of war, my love of the freedom all those young men died to preserve, and the depth of my feelings for my young husband and two very small boys.

GAIL K. QUINTER
Englewood, N.J.

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Now only $99.95*! New Playmate 13 (overall diagonal) . . . bigger picture than any 12″, 30% bigger than ordinary 11-inch sets but in the same, small cabinet size. Rugged, lightweight, most powerful personal portable made. 14,000-volt precision chassis, 82-channel tuner, Admiral Steelbond† picture tube. There's nothing finer at any price. Take two, they're small!

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Shown above, left, Admiral Playmate PG1310 in black, also in gray (PG1308), brown (PG1311), white (PG1319). Right, PG1320 Series, in black, red, white or avocado green.

†T.M. Admiral Corp. *Mfr. suggested list price PG1308. Slightly higher some areas. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

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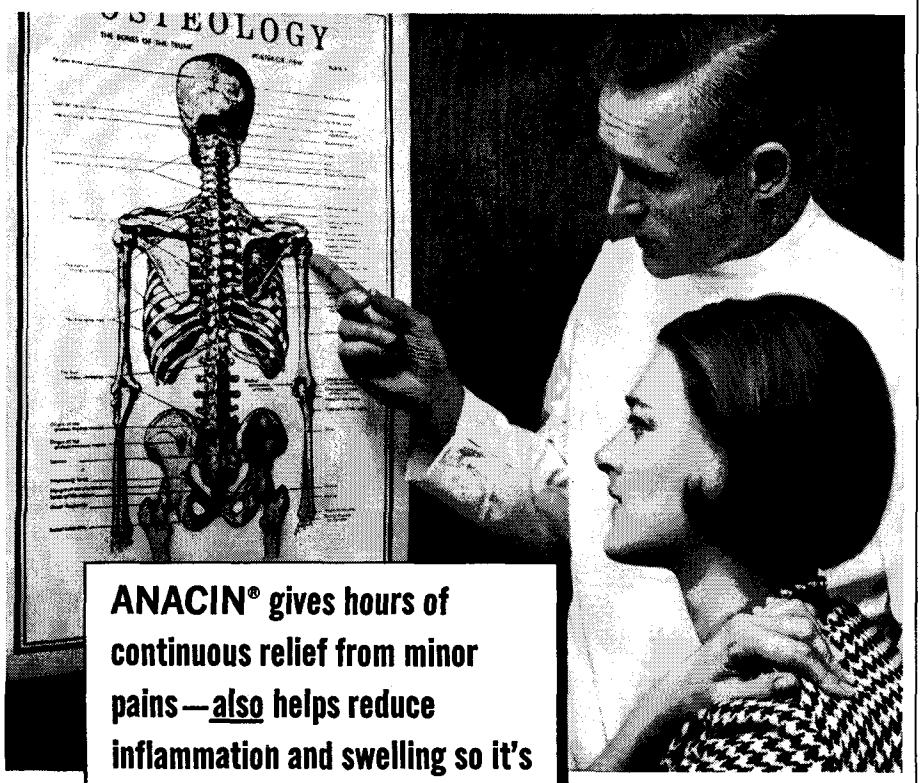
STRONGEST IN THE PAIN-RELIEVER DOCTORS RECOMMEND MOST FOR ARTHRITIS...



ANACIN® gives hours of continuous relief from minor pains—also helps reduce inflammation and swelling so it's easier to move stiff joints again.

In arthritis, the aim of treatment is to control not only pain, but also inflammation of the joints which causes the stiffness. Leading arthritis authorities state that the pain-relieving medication in Anacin has proved one of the most effective in controlling symptoms of this disease. Here is why.

Helps Combat Basic Cause Of Arthritis Suffering

In minutes, Anacin gives relief from minor pains of stiff, sore, tender joints. Then hour after hour Anacin keeps on giving relief so you can move afflicted joints more easily. And *so important,* Anacin has a specific anti-inflammatory action which helps reduce the inflammation and swelling which cause your suffering.

Best results in arthritis are obtained by a thorough and continued course of treatment and not merely on a couple of pills when twinges of pain occur. Here again, Anacin has an advantage. Being so smooth and gentle on the stomach, Anacin may be safely taken as directed over a long period of time to exert a continued anti-inflammatory effect.

What Doctors Recommend Most

A survey shows that doctors today recommend the pain-relieving medication in Anacin most for arthritis. And Anacin contains *more* of this great medication than any other leading tablet—gives you *extra power* for pain relief.

See if Anacin Tablets do not *work better* for you.

Largest Selling Pain Reliever

Letters

• THE GI'S WAR FADES AWAY brings back the sounds of battle to those of us who were very much there. Lest readers shudder at the "brutality" of tanks and other vehicles running over dead GIs and Germans, it must be remembered that in the dark and mud and snow and hell of battle, it would have meant catastrophe for the whole following column if one tank halted abruptly to remove one dead soldier. To leave the makeshift roads to avoid running over them would have been even more disastrous, because the Germans had mined almost every square yard as they retreated.

RAYMOND L. HUGHES
CWO USA Ret.
Plant City, Fla.

Past and future

My family and I have been subscribers of *The Post* for nearly 60 years [A LOOK AT THE PAST AND THE FUTURE, editorial, December 12]. In 1910 my mother won a prize for securing the most subscriptions to your magazine, and her picture appeared in your columns. So you see *The Post* has been a part of my life and, while I hate to receive it only every other week, I'm grateful to have it still coming. Thank you for such a wonderful magazine for these many, many years.

JOHN T. CARSON
Portland, Oreg.

• I cannot pretend to a total recall of *The Post*'s 237-year history, but I can look back over 60 years of familiarity. A whole world opened up when the *SEP* boy came on Friday afternoons, bag on shoulder, and left a big magazine for five cents. My mother talked of saving the covers which, if kept over the years, would give a complete picture of life in America.

But I am not inspired today to save color photos of football heroes and politicians. There are no more *Post* boys. It was another time, another era! While I hope the *SEP* in its new form continues to please many families, let me pay tribute to the weekly that was. It is not forgotten.

ADELINE DARTT MARVIN
Mansfield, Pa.

• I want to express my pleasure at the change that has come over *The Post.* In the 30 years it has come to our house, I have regarded your magazine as merely a habit. Now, however, the columns by Stewart Alsop, the absorbing articles and excellent editorials have made *The Post* a top-flight publication and a delight to read.

JOSEPHINE R. WITTE
Burlington, Iowa

Ann Lowe

Valiant is the word for ANN LOWE: SOCIETY'S BEST-KEPT SECRET [by Thomas B. Congdon Jr., December 12]. What an inspiring movie her story would make! But Hollywood would probably louse it up by calling it "From Rags to Stitches."

MRS. MARY BEAHM BABER
West Hyattsville, Md.

Coming soon...in The Post

BATTLE OVER A SUPER AIRLINER

Creator of the topless swimsuits does it again

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Why get married?

Stories by
SAROYAN and FRANK O'CONNOR

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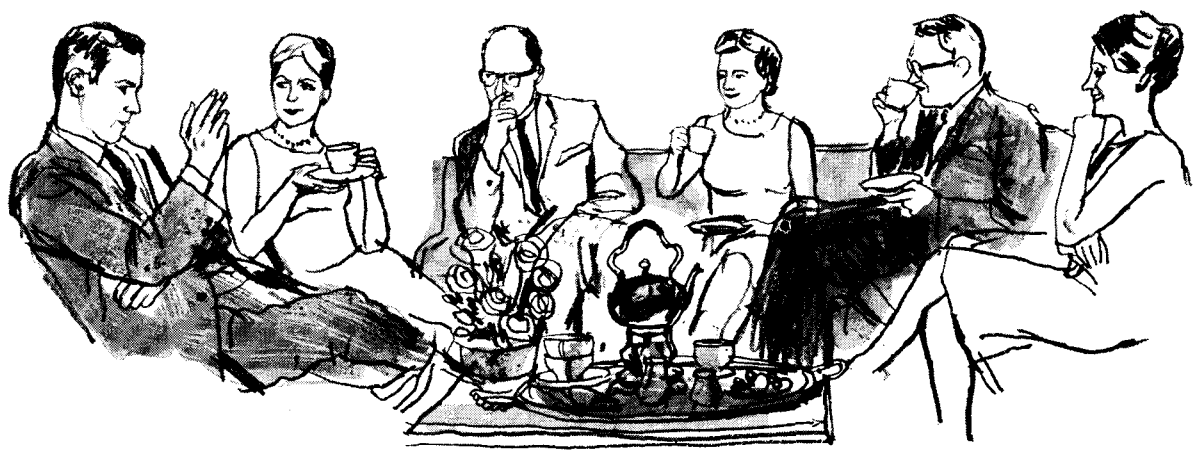

Now my friends listen when I talk

...all because I've become a regular reader of THE NATIONAL OBSERVER, the new national weekly newspaper that costs me less than 11¢ a copy

"As far back as I can remember, I've felt a little inadequate in group conversation. My friends always seemed so much better informed about world events, the latest scientific discoveries, educational trends, fashions, books, etc. My contributions were few and unimpressive.

"Then last June I subscribed to The National Observer, a new kind of national news weekly in newspaper form. I hoped it would add scope and depth to my knowledge.

"The results have far exceeded my original expectations.

"For the first time, my friends are not only listening attentively to what I say, but are actually seeking my contributions. One evening last week, for instance, I was able to tell our group . . .

- . . . why dancing with your own daughter could get you arrested in Akron, Ohio
- . . . why treading water is no longer the best way to keep from drowning
- . . . why 'hillbilly ghettos' are springing up in cities like Cleveland, Chicago, and Detroit
- . . . why an American auto company whose $995 car goes 60 miles on a gallon of gas isn't anxious to tell the world about it
- . . . why record numbers of Protestants recently turned out for Catholic masses in St. Louis
- . . . why Yugoslav smugglers are carrying on a brisk trade in children's marbles
- . . . why commuters in suburban Pittsburgh are taking the family garbage with them when they drive off to work

"There's a whole storehouse of important, useful, and entertaining information like this in every week's National Observer. That's why I read it from cover to cover. It makes me feel so much more alive and aware of the world we live in."

So many people are talking this way about The National Observer these days. Why not join them?

The National Observer is published by Dow Jones, the same world-wide news organization that publishes the Wall Street Journal. Recently, The Observer won the 1964 Supple Memorial Award "for excellence in reporting."

Because The Observer is printed simultaneously on high-speed newspaper presses in several of the Journal's own modern printing plants across the country – and because newspapers can be "made up" and printed faster than magazines – last minute stories can be filed only hours before the paper comes off the press.

You get more news – and you get more out of it. In only 18 to 32 full-size newspaper pages (printed on our own special crisp, white newsprint) you often get more reading material than in other news weeklies. The newspaper format permits not just one major "cover story," but five or six. Inside pages are important news pages too—there's no "let-down." Well-written headlines let you learn a lot quickly, and invite easy browsing for the stories that interest you most. More than 50 excellent pictures open windows not only on the people, places and events in the headlines but also such colorful sidelights as Casey Stengel, baton in hand, leading Guy Lombardo's orchestra at Shea Stadium . . . or the amusing spectacle of an elephant giving his autograph.

MANY ENJOYABLE SPECIAL FEATURES

Each week, too, The National Observer brings you more than a dozen special features that add to your enjoyment or broaden your knowledge in important areas. "The Week in Washington," for example, can be read in seven minutes or less, yet brings you up to date on significant happenings in Congress, the White House, Government agencies, the courts and politics. Similarly, "How's Business?" fills you in quickly on important trends in industry, the performance of the stock market, economic indicators, and company and executive highlights.

For Bridge enthusiasts, there's "Better Bridge"; for crossword fans, a really challenging puzzle; for recipe collectors, a gem or two almost every week in "Food for Thought." And for both you and your youngsters, there's a weekly news quiz, plus "Current Events Classroom" – a column which brings you news background on such topics as how parties replace disabled national candidates . . . the military capabilities of North Vietnam . . . history and problems of the Securities and Exchange Commission . . . the electoral system and its effect on presidential campaign strategy. "A Chat With the Doctor" brings you helpful medical hints on subjects ranging from water safety to blisters. On the lighter side, "Reflections" explores random aspects of life: a tender acquaintance with a little girl and her rag doll . . . the frustration of opening new improved, easy-open packages . . . a wild taxi ride in Venezuela. And the whole family will enjoy the dry humor of "Grass Roots Philosophy," culled from the home-town press. ("Remember when you looked forward to earning the salary you can't live on today?")

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Speaking Out

WHAT'S SO TERRIBLE ABOUT GERM WARFARE?

By Dr. Clifford F. Rassweiler

We Americans put too much confidence in our nuclear missiles, too much confidence in the knowledge that by pressing a button we can destroy cities and even civilizations. We are victims of complacency. We have fallen far behind the Russians in the kind of warfare that many top military scientists predict will be the next step in the evolution of war—chemical and biological weapons. Because of our ignorant and emotional opposition to these weapons, we have prevented our military men from exploiting the enormous offensive opportunities of chemical and biological warfare and from providing us the defenses we need against a growing Russian threat.

We think of "poison gas" and "germ warfare" and call these weapons "horrible." Why? Because they provide the most effective way known to kill masses of people. But that is the objective of all other weapons of warfare. Many modern "poison gas" weapons are not at all horrible in the way they kill. They kill almost instantaneously. They do not mangle men's bodies as conventional weapons do, and they do not leave men lying in agony for hours before death ends their suffering.

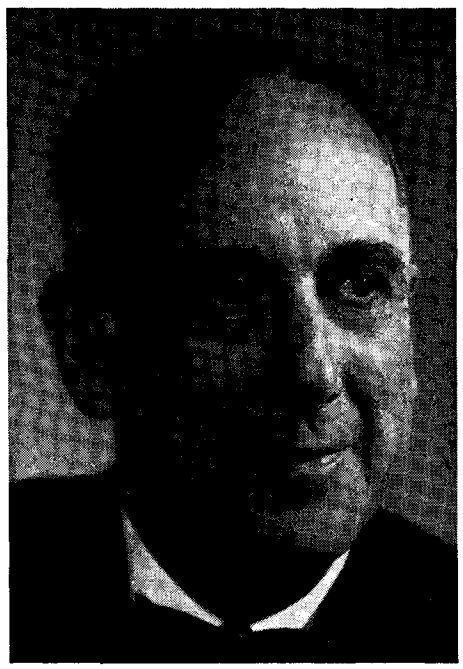
What's more, there is the clear possibility that if we give this new kind of war the attention and support it deserves, we can make war more humane, even "benign."

There is no question that our nuclear power protects us from atomic destruction by Russia, and prevents Russia from blackmailing us with threats of such destruction. But has it any other usefulness? The answer is negative.

We did drop the first atomic bomb. It was a wonderful exercise of personal courage, necessary under extreme circumstances. But in Korea our men died by the thousands, and we suffered one of our most humiliating defeats. Our nuclear weapons stayed in their vaults. In Vietnam we are now fighting a war whose loss may lead to Communist domination of Southeast Asia. Our nuclear weapons stay in their vaults. We must face the fact that in the struggle now going on for world supremacy we do not have the kind of military power we need. We get into small wars we cannot win. More important, we may not have the weapons to give us the power to prevent or win another big war.

For this situation the citizens of this country are to blame. We eagerly seek new scientific inventions in every area except warfare. Here the thought of developing new ways to kill people horrifies us. In the field of warfare we are afraid of science.

Chemical-warfare agents first became important during the First World War, when they caused 1.3 million casualties and were considered five times as effective as shrapnel or high-explosive shells. At the beginning of World War II both the Allied and German forces had major capabilities in the chemical field, but the opposing forces were balanced and so, other than smoke and flame, chemical agents were not used.



The author has been president of the American Chemical Society and the Industrial Research Institute, vice president of Johns-Manville Corp., and adviser to several government agencies, including the Pentagon. He is now a management consultant.

Toward the end of the war the Germans discovered a new type of chemical agent, called "nerve gas." Two of these, Tabun and Sarin, cause casualties before they can be detected by the human senses and cause death in less than a minute of exposure. They can be absorbed either through inhalation or through the skin. They can be transported easily and can be stored indefinitely in ordinary steel drums or other innocent-looking containers. They can be spread over wide areas—a whole city—by a variety of means ranging from missiles to simple vaporizers concealed in ordinary delivery trucks.

The Germans were actually producing Tabun at the end of the war. The Russians captured the Tabun plant and research laboratories and moved them and their scientists to a secret site in Russia. Production and research have continued. It has been reported that Russia's stockpile of Tabun is measured in thousands of tons, adequate to wipe out the population of hundreds of cities the size of San Francisco. It is considered sufficient to support three or four major offensives on a wide front. No one here knows how many other deadly agents the Russians have developed in the past 20 years.

Russian military forces are well organized to use chemical agents. Every unit down to battalion level has specialized chemical troops. They can deliver chemical agents by a variety of means—rockets, guided missiles, airplanes, mines, explosive projectiles and transportable vaporizers. Their protective equipment against chemical agents is simple and effective.

Biological warfare is a newer development than chemical warfare, and potentially even more dangerous. Plagues were the mass killers of the past. Man-induced plagues may be the mass killers of future wars. On the other hand, biological warfare may produce illnesses that debilitate temporarily and reduce the ability to resist without doing any permanent harm.

Biological agents may be delivered by rockets or bombs. However, the most effective way is to disperse them into mild wind currents from a vehicle, ship or airplane. Under favorable circumstances, usually to be found at night, a 50-gallon drum of material could spread infectious particles over 50 or more square miles. The inhalation of one-millionth of an ounce of these infective particles could start a debilitating or infectious disease.

These are not Jules Verne fantasies. All the facts presented here have already been made available to the public in reliable, specialized publications. There is evidence that Russia has been aggressively adding biological-warfare potential to its chemical arsenal. Five years ago Col. Adam Milkovich stated before the Moscow Institute: "From results of comparative studies of the losses of life from conventional weapons, war poisons and atomic energy on one side, and losses from biological weapons on the other, it is believed today that a biological war would have the greatest effect of all."

In contrast to Russia's accomplishments, consider our own situation. To make sure that chemical and biological war will never be used against us, we must do two things. First, we must learn how to use these weapons more effectively than our potential enemies. Second, we must provide adequate protection for our population. We have the capability to do both these things. We are doing neither adequately.

Our Army experts at the chemical-biological warfare center at Edgewood Arsenal, Md., and the germ-warfare center at Frederick, Md., are kept on an inadequate budget by legislators who fear that major support for chemical and biological war would bring a wave of emotional public disapproval. Moreover, the experts must work in fear of public opinion. As *The New York Times* recently reported, one chemical-warfare official conceded that "we can't educate the public, and we are regarded as monsters." Another official has been quoted as saying, "Every time we open our mouths, we get clobbered."

Biological weapons lend themselves easily to undeclared wars of attrition. Russia and China have little chance of surpassing us in industrial development, but one of them might try to achieve supremacy by secretly cutting down our strength. Biological agents might be spread into our drinking water, or to damage our crops and attack our domestic animals. Epidemics might be started in our own cities or those of our allies. We might blame Russia. She might claim that it was the Chinese trying to start a war between Russia and the United States. We might never know who was guilty.

But consider the opportunities that biological and chemical warfare—the art of war we neglect so disastrously—would offer *us*. To expose the enemy supply lines in Vietnam, we have tried defoliation, without success. But suppose we could destroy all vegetation

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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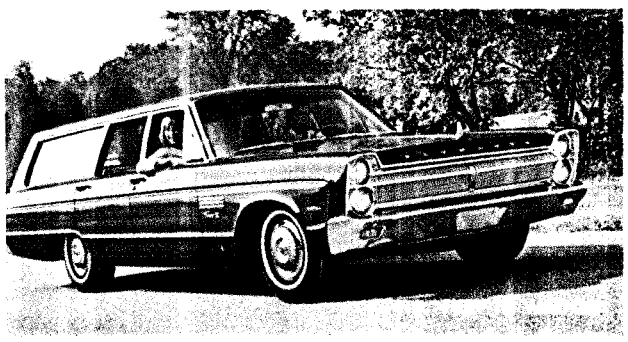

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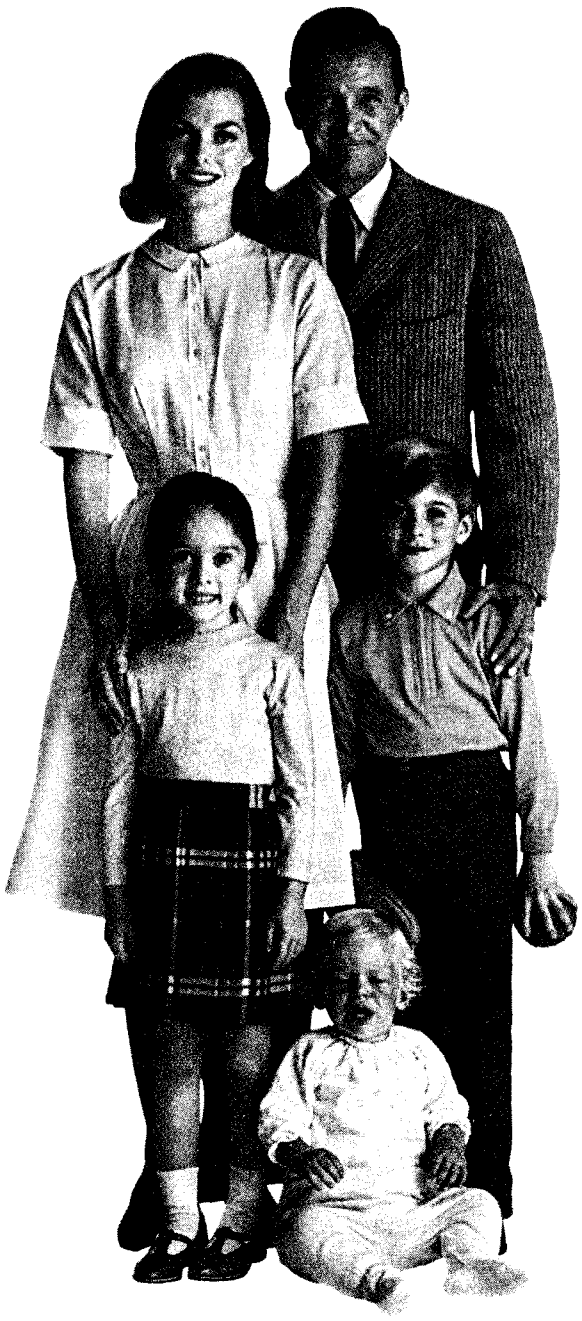

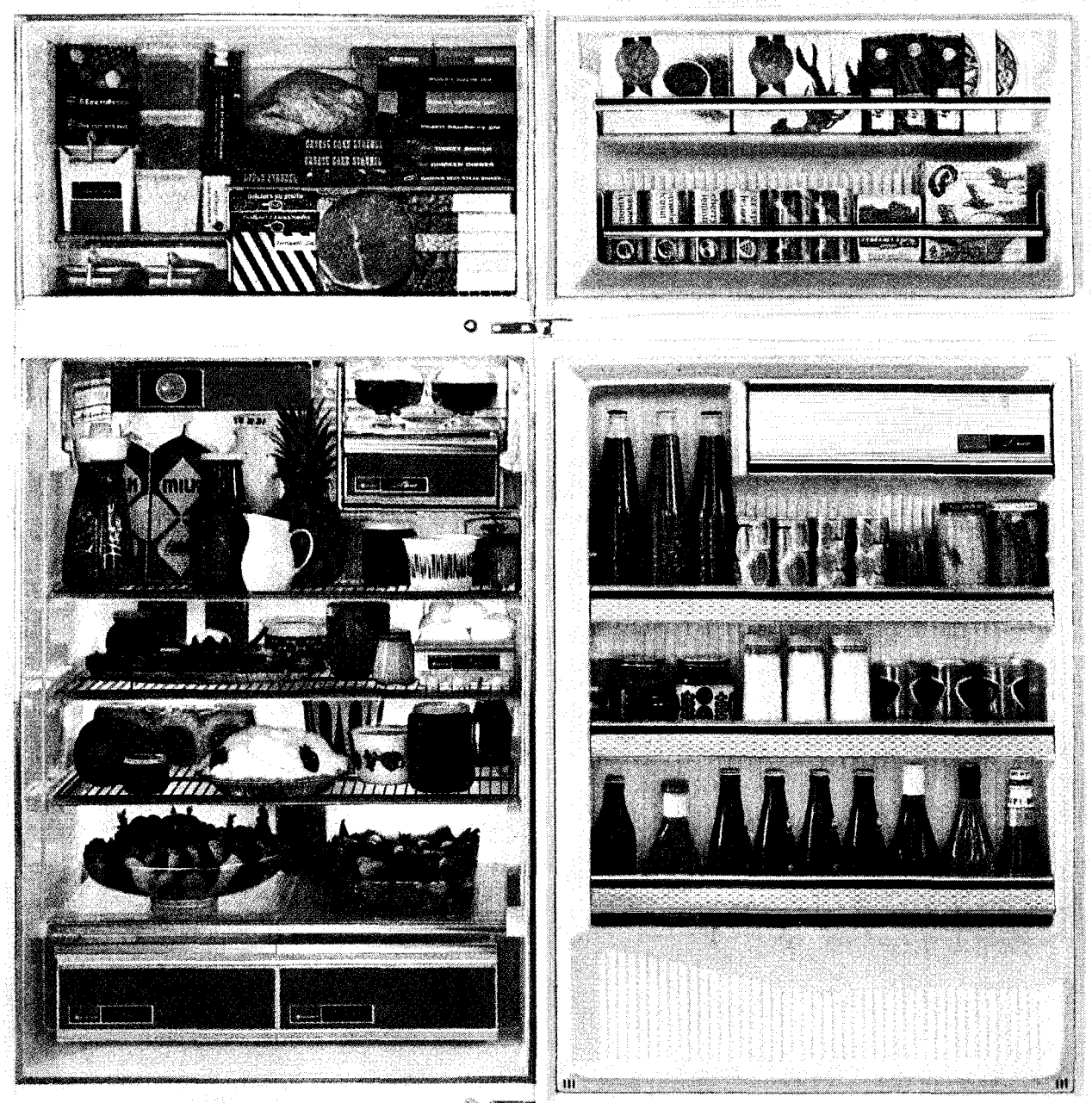

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The new Trimwall refrigerator is twice as big inside but takes no more floor space than the refrigerator they started with.

As your family grows, your food needs grow. But your kitchen doesn't. That's why Kelvinator designed the Trimwall to give you 17 cubic feet of storage in the same 31″ width your 8-cubic-foot refrigerator used before. Both refrigerator and freezer sections are "No-Frost," too!

Best of all: you'll get this larger, easier foodkeeping at a lower operating cost than other frostless refrigerators that are smaller.

Why? Because Kelvinator's new Trimwall construction is better insulated, more efficient, built to last a lifetime. Holds safe freezer and refrigerator temperatures no matter how hot the kitchen gets!

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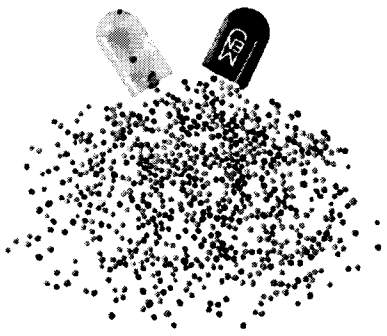

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For the ache you sometimes get with a cold, aspirin's fine. But for the sniffles, stopped-up nose and sneezes that bother you most, you need Contac®. Contac is made to take care of these congestion miseries. And aspirin isn't. It's that simple.

Contac has today's leading formula for relief of head cold congestion. Over 600 tiny "time pills" in every capsule dry runny nose, clear nasal congestion, stop sneezes up to 12 hours.

Most people, for most colds, will find Contac is what they need. That's why Contac is today's largest-selling cold medication at your pharmacy.

MENLEY & JAMES LABORATORIES, Philadelphia, Pa.
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and prevent regrowth for the crop year in the areas which form the hard core of Vietcong strength. The Vietcong installations and activity would be exposed. The Vietcong could no longer live on local crops. We would, of course, shower the devastated area with notices that food for loyal Vietnam citizens would be available in areas controlled by loyal Vietnam troops.

Suppose these agents "by accident" should drift across the Cambodian border to the Vietcong supply dumps and staging areas there. No one would be killed. But the operations in these areas would be exposed to aerial photography. There would no longer be any question about Cambodian involvement in the Vietcong war. The refugee problem would be great, but the cost of relieving it would be small compared to that of direct military attack. The United States is expert at rushing relief to disaster and famine areas. Why not create a few such areas where they will provide a deterrent to our enemies?

Many people feel that the only way to win in South Vietnam is to make a direct bombing attack on North Vietnam. The objection is that this would start retaliatory bombing. But suppose we provided ourselves with the chemical and biological agents that reduce crop yields and cause debilitating but nonfatal diseases. Suppose we started using these agents against North Vietnam. The price that North Vietnam would start paying for her interference in South Vietnam would become unbearable. But for her to retaliate by bombing South Vietnam would be foolish. It would only invite complete destruction by retaliatory bombing.

We are a humane nation. We need methods for hurting our enemies without killing them. We must hurt them badly enough to deter them from interfering with us or our allies, but not as badly as they know we would hurt them if they retaliated with actual warfare. The damage should be of the type for which we could provide relief and restoration—once the country concerned changed its attitude.

These are interesting opportunities, but science is offering us even more exciting developments. These are rather new additions to our arsenal—the chemical and biological agents that incapacitate temporarily. The oldest such agent, of course, is alcohol. Getting a man into a drunken stupor, in order to steal his belongings, is an old technique.

What is new is the discovery of chemicals which will produce similar mental confusion with a very minute dosage. Scientists now are sure that a multitude of psychochemicals will be developed to produce sleep, paralysis, loss of sight, hearing or balance, persistent crying, diarrhea, vomiting, hallucinations, or senseless elation. None would be fatal; none would have any permanent effect.

These agents can be delivered as gases or dusts to be inhaled, or they can be introduced into the bloodstream by darts that puncture the skin. If wars must be fought, these are the weapons a humane nation should develop. If battles were fought with these weapons, we might even say that war was benign.

One can do some interesting speculation on how these agents could be used in the kind of struggles now shaping the world of the future. For example, a group of armed revolutionaries might charge the guard of a government palace. If the guards had only conventional weapons, they might have to kill their attackers. The deaths could spark a wave of emotional resentment that would topple the government.

But darts tipped with chemicals could reduce the attackers to uncoordinated elation. Instead of becoming martyred heroes, the attackers would appear to be disgusting drunks. The police could then sort out the ringleaders and take them off to prison. In a few hours everybody would be as chipper as ever, but not eager for another dose.

In the Vietnam fighting it is hard to tell a friend from a foe. Bombing would kill large numbers of innocent Vietnamese. Why not develop incapacitating agents that would put everyone in the area to sleep? With protective clothing our own people could move about safely, even during an attack. Friends and foes could then be sorted out.

If really effective nonlethal weapons were available, it might even be possible to achieve agreement to ban the use of more horrible weapons.

None of these things can come to pass, however, without a mammoth expenditure of money and scientific effort. Our military men are aware of these possibilities. They are working desperately to get maximum progress from the money made available for work in this field. But the effort is small in comparison with the all-out drive we made to learn how to destroy civilization with atomic bombs.

Our program for developing chemical and biological weapons is woefully inadequate. Our legislators and military men fear the unreasoning emotional reaction of the public. Our emotional antagonism to the possibilities of modern science is threatening our future security and ruining the possibility of making war more humane.

We must stop being ignorant and emotional about war. We must become informed and tough-minded. We must ask ourselves some difficult questions:

Why are we afraid or ashamed to match Russia in chemical- and biological-warfare capability? We have not hesitated to spend billions to acquire dominance in nuclear weapons, the most horrible mass killers of all. Why should we be afraid to move with equal boldness to acquire dominance with other mass killers that can determine national superiority in the future? What would happen if Russia and the rest of the world now agreed to total nuclear disarmament under adequate safeguards? As a humanitarian nation, could we refuse? Of course not. If this caught us in our present situation, which of the remaining military weapons would dominate? Chemical and biological weapons. Which would be the world's greatest power? Russia.

Clifford F. Rassweiler
M.D. & D.

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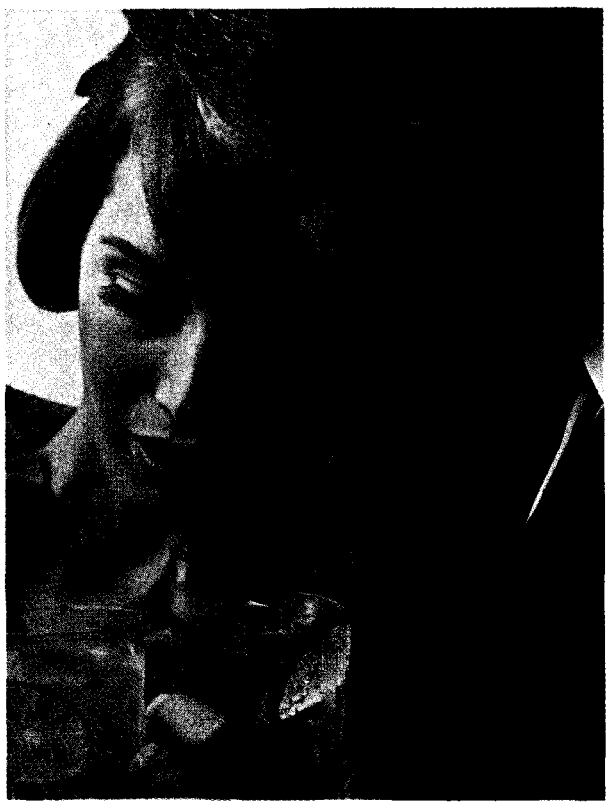
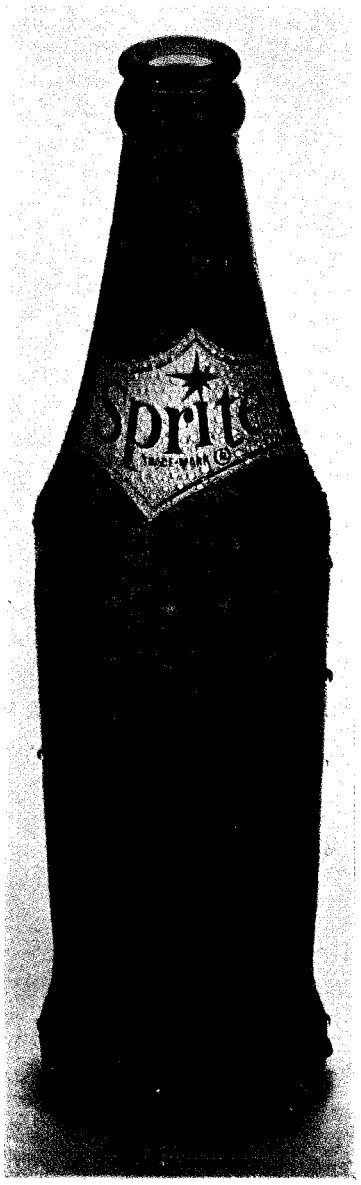
What can Sprite do for whiskey? For gin? For vodka? Remarkable things. Subtle things. That's the beauty of Sprite. It knows how to mix without getting pushy about it. Sprite simply adds tingle. And tartness. And exuberance! All in a very adult manner.





Sprite is tart. Naturally tart for adult tastes. Exuberant! Yet subtle. And not so sweet.

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Blandness in the White House

WASHINGTON:

As everybody knows, the very rich are very stingy, which is why they remain very rich. Take a taxi with a very rich man, and you will find yourself paying the driver. Play bridge with his wife, and you will notice that she keeps score on old scraps of paper—and uses both sides.

Power is to a politician what money is to a rich man. Power is what politics is all about—it is why politicians enter their risky, unrewarding profession in the first place. In terms of power, President Lyndon B. Johnson is the John D. Rockefeller of his age. With an almost unprecedented 61 percent mandate, and a true presidential majority in both Houses of Congress—the first since 1937—he has a vast capital accumulation of power. And President Johnson clearly intends to be as stingy with his power as the stingiest rich man with his money.

This suggests why the political atmosphere in Washington these days is oddly bland. It ought not to be bland. But it is.

The Washington air ought to be fairly crackling with excitement and conflict. The convening of a new Congress, the inauguration of a President, the unveiling of a new program for "The Great Society," the disarray of the Western alliance, the grave dangers in Southeast Asia and Africa—all this ought to make for great drama.

There is plenty of seeming drama, of course—plenty of bread, circuses and highfalutin oratory. The inauguration of a President, like the coronation of a king, is symbolically a dramatic spectacle, for it symbolizes the assumption of enormous power—including, in the nuclear age, the power of life and death for the world. But the elegance and the electric atmosphere of the inauguration of 1961 are missing in 1965. Beneath the surface symbolism, Lyndon Johnson's Washington is about as dramatic as an old shoe—or that plain business suit the President has substituted for the traditional inaugural frock coat.

One of the Lyndonologists—the small group of men who have known Lyndon Johnson for a long time and think they know what makes him tick—has this to say about his favorite subject: "Johnson is very powerful—and will remain very powerful—just because he always recognizes the limits of his power."

This comment goes a long way toward explaining the blandness of Johnson's Washington. When a President who is very powerful is determined to operate within the limits of his power, blandness is the inevitable result. The drama of politics is the drama of conflict, and conflict—the kind of bruising conflict in which the limits of his power might be overstepped—is precisely what Johnson is determined to avoid.

Take a couple of examples, one abroad, the other at home. Only a few weeks ago, a great test of strength between Charles de Gaulle's Paris and Lyndon Johnson's Washington, which might crack the NATO alliance wide open, seemed possible, even likely. But Johnson has simply refused to engage in dubious battle with de Gaulle. He has sent strict orders to his subordinates, which might be summarized: "Take it easy with Big Charles." Because he recognizes the limits of his power, Johnson has sensibly recognized that neither he nor any other human being has the power to change de Gaulle's mind, once that mysterious organ is made up.

On the domestic front, the President is equally determined to avoid engaging in dubious battle, where battle can be avoided. In the Johnson Administration's domestic program, there is plenty of opportunity for conflict, most notably on the issue of federal aid to primary-school education, to which the Administration is firmly pledged by the Democratic platform. Since the Civil Rights Bill became law, federal aid to education has become the prickliest of all domestic issues.

Any serious federal-aid program could render the Catholic parochial schools hopelessly noncompetitive with the public schools. Thus the Catholic leaders are prepared to fight to the death any education bill which does not provide aid to parochial schools. But Protestant groups are prepared to fight to the death *against* federal aid to parochial schools—and they can cite the late President Kennedy as authority for the view that such aid is unconstitutional.

Because school integration is also involved in the issue, federal aid to education has explosive racial and regional as well as religious implications. It is one of those issues that cut across party lines and stir basic emotions. This is why one of the President's legislative aides has said: "Education might just conceivably be Lyndon Johnson's Waterloo, the way the Court Bill was for Franklin Roosevelt in 1937."

The President, who has never had any compunctions about repeating himself, has in recent weeks again and again reverted to the comparison between his own situation and that of Franklin Roosevelt in 1937. In 1936, Roosevelt was reelected by a majority even bigger than Johnson's in 1964, and a lopsided Democratic Congress was elected with him. But when he introduced his court-packing bill in 1937, Roosevelt erected a conservative coalition against himself, which all but killed the New Deal—a coalition which has persisted in one form or another right up to November, 1964.

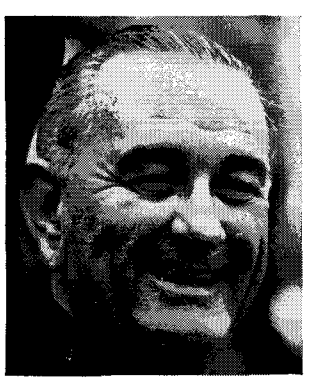
Lyndon Johnson has no intention whatever of making the mistake of the man who was, as Johnson has very often said, "like a Daddy to me." "Don't ask me how he's going to do it," says another White House aide, "but one way or another the President is going to get an education bill, and a big one, through Congress without any really big bust-ups."

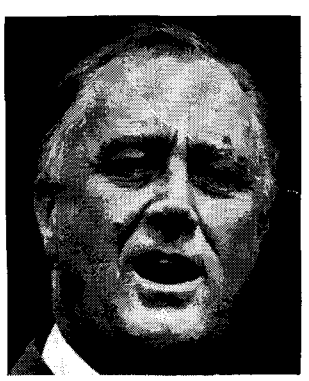
Really big bust-ups are, in fact, to be avoided on all issues. Thus the immediate prospect is for blandness, the absence of deep conflict. The prospect is a dreary one for political journalists, who live on conflict as vultures live on carrion. The President intends to preside over a second "Era of Good Feelings," and who wants to read about good feelings?

Yet perhaps there is something to be said for blandness all the same. There are very great differences between the situation of Lyndon Johnson and the situation of Franklin Roosevelt. Most people in this country today are reasonably contented and well-off, which was not true by a long shot in the New Deal days. In President Johnson's situation, it may be a lot more practical to deal blandly rather than dramatically with such still-pressing problems as unemployment, poverty, and inadequate education.

Just because the President's power is limited, the prospect of blandness may not be so interminable as it now appears—there is nothing bland, for example, about the situation in Indochina. But if the President has his way, things are going to be pretty bland for a while—bland and a bit dull—at home and abroad. Johnson is a man who is accustomed to getting his way. One reason he so often gets his way is that he refuses to fritter away his power. He thus remains powerful, just as the rich who refuse to fritter away their money remain rich.

Stewart Alsop





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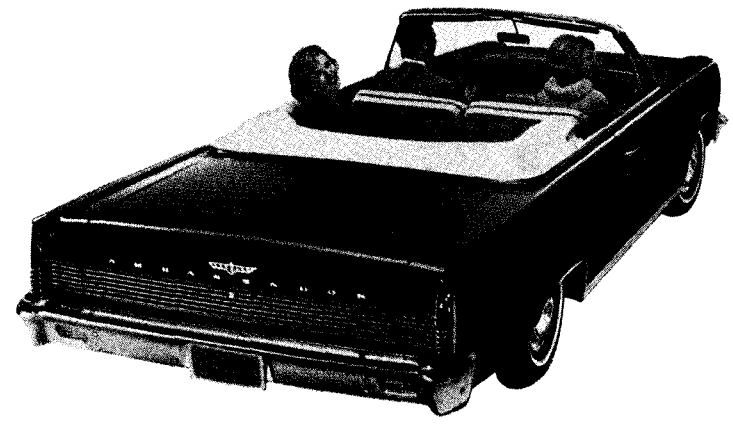

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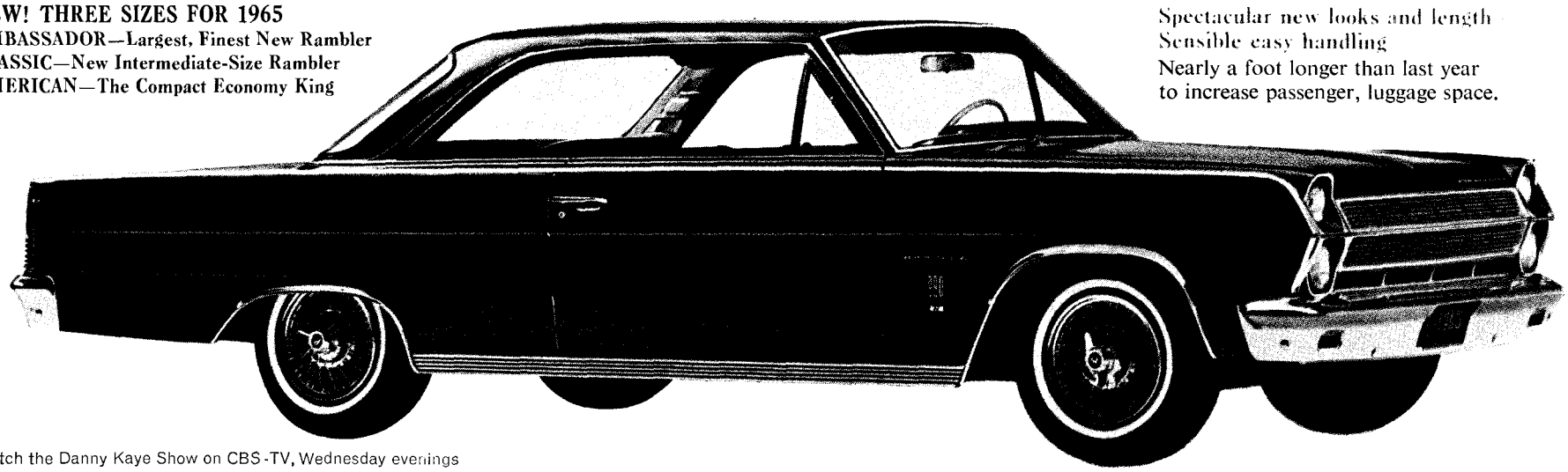

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POST

The future of the Republican Party

By DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

No man, however far-seeing he may be, can predict with any great degree of accuracy how history will judge the current soul-trying phase in the long and honorable life of the Republican Party. That Party has suffered a massive defeat at the polls. Its future and, equally important, the future of the two-party system in the United States have been thrown in doubt. Some self-appointed prophets of doom proclaim this to be the end of Republicanism as a vital force in our national life. There are others who, stunned by the widespread rejection of the 1964 Republican national ticket, believe that now the Party should radically change its traditional policies and even its name—becoming, in effect, something far different from the political philosophy to which many generations of Republicans have given their loyalty.

Not for a moment do I share such extreme views or the pessimism they reflect. Of course, as an American and as a dedicated Republican, I am deeply concerned by the critical situation our Party now faces. At the same time, it is my deepest conviction that this can be a time of great opportunity for Republicanism—*if* we make it so, *if* all of us who believe in the Lincolnian principles of our Party join in renewing the spirit and rebuilding the strength of the Republican Party on those principles.

From the beginning the basic purpose of Republicans has been to lead our nation always to greater excellence in its moral, intellectual and material structure. Consequently, we have believed the individual to be of supreme importance in our political system; that his spirit is the strength of our nation; that human liberty, equality before the law, and self-government are the mainsprings of that spirit. We have believed that to be secure and stay free we must be strong morally, economically and militarily; that government must have a heart as well as a head and an

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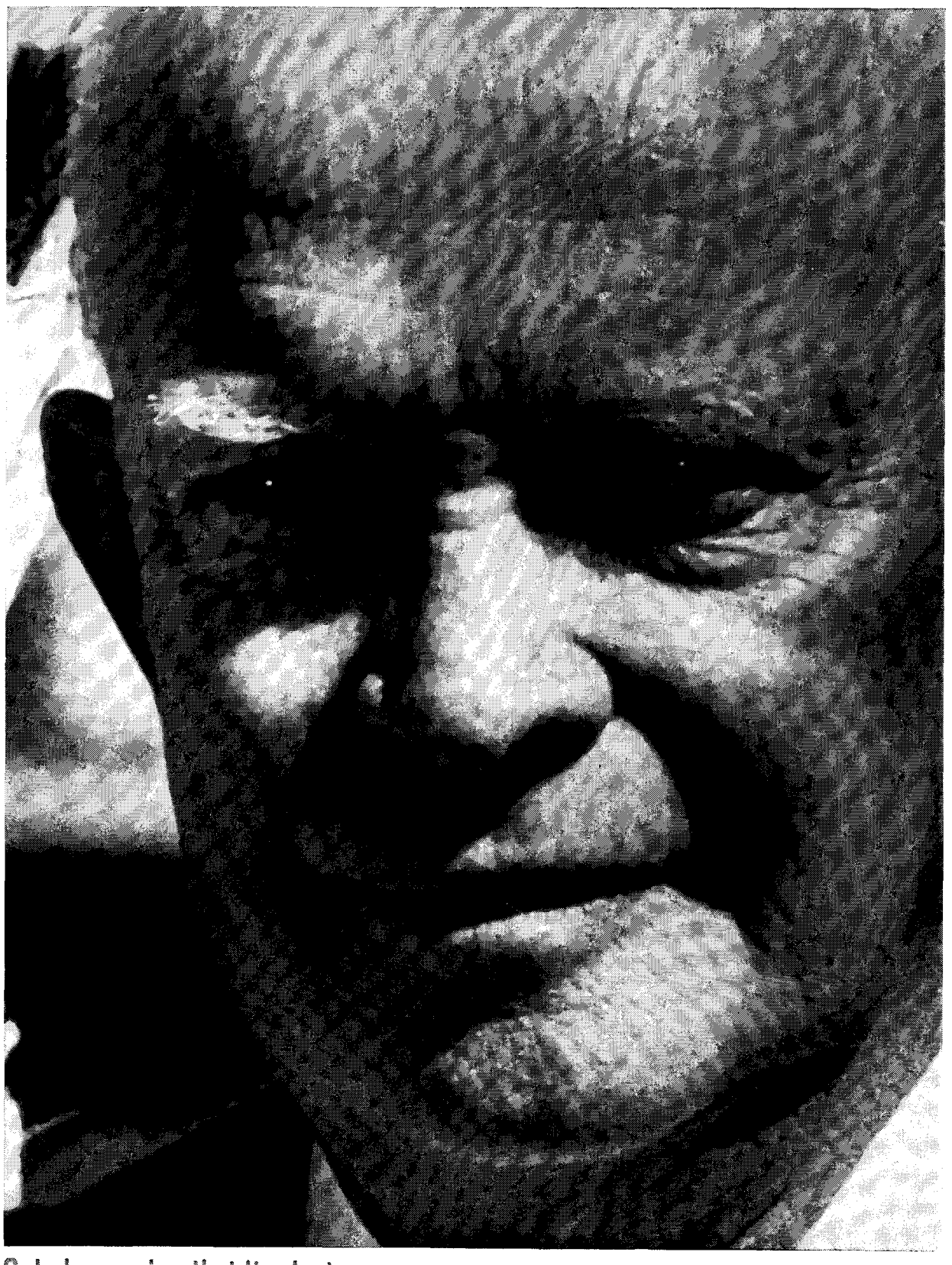

Only by proving that it rejects 'reactionary, extremist and racist' ideology can the G. O. P. recover from its disastrous defeat in November.

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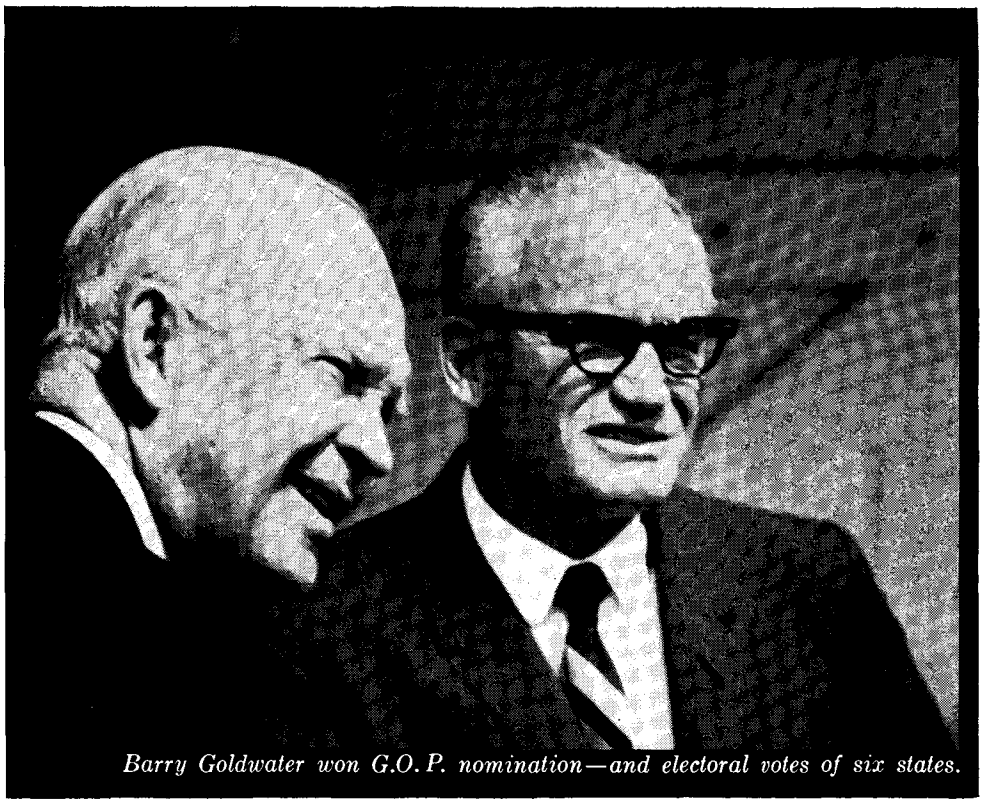
'Can we Republicans put aside our differences and agree on a plan? I believe we can.'



Barry Goldwater won G.O.P. nomination—and electoral votes of six states.

EISENHOWER

especial care for those people who are not able to solve human problems by themselves; that a sound and stable currency is mandatory to the welfare of all our people; and that the cause of freedom and liberty for all peoples is our constant concern. None of these is new, but I have the conviction that much of our divided effort during the recent campaign can be traced to the fact that too many of us forgot our common dedication to these principles.

In 1964 we lost a battle, but we have not lost these traditional purposes, nor has the country lost the need for a strong and healthy Republican Party. Even those thoughtful Democrats who are more concerned with the welfare of the nation than with mere partisan advantage recognize the need for a sound, well-balanced opposition.

We Republicans can do much to make this painful chapter of our Party's history a prelude to brighter years ahead. But to do so, I believe it is essential that we proceed without recrimination and prejudice, but with tolerance and calm judgment. We must understand clearly: (1) what has happened; (2) the role a political party such as ours must play in American life; and (3) what the Republican Party can do, and must be, to look forward and make certain that the nation moves forward.

Now I don't propose here to replay the campaign, attempt to assess blame, or to suggest that this element or that element should be read out of the Party. Just 100 years ago, when a group serenaded Abraham Lincoln at the White House on the news of his reelection, he wisely said, "The strife of the election is but human nature. . . . Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be avenged." Today we can do no better than follow his advice. This is a time for dedicated Republicans to search out and remind ourselves of those great areas of policy on which we agree, and to go forward from there—not to quarrel over past or present differences of opinion.

However, we do have to face the hard fact that even before this defeat, Republicanism had suffered from a false "image" which, far too long, has confused voters and has led them to think of our political doctrine as one designed primarily for the rich and privileged. It is all too obvious that the Republican image suffered further distortion in the 1964 campaign, partly because of the powerful publicity campaign mounted by the entrenched Democrats, and partly because of the bitterness generated in the preceding primary struggles. A multitude of Republicans themselves gained the mistaken impression that their Party's national ticket had abandoned many traditional Republican principles and leaned toward reactionary, extremist and racist fringes. One of our highest priority missions is that of reminding the nation that ours is still the Party of Lincoln, deeply dedicated to his concepts of human liberty, dignity and equality.

While I am commenting briefly on things past, I should like to refer to a continuous effort I made since leaving the White House that resulted in abysmal failure. During the period I was in constant receipt of communications giving advice and counsel as to what I personally should do in preparation for the 1964 campaign. One suggestion that bothered me more than any other was, "General, why don't you pick a candidate satisfactory to yourself, and then we will all get together to support him." This was flattering but also dismaying. As a matter of deep principle I do not believe that any man, no matter what his position, has the right to dictate the choice of candidates of a national party.

At the same time, it seemed to me quite appropriate and desirable to encourage a number of prominent Republican leaders, particularly promising and vital individuals, to make their availability known so that as Party spokesmen they would help generate a consensus of thinking on policies and candidates. This I set out to do. However, my attempt to broaden the campaign had meager—indeed, no—results. In certain aspects my effort seemed to have the effect of dividing rather than unifying opinion within the Party. During all this period I did keep saying and repeating, "There is room for many shades of opinion within the Republican Party so long as it is reasonably offered, but we should make it very clear that we have nothing in common with fanatics and their warped doctrines. I have no patience with extreme Rightists who call everyone who disagrees with them a Communist, nor with the Leftists who shout that the rest of us are heartless money grubbers."

I don't know whether or not I would follow much the same course again, if the Almighty should see fit to let me take part in another national campaign. Certainly, in no case would I ever attempt to "name the man." I have too much respect for democracy for that. As for other kinds of political activity, I would simply have to do what I thought proper at the time.

The present difficulties of the Republican Party should make us reflect on what really is at stake—on the vital part that major political parties play in our individual lives and our national life.

Looking at them in the abstract, political parties are simply mechanisms for mobilizing citizens for political action. Yet, in reality, political parties are living organisms made up of people who share certain political beliefs, which make our cherished self-government workable and responsive to public opinion. Through their long histories each of our major political parties has evolved its own traditions and principles; each has accumulated generations of human political experience; and each has developed in its followers a sense of loyalty which gives the party continuity and spirit. And in our competitive society the existence of two major political parties has meant continual, strenuous competition between political ideas and programs for public support. If the majority party becomes arrogant, corrupt, reactionary, or fails to reflect the will of the people, the opposition party stands ready to point out these faults, persuade the voters to discipline the majority at the ballot box, and, if possible, to take over majority power.

What I know of the American people convinces me that they like it this way—two parties, roughly balanced in strength, with the scales tipping this way and that as public opinion shifts or the performance of a party falls short of public acceptance. A one-party system would be, of course, deeply abhorrent to patriotic Americans. We fear, and rightly, *the tyranny of the majority*, one of the very things our Constitution was designed to avoid. That tyranny would not come about by deliberate scheming, but by a process of accretion in which the longer a given group holds power, the more power they feel they must accumulate and the less voice and consideration they give the minority. We have only to look around the world to see that whenever a single party gains undisputed control of a government for any length of time, bureaucracy multiplies and self-government withers away.

Furthermore, I believe that the American people basically want their political parties to cover a broad spectrum of political philosophy, not a narrow economic, social or religious ideology. Life in this great country is not divided into small compartments. Our political parties—while competing vigorously—should be as broad as our national life.

After all, many of the differences and conflicts between groups in our society—differences which might cause dissension and instability under more rigid systems—are adjusted, compromised and harmonized within the party itself. Broad-based political parties are the anvils on which patriotic citizens strive to hammer out a workable national consensus, despite the widely varying interests and viewpoints of individuals, groups and regions.

That is why I get annoyed when unthinking partisans accuse the Republican Party of "me-tooism" simply because the Party proposes solutions to some pressing human problems with which the Democrats also are concerned. This smacks of fanaticism.

It is only common sense to recognize that the great bulk of Americans, whether Republican or Democrat, face many common problems and agree on a number of basic objectives:

All Americans, whatever their political coloration, want peace and national security; they want our foreign relations to be conducted wisely, they want our Presidents to stand up for our country's rights, yet never to be arrogant or foolhardy.

Most of us want a decent, healthy, well-educated population, with plentiful opportunity for ourselves and our

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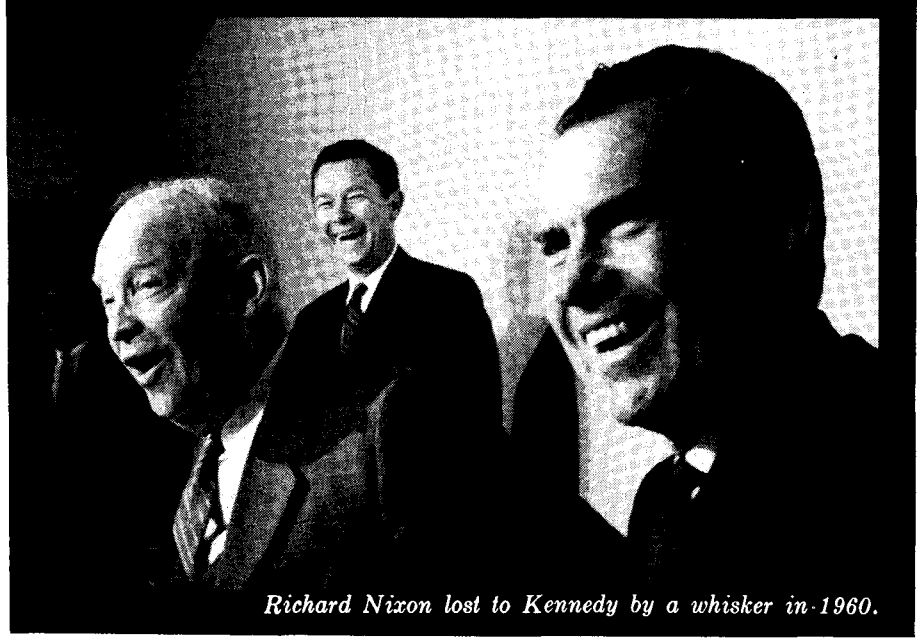
Nelson Rockefeller was Goldwater's only real challenger.

Charles Percy lost his bid for governorship of Illinois.

William Scranton teetered on the brink of candidacy.



Richard Nixon lost to Kennedy by a whisker in 1960.

children, regardless of where we live, the color of our skins, or our religious affiliation.

We all want clean air to breathe and pure water in our streams.

We all want our citizens to be protected against disasters—economic or physical—which are beyond the individual's ability to surmount.

What the Republican Party stands for should be well known, but I fear that it is not. Under long Democratic rule the false "image" which has plagued Republicanism often has obscured the truth. However, that does not make this truth any less important—particularly at this time when many are concerned with a possible drift toward the disaster of one-party rule.

The difference between parties is, in most instances, a matter of approach to problems and programs. We Republicans want our government at appropriate levels to be responsive to our needs, but *not* to invade our individual rights, liberties, and responsibilities. Though we have many of the same ultimate goals as the Democrats, we disagree with them on methods and in their application, believing that ours are safer and more effective in preserving individual rights, responsibilities, and initiatives, which, after all, are the basis of self-government.

To this end, we Republicans are constantly on guard against granting too much power and responsibility to a central government, lest the people's freedoms be eroded away.

This does not mean that Republicans want the Federal Government to ignore human problems; on the contrary, our Party was *conceived* to mobilize patriotic citizens for the solution of human problems; it was born of the struggle against slavery. It has never ceased to be concerned with humanity's basic needs and desires. In its beginnings, the Republican Party did much to shape future progress of our people with such far-seeing *human* programs as The Homestead Act and the Land Grant College Act. The first paved the way for settlement of the West by independent family farmers, the second was a magnificent innovation which grew into our system of state colleges and universities. It was in this same spirit the Republican Administration of the 1950's extended Social Security to millions of people who had not been covered. In 1957 we Republicans led a Democratic Congress to a new breakthrough in civil rights—the first legislation of that kind in 80 years—setting up the Civil Rights Commission and making it a federal obligation to assure that no qualified citizen is deprived of his right to vote. It should be common knowledge, but I am afraid it isn't, that the Civil Rights Act of 1964 could not have been passed over the opposition of Southern Democrats without the inspired, skillful aid of Republican leaders in Congress.

Some, attempting to emphasize the important differences between the two parties, have advocated making one of the parties, presumably the Republican, into a Conservative Party, with the other, the Democratic, becoming the Liberal Party. With this, I flatly disagree.

In the first place, this proposal erroneously presupposes that many Americans would prefer to give their loyalty to what is mainly an economic theory instead of an encompassing human-based political philosophy. Also, it overlooks the very human fact that few men are entirely "liberal" or entirely "conservative" in their outlook. For example, the late Senator Robert A. Taft was popularly known as a model of conservatism, but in the years before his death, when we had become great friends, I found him far more "liberal" than I was in such fields as public housing, federal aid to education, and universal pensions. He did not seek the label of "Conservative"—he was proud of being a Republican.

There is a very real danger, not just to the major parties, but to our whole political system itself in attempts to cram voters into narrow ideological compartments. To do so would simply emphasize and exaggerate the tensions and conflicts between groups, rather than promote all-important accommodation and conciliation. The ultimate result would be fragmentation of the political system, splitting our parties into splinter groups. It is highly unlikely, for example, that the extreme rightists would long feel at home with more conventional conservatives, and soon might break away as Ultra-Conservatives. The same result undoubtedly would occur among the so-called "liberals." And those who think of themselves as conservative on fiscal matters but liberal on social legislation might find soon that to present their views they must form some new grouping.

Such splinter parties would soon become disruptive and destructive of political responsibility. Each, unable to win by itself, could become a wrecker by throwing its strength to other dissidents whenever it might seem advantageous. We cannot afford a government of splinter parties in this country. They would spell stagnation.

The vital point is that if we are going to have an effective two-party system, each party must have a program of action that appeals to the great cross section of our citizenry. Any group that establishes a position that is incompatible with the beliefs of the bulk of the people, or that violates the limits of common sense, simply cannot long exist as a political party of any consequence.

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Bob Taft, beaten for Ohio senator; John Lindsay, New York congressman; George Romney, governor of Michigan—all may figure prominently in the G.O.P.'s future.

EISENHOWER

The restoration of a wide-spectrum Republican Party, from the local communities on up, is an urgent task, but I am confident that it can be accomplished by men of goodwill. It isn't as though we were starting empty-handed, for the Party has great human and organizational resources. It has a vast reservoir of loyalty among the millions who are registered as Republicans. And the Party is fortunate in having a large number of splendid young leaders in many segments of American life—in state governments, in Congress, in professional life, and in business. We have a number of vigorous Republican governors who are making fine records and look like coming political stars. We have everything we need—except numbers—to achieve success. Our immediate assignment is to mobilize these resources—all of them—to make the Republican Party an *expanding* political force in all parts of the country.

There is, of course, no infallible master plan, no golden panacea for assuring victory. We can only start at a logical beginning and proceed step by step from there to build the Party into an organization which once again can win the respect, loyalty and votes of a majority of citizens in local, state, and national elections. I strongly believe that as a logical starting point all Republicans should work together to achieve a consensus among themselves. This goes to the very heart of our problems. We should carefully define guidelines for approaching political issues of our day. Such a start would serve a dual purpose: (A) It would give us a simple, straightforward program that the great majority could support, and (B) It would let the people know what Republicans really believe.

We are concerned, for example, with such problems as distressed areas and slums; medical care for the elderly; unemployment and other welfare problems; increased centralization of government and unnecessary intervention of the Federal Government in local affairs; the persistent cost-price squeeze in agriculture; increasing governmental debt—Federal, state and city; tax reform; and, always, civil rights. The Republican approach to each of these is guided by the principles to which I have already adverted.

After a major defeat it is only human nature that some in any political party would feel resentment toward those who directed its national campaign and believe that the most urgent need is "reorganization." Some reorganization likely is necessary, but we should not, I feel, put the cart before the horse. The first order of business is to take a fresh, realistic look at the entire Republican Party, including its aims *and* its organization. In other words, let us use the traditional Republican method of studying the problem thoroughly at all levels and agreeing on a course of action which unifies and strengthens on all levels, rather than divides. On the other hand, we must not be dilatory in attacking the tough problems before us.

And, in taking a new look at our Party, let us call to our aid all of the brains and talent Republicanism can command. This is not just a matter for the National Committee which, after all, is only one element in the Party machinery—and which, of course, has no monopoly on brains in the Party. The Party needs to utilize the wisdom and counsel of the many different kinds of leaders who have a stake in the future of Republicanism—the Republican governors, the Republican members in Congress, well-known Republican businessmen who have worked and raised money for the Party, and people from our universities who have devoted their academic lives to the study of political science.

The achievement of a broad, workable Party consensus on the *application of our principles* is not going to be easy. There will be much temptation to take hard-and-fast positions on specifics, to quarrel among ourselves on details. But if I am sure of anything, it is that practical unity is essential to the Party's future. If we are to correct, once and for all, the false image which has become associated with Republicanism in the minds of many citizens, we must get to work. It is the only process by which the Republican Party can regroup and go forward, speaking with one, powerful, persuasive voice on the problems that face the nation.

The main purpose of any reorganization should be to update and streamline the Party machinery, making it more responsive to the will of the majority of Republicans from the grassroots, the suburbs, and the city streets to the legislative halls.

We all know that American life and voting patterns have changed drastically in the past generation. Populations have shifted, the suburbs have proliferated, people have become highly mobile and many of them, unfortunately, tend to take less part in local political affairs. How is our political Party going to keep in contact with these people, how are we going to make it possible for them to learn our aims and play an active role in Party politics? For example, it may be that the Party should put more emphasis on local Republican Clubs, geared to the life of the community, with open doors for all citizens, to engage the interest and understanding of many people, particularly young people, who now are politically rootless. I am not sure that in this respect our Party has kept up with the times.

We know, too, that at the top, the Party isn't as well coordinated as it might be. We have not only a National Committee, but also a Congressional Committee, Senatorial Committee, and a National Finance Committee—and these various committees don't always operate in complete cooperation. Also there is the Republican Governors Council which has a legitimate and important part to play in Party affairs. The Republican governors are on the firing line, year in and year out; they are a key link between the Party and state and local problems. Yet there is some evidence that the national Party has not always given Republican governors and Republican gubernatorial candidates the organizational support they need if they are to win elections. This is a serious matter because one of the ways to avoid more Federal Government is to develop stronger and better state governments.

We know that this top-level Party apparatus has, like Topsy, just grown over the years. Undoubtedly each unit serves a purpose, but shouldn't we now look at the whole and see whether or not all parts fit together as they should?

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'The National Committee, of course, has no monopoly on brains in the Party.'

For example, where should the leadership reside when our Party does not control the Presidency? Obviously, the leaders of our Party in both houses of Congress will develop alternatives to Democratic plans and programs and will be responsible for the tactics of opposition—but what should be the role of the Republican National Committee? Should it be the body for coordinating overall Party policy—or should it be more of a civil-service organization staffed by career specialists in various fields of political science, while a separate, high-level body, broadly representative of the entire Party, formulates policies and acts as spokesman on the national level?

On these points, almost every individual who has had experience in government will have his own ideas, some of which may seem radical. For example, I, personally, long have held the view that in the leadership echelon of the Republican National Committee there should be two individuals, each responsible for distinctly separate functions. To one I would assign responsibility for all of the work of organization and administration of every kind; his duty would be to perfect the machinery of the Party and keep it working.

The other would have the task of acquainting himself with the consensus of Republican thinking and would be sort of an evangelist, traveling the land up and down and across, providing the public with a correct picture of the Party's policies and programs and seeking recruits to carry them forward. He would, of course, be assisted by a strong and broadly based Advisory Committee.

Each of these men would, in my view, have a full and highly important job. Together they could do much to strengthen and inspire us.

In any event, the country needs a healthy Republican Party—and never more than in the years immediately ahead. Apparently the current Administration intends to plunge ahead with its many experimental domestic plans and programs. And here is something which I hope will be well understood: As Americans first, Republicans do not quarrel with the *aims* of some of these programs; with others, we do.

Believing that government must have a heart as well as a head, Republicans have pioneered solutions to many of the country's problems. For example, a Republican administration initiated a medical plan for the care of the aged—admittedly not yet perfected, but one which does not introduce compulsion. We led in developing a program of "defense education" to meet pressing national needs without overpowering local responsibility and authority. Republicans proposed methods for bettering the situation of farmers—without diminishing their freedom—and launched what now is known as the Food for Peace program to utilize portions of our farm surpluses to feed hungry peoples abroad. Republicans developed forward-looking plans for conserving our natural resources and for protecting the beauty of our land for enjoyment of present and future generations. We Republicans have striven to promote better cooperation among labor, capital and management to increase the nation's productivity and well-being. In 1954 we secured what was then the greatest tax reduction in history, and we consistently have fought to keep our fiscal affairs and our currency sound for the benefit of all.

Ours is a proud record: In countless ways over the past century, Republicans have proved their dedication to human welfare.

In contrast, I see a real danger in some Administration welfare plans because they are programs *imposed from the top down*, usually well lubricated with subsidy from the Federal treasury. They tend to subordinate the individual citizen and groups of citizens to Federal regulation. This is just the opposite of the Republican approach. We believe in programs that start with the individual, the community, and the state and build toward the top, with responsibilities and costs shared all the way.

For example, we are convinced that it would be dangerous to our free system should educational systems, the fountainhead of our democracy, ever come under Federal control. Certainly Federal aid should be given, when and where necessary to maintain adequate educational opportunity, but *never* in a form that remotely implies Federal control of teachers or the teaching process. This peril is not as remote as we might think. Currently, most of our great universities obtain much of their money for research from government contracts. There were cases some two years ago, I have been told, when misguided Federal bureaucrats threatened universities with withdrawal of this or that contract unless certain professors, opposing governmental plans, were "shut up."

The present Administration evidences a considerable salesmanship in grouping its programs under appealing labels, such as "War on Poverty" or "Great Society," and implying that anyone who finds fault with the proposed methods is a reactionary who would ignore the poor and oppose all progress.

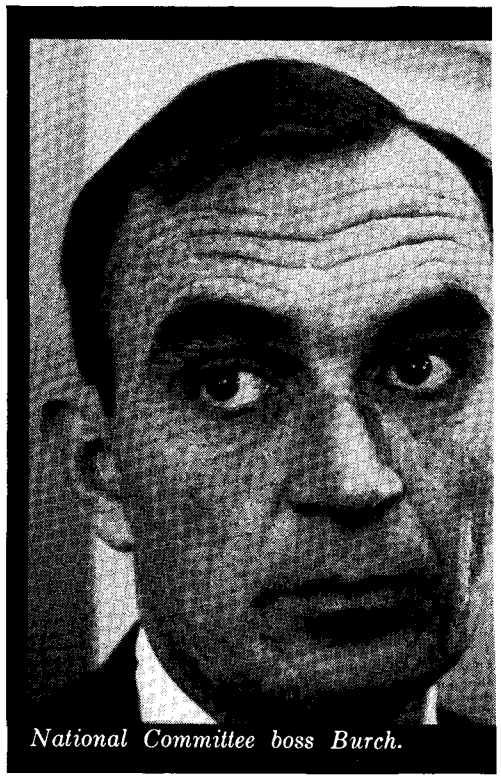
I am among the first to admit that our society, for all of its accomplishments, has serious shortcomings. Some, such as persistent unemployment and pockets of poverty side by side with economic expansion and rising standards of living, may seem baffling. However, I have no doubt that as we meet the urgent needs of the present, these troubles eventually will yield to education, training and a climate of opportunity.

Some of our problems are shameful, such as the violence, terror, delinquency, and murder which have plagued our cities in recent years. Here again, we Republicans emphasize that the primary responsibility for maintaining order remains with communities and states as their duty under the Constitution. And, as those units of self-government are closest to these situations, we can hope for fair, lasting solutions only if they approach their responsibilities in a true American spirit. In the struggle for civil rights we have seen far too much disrespect for the law. But we are making progress and will make more as we enforce the law and build a moral climate in which a majority of people in all areas of our society simply will not permit inequalities and racist fanaticism to exist.

In seeking answers to any of our problems, let us not, above all, discard the common-sense ideals and methods which have proved themselves throughout our national history and embark, as recent Democratic administrations seemingly have been determined to do, on risky, untried theories. A number of those theoretical programs, whether they succeed or fail, are bound to have at least one result—the concentration of more power in Federal hands. Also, just as sure as the sun rises in the East and sets in the West, current fiscal policies are piling up deep trouble for the nation in the future. Deficit spending has not been stopped. The fire of inflation is thus being fueled, threatening the value of our currency. The adverse balance of payments, causing a steady leakage of our gold reserve, ultimately could bring great difficulty for the dollar on a global scale. It is a Republican duty constantly to remind the country that it is time we discipline ourselves, hold expenditures below income except in emergencies, and adopt policies which eliminate adverse balance of payments.

However, my purpose here is not to lay out an indictment against Democratic policies. Rather, I want to emphasize the need—in the interest of our country—for the Republican Party quickly to build its strength as an effective "loyal opposition," and, so doing, become the majority party at an early date.

We must understand that failure to do so creates a danger that is quite real, and no mere partisan alarm. The danger is not that we will lose our liberties by any one accretion of Federal power, or any one deficit, or any one threat to a business firm by Federal bureaucrats. Rather the hazard is that our incentives and mechanisms to practice self-government gradually will slip through our fingers by a lack of vigilance—until one day we could discover it is too late. This can never occur as long as we maintain a vigorous, healthy, two-party system.



National Committee boss Burch.

Thoughtful Americans of either political persuasion will rest easier, I believe, if they know that a strong and alert opposition constantly is watching the majority, seeing that voters hear both sides of every issue, eager to bring to light any evidences of misgovernment or corruption. Do you suppose, for example, that under a one-party system the Bobby Baker case would have seen the light of day? Perhaps so—perhaps not. There always exists a strong human temptation for the party in power, if not to condone, at least to sweep such embarrassing incidents under the rug. As it is, the public certainly has the feeling that up to the time of the election the Baker case had not been thoroughly investigated.

Here is the challenge, perhaps the greatest the Republican Party has faced since the Civil War: Can we Republicans put aside our differences and agree on a plan for increasing the strength and influence of our Party? I believe we can give a positive response. We have a clear opportunity, by building upon a responsible, forward-looking program, to develop plans and leadership behind which the Party can, by action and example, enlist not only confirmed Republicans but thoughtful independents and discerning Democrats as well. That, I am convinced, is the way we can best serve America. □

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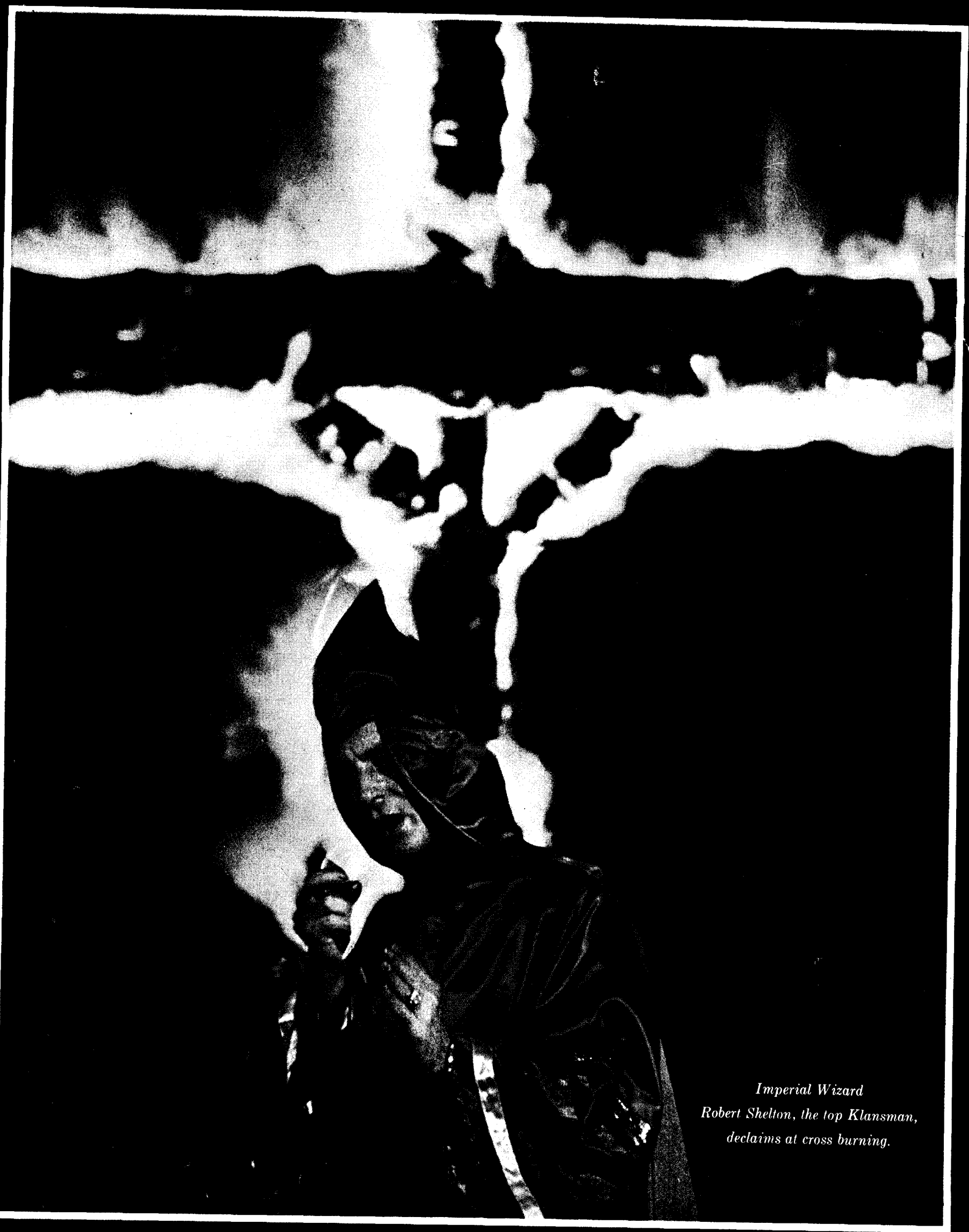

Imperial Wizard
Robert Shelton, the top Klansman,
declaims at cross burning.

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THE KU KLUX KLAN is moving boldly into the open in a last-ditch fight against integration.

'WE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE'

By HAROLD H. MARTIN and KENNETH FAIRLY

Photographs by Lynn Pelham

One starlit evening not long ago, in a tobacco patch near the little town of Hemingway, S.C., 29 robed and hooded men and women gathered in a circle around a 50-foot black-gum cross that had been wrapped in burlap and soaked in crankcase oil. Solemnly they set the towering shaft ablaze and marched around it singing, as a record player hitched up to a loudspeaker boomed into the darkness the opening strains of 'The Old Rugged Cross.' Suddenly the needle stuck, and over the dark woods surrounding the little field, the speaker repeated over and over the phrase that ends the first line of the song: ". . . and shame"—"and shame"—"and shame."

If the Klansmen who set the cross aflame felt any shame at this use of the symbol of Christian brotherhood to publicize an organization which thrives on racial hatred, they gave no sign of it. There was nothing clandestine about the meeting. On the afternoon of the meeting, in the Masonic Hall in Hemingway, ladies of the Klan sold barbecue, slaw, cake and soda pop, and passed out literature extolling the noble purposes of the order.

At the rally itself, on a flatbed truck

In rural South Carolina, the harangue goes on as the fire dwindles. Men in colors are Klan officials.

continued

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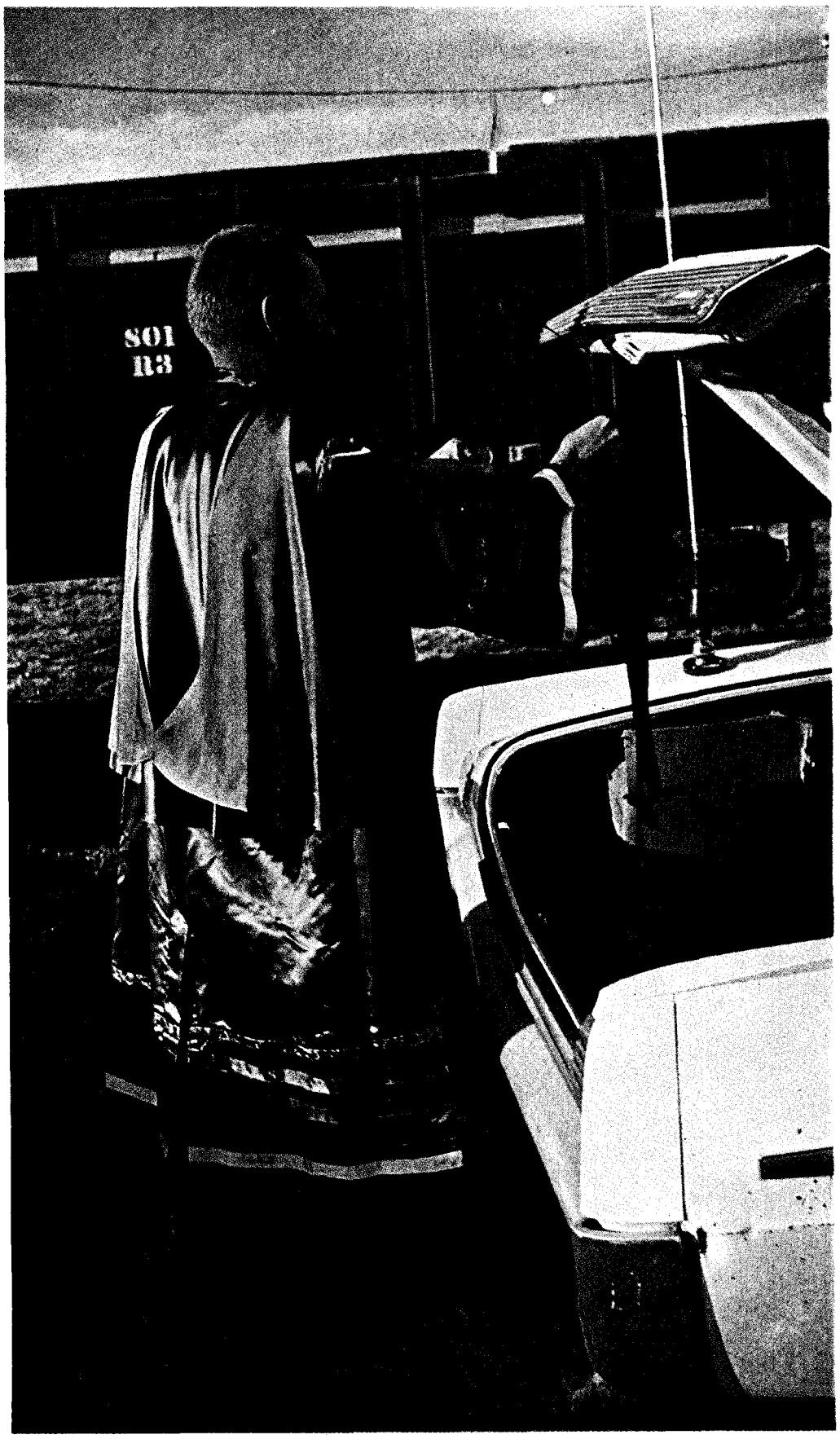
None of the Dragons, Titans or Exalted Cyclopses wore masks.

KU KLUX KLAN

Shelton unpacks his Imperial Wizard's robes from the trunk of his automobile and dresses for a rally in Hemingway, S.C.



decorated with Confederate and American flags, the assembled Dragons, Titans and Exalted Cyclopses of the two Carolinas sat proudly in their emerald, white and crimson robes, waiting for "His Lordship," one Robert Shelton of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Imperial Wizard of the United Klans of America, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Inc., to bring them the true and lively word. None wore a mask. "We want you to see our faces," bellowed Robert Scoggins, the Grand Dragon of South Carolina, to the crowd of some 800 men, women and barefoot children who stood before the speakers' platform in the glare of the burning cross. "We want you to know who we are and what we are doing. We got nothing to hide."

As Scoggins finished his brief welcome, a Klansman dressed in a shining black military helmet, a gray-green uniform, and black paratrooper boots with white laces, swaggered back and forth across the platform, staring stonily at the crowd. He and a tall, slack-jawed companion with captain's bars on his shoulders were the "Security Guard." They were there to silence hecklers. A German reporter from West Berlin looked curiously at these glowering storm troopers. "I have seen such men before," he said.

The strutting guards, the unmasked Klansmen, the public rally—all were evidence of the Klan's bold resurgence both in numbers and in spirit. The revival was furtive at first. In 1954, when the Supreme Court handed down its school decision, the fragments of the old Klan of the 1940's began quietly to regroup. In the upper rooms of old buildings on the side streets of the bigger towns, in cheap motels and highway restaurants, in abandoned barns and farmhouses deep in the woods, the "sacred altars" were set up. On them were placed the American flag, a sword, and a Bible open at the 12th chapter of Romans—St. Paul's eloquent exhortation to Godly conduct. In the glow of an electrically lighted cross, red-necked "Aliens" knelt to mumble the old Klan oath, swearing to "dedicate heart, mind and body to the preservation of Christian civilization," and to carry with them to their graves the secrets of the order. Sometimes identifying their groups as hunting-and-fishing clubs or county-improvement associations, the Klansmen collected arms and manufactured their own ammunition. Under the tutelage of ex-G.I.'s, they practiced judo and karate and crawled through swamps on "maneuvers," getting ready for the inevitable day when the Jews and the Communists would give the signal and the Negroes would rise to destroy the white race in the South.

Passage of the Civil Rights Bill in June of 1964 brought the Klan boldly into the open. All over the South crosses blazed at public rallies. Fierce-eyed preachers, most of them self-ordained, began to shout in public the twisted doctrine they had proclaimed in the secrecy of the Klaverns—that Jesus Christ was not a Jew, that the Pope of Rome was anti-Christ, that the Negro was a beast who must be destroyed. "Oh, God," prayed one, "please put grace and grit into the white race and let us wipe out this black-ape race before it is too late."

The ignorant and frightened men and women who join the Klan claim to be uplifted by this savage doctrine. To them the Klan is a religion, a holy crusade. In North Carolina, a robed Klansman told reporters: "I feel nearer to God at a rally than at any other time. When I put on this robe it's a grand feeling. It's white—as pure as Jesus Christ. The cross burning is not to make people stand in fear. The cross is what Christ died on."

"It's better than going to church," a woman member said.

At Hemingway, after a robed Klan chaplain known as "The Kludd" had prayed long and fervently for the Lord to bless the Klan and all its works, Shelton rose to speak. He is a tall, slender, hollow-cheeked man with dark, lifeless eyes, and even in his robes of royal purple topped by a gilded cape and hood, he looked withdrawn and wary—"like a man who thinks he is about to be shot at," an Alabama newspaperman said.

His voice was toneless, his theme was the same old Klan refrain. Every patriotic white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant must be ready to give his life if need be to save the purity of his race. But there must be no violence. All must be accomplished by peaceful means—by the boycott and the ballot. Occasionally from the crowd came a deep "Amen" and a scattering of applause.

Shelton told a joke. "You know how they fin'ly found them three boys that was buried in that dam near Philadelphia, Mississippi?" he asked. "The Federal Bureau of Integration didn't find them boys. The mailman found them. He walked by there delivering welfare checks, and the nigger reached up to get his." The crowd roared with laughter and delight.

Shelton droned on, paying his dis respects to the Supreme Court, to the traitors who would modify the immigration laws, to "Light Bulb" Johnson and "Bobby Sox" Kennedy and "Martin Luther Coon." He finished, took off his robes, folded them neatly and put them in the back of his car. Then dressed in a gray suit and dark red tie he moved about among the crowd chatting and shaking hands while the loudspeaker played *When They Ring Those Golden Bells*. Shelton's mood was somber. The presence of so many reporters and cameramen apparently had inhibited him, causing him to tone down his speech. The usual taking of a collection had been omitted, presumably because the sight of the plastic buckets filled with dollar bills coming back up to the platform might give the wrong impression. He seemed to be trying to appeal to a wider audience than the fewer than 1,000 who had come out to hear him. To reporters he was seeking to present the Klan as a peace-loving organization of patriots.

He had brought with him from Tuscaloosa the ancient epic of the silent movie days, D. W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation*. He hadn't felt it wise to show it, though he finds it his most effective recruiting device, for it extols the glories of the Klan of Reconstruction days, and has for its dramatic climax the Klan's pursuit and punishment of a Negro rapist and murderer. "I killed niggers all night in my sleep after I saw that thing," said a Klansman who had seen the film previously.

By moonrise the flaming cross was sputtering out. The loudspeaker was softly droning *Abide With Me*. Shelton, his brow furrowed, climbed into his white Pontiac Grand Prix and set out on the long drive to Bastrop, La., and another Klan rally.

Earlier, on the 600-mile drive to South Carolina from his headquarters in Tuscaloosa, Shelton had talked at length with a *Post* reporter. Weighing his words, he had painted a picture of

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ıe Klan as an organization opposed to
l lawlessness but determined to save
ıe country from the enemies who
ould betray it. "I don't hate the
gra," he said. "I feel sorry for him.
e's been used as a tool by the forces
ıat are trying to take over this coun-
y. And the only thing I see to do is
ing the old World War II fleet out
mothballs and ship every one of
ıem back to Africa. That would be a
aceful solution, wouldn't it?"

Shelton had sketchily traced his own
ıreer. He was 35 years old, he said.
is father was a retired Tuscaloosa
ocer and a colonel on Governor
allace's staff. He had gone to Tus-
ıloosa High School and then briefly
the University of Alabama, hoping
study law. But there hadn't been
ıough money, even though while in
hool he worked the evening shift at
ıe B. F. Goodrich plant, making tires.
is granddaddy and his father before
m had been Klansmen, but he him-
lf hadn't thought much about the
lan until he went into the Air Force
1947. They sent him to Germany,
ıd there he saw white German girls
ing about with Negro soldiers. He
uldn't stand the thought of that
ıppening in this country, he said, and
hen he got out of the service and went
ıck to Goodrich to work, he started
oking around for a Klan to join.

"I just happened to stumble on a
lavern meeting," he said, "and there
as a man there who claimed to be a
eacher, though he said some things
ıat a preacher ought not to say, and I
und out later he had never been or-
ıined in any church." Whatever the
eacher said, Shelton was not so of-
nded that he abandoned his idea of
coming an active Klansman.

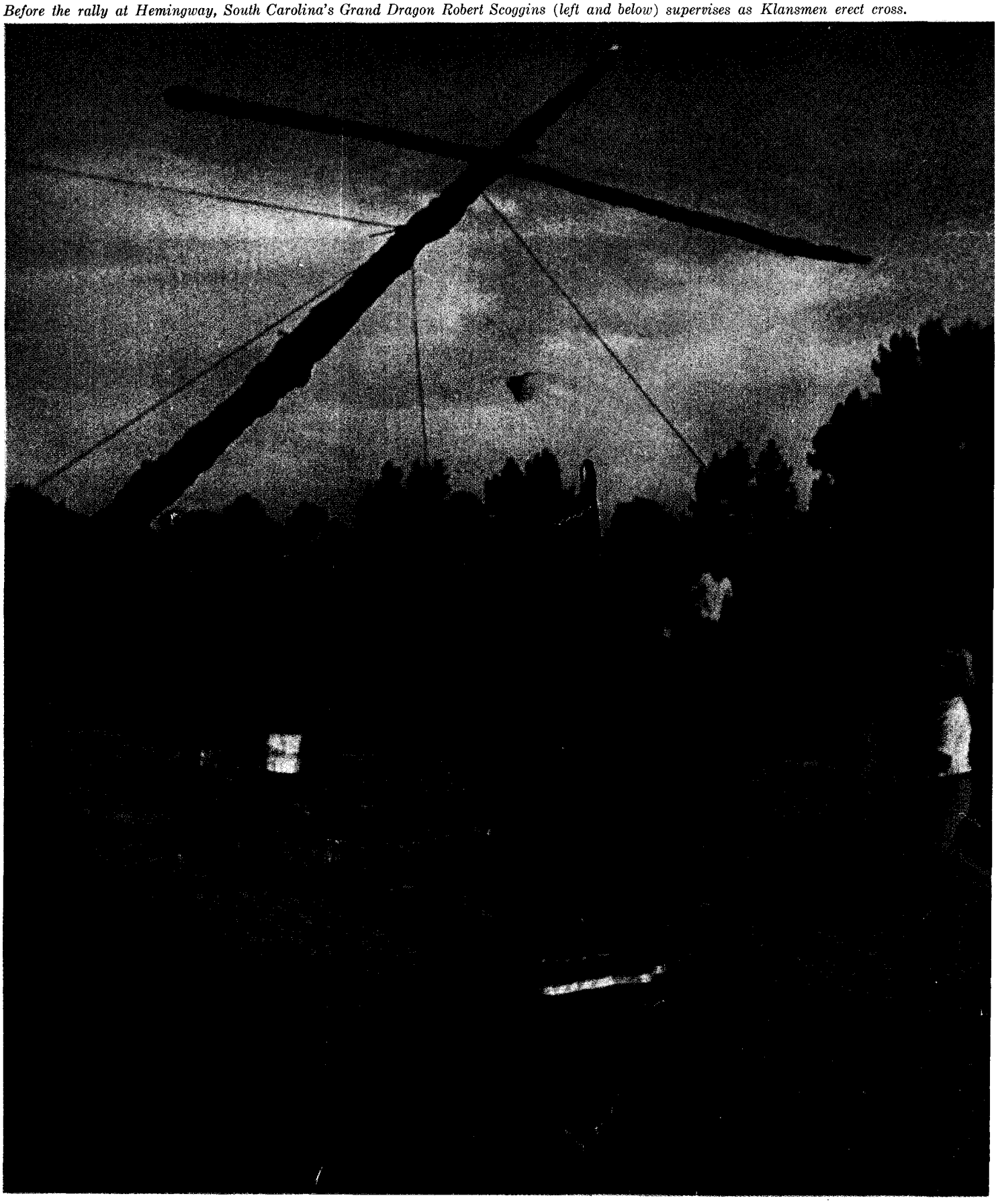
"I decided to join the Klan and
ork to try to better it," he said. "I
didn't go for that violent stuff. It was against my training. I was brought up in a religious atmosphere. My daddy and granddaddy built the first Alberta City Methodist Church. My wife and my mother teach Sunday school there now, and my daddy is a member of the board of stewards."

Shelton, who had been promoted by Goodrich to a sales job that required him to travel the Southeastern States, soon got so engrossed in Klan work that Goodrich fired him. "They told me to quit the Klan or else, and I took the 'or else,'" he said.

He then operated his own tire-recapping business for a few years, but soon his Klan duties became so demanding that he decided to devote his full time to them. Now on salary, he will not say how much that salary is—"It ain't as much as Thurgood Marshall makes." But the United Klans' share of the $10 "klektoken," or initiation fee, and of the $12-a-year dues each Klansman pays, is apparently sufficient to pay Shelton and to maintain a handsome office in a somewhat shabby seven-story structure in downtown Tuscaloosa. It also provides funds for Shelton to travel about 120,000 miles a year, organizing new Klaverns throughout the South; to publish a Klan newspaper called *The Fiery Cross;* and to pay heavy lawyers' fees when one of his Klansmen goes into court. The United Klans' main income, he says, is from fees and assessments. No money comes from making and selling robes, a racket by which Klan leaders in the old days enriched themselves. "We look for widow ladies in various towns to make them for us," he said. "We are not in the robe business."

Shelton will not reveal the total membership of his organization, though he hints that it runs into "many thousands," with "many thousands more

Before the rally at Hemingway, South Carolina's Grand Dragon Robert Scoggins (left and below) supervises as Klansmen erect cross.



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'When I put on this robe it's a grand feeling. It's white as Christ.'

who are sympathetic to us," and he claims to have active Klaverns in 39 states. Federal agents, who keep a close eye on Shelton and have planted informers in most of his Klaverns, know that Shelton is exaggerating the United Klans' strength when he speaks of "many thousands" of members. Reliable estimates place the present active membership at under 5,000, concentrated mainly in Georgia, Alabama, the Carolinas, Tennessee and Louisiana. Even this small membership, however, enables the United Klans to throw its weight around politically, particularly in rural counties, with a power that far exceeds its strength in numbers.

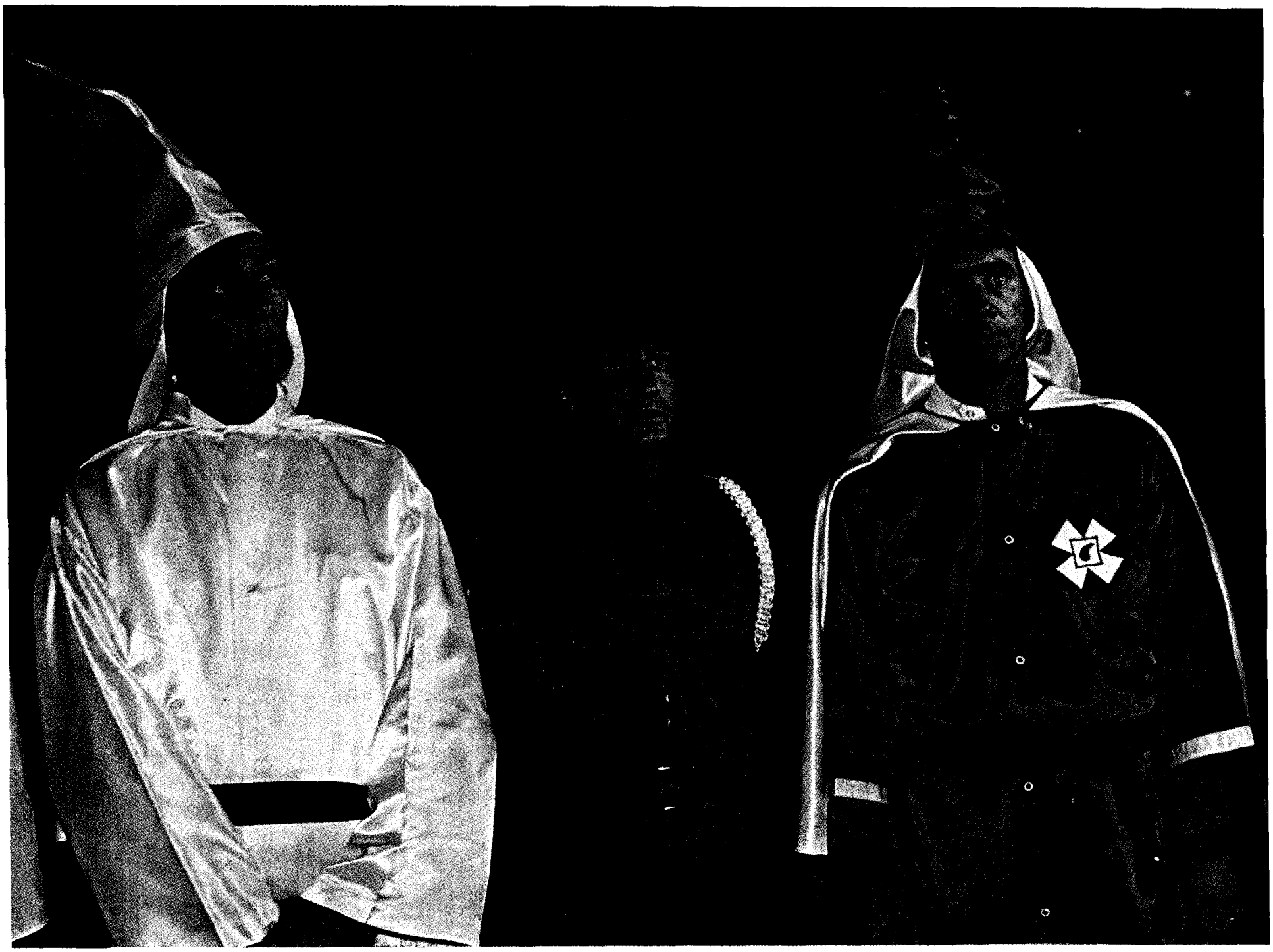
A law-enforcement officer, assigned to keep constant watch on the Klan, explains: "Suppose you have a race for sheriff or county commissioner in some country county where the civil-rights issue is hot. Klansmen will ride in from all over the South to burn a cross and hold a rally. Then they'll sneak around and put up a lot of little stickers—'The Ku Klux Klan is watching you.' The candidates get scared to death they'll lose the Klan vote, so they try to outdo each other in proving what true-blue Americans they are and how strong they are against the Negro. The fear of the Klan colors the whole election campaign, when the truth is the Klan couldn't deliver a hundred votes in the whole county."

Shelton favors this kind of political leverage. "Our weapon is the ballot and the boycott," he says. "You let a man who runs a little store know how you feel about a candidate, he pretty soon gets the idea he better see it the same way or he'll lose a lot of trade. Our women members do a lot of the political work for us. They baby-sit for folks who want to go to the courthouse to register, and they drive people to the polls on election day, and during a campaign they may go from house to house, passing out literature and talking for the candidates the Klan likes. We work down in the grass roots, and in a lot of counties we can elect just about who ever we want to. We don't have to sa outright who we want elected, but th word gets around."

In areas where the Klan feels it strength, a Klan leader may campaig openly for a candidate, or the Klan ma put up one of its own members. In At lanta, for example, Calvin Craig, th United Klans' Grand Dragon fo Georgia, ran for the state senate an loudly pledged his support to the Gold water-Miller candidacy—a startling de parture from the Klan's traditional an tagonism toward Jews and Catholics Craig lost his senate race in Atlanta but the smaller cities and the rura counties, where many share the Klan' defiant attitude toward the Civil Right Act and school desegregation, gav Goldwater a 94,000 majority and pu Georgia in the Republican column fo the first time in its history.

Far more dangerous than the Klan' power to influence politics by persua sion is its power to intimidate whol communities through acts of terrorism

Robed Klansmen flank a helmeted member of the United Klans' burly "Security Guard," which deals with troublemakers.



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Federal agents use harsh language when they read Shelton's pious utterances about his aversion to lawlessness. Federal agents know that violence in one form or another—from telephoned threats to arson, bombings, beatings and murder—often follows the formation of a strong Klavern.

In early July, 1961, at a meeting in Georgia, Shelton was elected Imperial Wizard of the United Klans, and some independent Georgia Klans which had been relatively inactive became part of that organization. Within a month, according to the files of both the Atlanta police and the Georgia attorney general's office, fired-up Klans were training members in the use of explosives. An ex-Navy frogman was the instructor, and a "training camp" was set up in rural Clayton County near Atlanta.

Before Shelton went into Mississippi early last spring to organize Klaverns there, Klan activity had been largely confined to those counties where an independent organization called the White Knights of the K.K.K. was forming—a group known to federal agents as the most furtive, vicious, and close-mouthed of the Klans. Although it operated in other areas of the state, its activities were concentrated in southwest Mississippi and along the Mississippi River, where it performed with considerable popular approval.

"What you are up against there is a conspiracy of silence on the part of a whole people," one federal investigator said. "Crimes are committed that are never reported in the press, never investigated by the local law. The victims, if they survive, are afraid to file a complaint. In the event an arrest is made and a man is brought to trial, getting a conviction is almost impossible. But what else can you expect in a state where a judge, in the presence of several other men, told a sheriff: 'If you get up to a drove of niggers and have to kill one of them, you might as well go on and kill them all. A dead nigger can't talk.'"

In this atmosphere of defiance Shelton easily formed Klaverns in the Natchez and McComb areas.

A rash of bombings of homes, churches, and places of business broke out in Mississippi in the summer of 1964 as college students and other civil-rights volunteers came into the state to assist Negroes in registering to vote. Among the houses bombed was that of Natchez Mayor John Nosser, who had offended Klansmen by promising Negroes equal protection under the law and the right to vote if qualified. As the frequency of the bombings increased, other political leaders were stirred to belated action. After the bombing of the Lexington newspaper office of Hazel Brannon Smith, Pulitzer prize winner and critic of the Klan, Mayor Allen C. Thompson of Jackson became the first Mississippi official to speak out against Klan violence. Though he did not denounce the Klan by name, he came out strongly against terrorism.

"Do not ever deceive yourself into thinking that these bombers, who do their cowardly work at night, will stop with your neighbor," he said. "Tomorrow it will be your home, your business, even your family." He offered rewards and pledged police action. Two days later, Mississippi's segregationist governor, Paul B. Johnson Jr., announced that he was building up a force of state police to combat the growing violence in McComb and Natchez.

Soon state and county officers, with the cooperation of the FBI, had three men under arrest, charged with the bombing of two homes in McComb. One of them, a 25-year-old railway carman named Paul Dewey Wilson, was caught as he was hauling a small arsenal from his home to a remote farmhouse. In his possession were four high-powered rifles, a pistol, eight wooden clubs, a blackjack, brass knuckles, a hypodermic syringe—and a deputy sheriff's badge. In his pocket was his membership card in United Klans of America, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. It was signed by "Robert M. Shelton, Imperial Wizard, Tuscaloosa, Ala." Wilson also had a black leatherette apron and a black hood, the historic trappings of a Klan executioner.

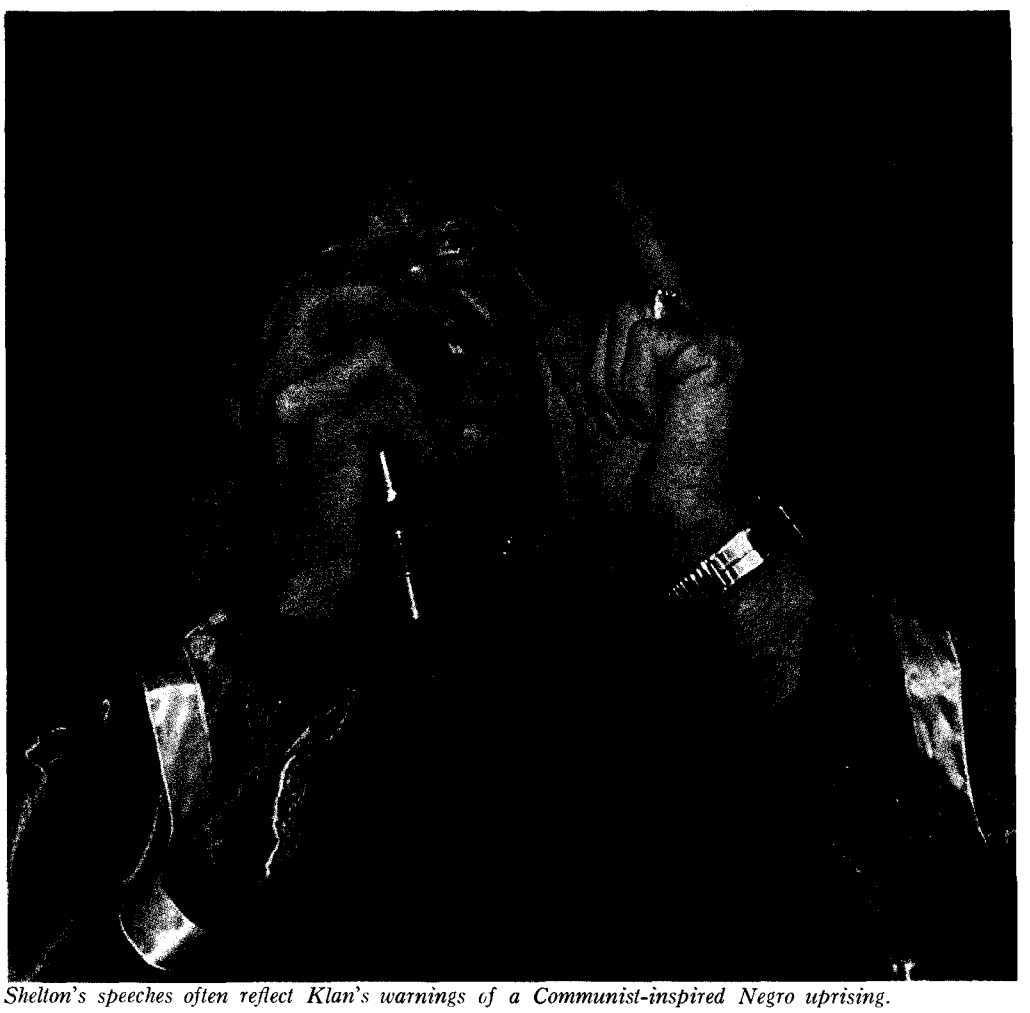
Though law enforcement agencies have found it easy to penetrate the Klan with paid informers—"They are less clever than the Communists, and easier to infiltrate"—the presence of an informer does not mean that acts of terrorism can be forestalled. In their Klavern meetings the Klansmen are generally as closemouthed with each other as they are with outsiders. The "action groups" within the Klan, known variously as "Holy Terrors," "Knock-Off Squads," and "Killer Squads," range from three to a dozen men. Their identity may be known to other Klansmen—and to the FBI—but they lay their plans for lawless acts outside the Klavern meetings.

"We've learned not to discuss anything in a Klavern we wouldn't discuss on the courthouse square," one Exalted Cyclops told a *Post* reporter.

Many crimes committed by these terror squads are merely senseless acts of sadism. In Birmingham, for example, a Negro man walking home at night was caught, castrated, and warned that the same thing would happen to any Negro who tried to send his children to white schools. The victim of this mutilation was not married and had never taken part in any civil-rights action.

Occasionally federal agents, through informers, sense a growing restlessness in a Klan and anticipate an outbreak of violence, though they have no means of knowing what form it may take. When, for example, Lemuel Penn, a Negro educator from Washington, D.C., was killed last July while traveling through Athens, Ga., the FBI had only to go to its files and to the Athens police and sheriff's office to come up with the names of a dozen suspects. Both the Athens officers and the federal agents had been watching the Athens Klavern of the United Klans. They knew 80 percent of its members. They knew the location of the pegboard on which the pistol-toting Klansmen hung their weapons before entering the Klavern sanctum. They knew also that certain truculent members of the Klan had been riding about Athens at night carrying sawed-off shotguns, "keeping an eye on the niggers."

Twenty-six days after the killing, a Klansman named James S. Lackey made a confession after only 14 minutes of questioning. He described how he had driven alongside Penn's car while two other Klansmen, Cecil Myers and Joseph Sims, had fired into it with shotguns. At the trial before a jury in rural Madison County, where the killing had taken place, Lackey repudiated his confession, claiming it had been forced from him "under fears and threats." The jury found the accused not guilty.



Shelton's speeches often reflect Klan's warnings of a Communist-inspired Negro uprising.

Almost as discouraging to federal officers was the subsequent disposition of the cases growing out of the McComb bombings. Nine men, including Paul Dewey Wilson, the man with the black mask, pleaded either guilty or nolo contendere to charges they had bombed or conspired to bomb three Negro homes. Circuit-Court Judge W. H. Watkins imposed prison sentences and fines, and then, citing their "youth, good families," and the fact that they were "unduly provoked and undoubtedly ill advised," he suspended all fines and sentences and placed them on probation. All were identified by the FBI as Klansmen, probably belonging to a splinter Klan group at the time of the bombings. To investigators, six had admitted being Ku Klux Klansmen and had implicated the others as Klansmen. One said he belonged to the United Klans.

A month later J. Edgar Hoover, in an uncharacteristic outburst of anger, described this action as "scandalous," denounced "bleeding-heart judges," and charged that "all the lynchings and bombings of homes in the South" are the work of the members of the Ku Klux Klan and claimed the FBI "knows pretty well who they are." Shortly thereafter Mr. Hoover proved that this claim was not mere bombast. On December 4, his agents arrested 21 men, including two peace officers and a preacher, in connection with the killing of three civil-rights workers near Philadelphia, Miss., last June. According to the FBI, the killings were planned and executed by the Klan. J. Edgar Hoover described most as Klan members and sympathizers. Police investigators believe all were affiliated with the White Knights of the K.K.K.

The arrest of the two peace officers, Neshoba County Sheriff Lawrence A. Rainey and his chief deputy, Cecil Price, points up the problem the Department of Justice faces in investigating civil-rights cases in the South. In chasing down bank robbers and car thieves who cross state lines, local officers work hand in hand with FBI agents. In civil-rights matters, particularly when Klansmen are involved, they often not only refuse to cooperate but actually seek to hinder federal agents in tracking down the guilty.

Wherever the agents work, they, of course, soon discover which policemen, sheriffs, deputies and highway patrolmen are in league with the Klan, and the names of these men are immediately reported to higher authority. In Mississippi until recently this was useless. Lately, however, Gov. Paul Johnson has sought to purge his highway patrol of Klansmen, and two cities, Laurel and Meridian, now require that all their employees, including policemen, sign an oath that they belong to no "subversive" organization.

In Alabama, officers have been known to show a solicitude for bombers, arresting them on minor accusations—such as possessing explosives—before the FBI could bring graver charges against them. In Georgia, Klansmen are promptly fired from big city and state police forces. In North Carolina, Wizard

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Even in Mississippi, groups of decent citizens are speaking out openly against the Klan.

Shelton has publicly appealed to law officers and other public officials to join his ranks, promising them super-secret new Klaverns in which they would be required to wear no robes, march in no parades, and endure the long Klan ritual only once a month instead of weekly.

Though most North Carolina peace officers have ignored Shelton's blandishments, his success at organizing regular Klaverns in the Tarheel State has startled federal officials. A little more than a year ago the Klan there was dead. It had been an object of derision since 1958, when a sometime preacher named the Reverend "Catfish" Cole attempted to hold a cross-burning in a cornfield near the little town of Maxton, an area heavily inhabited by Lumbee Indians. As the robed preacher began his invocation, there came a wild shouting from the surrounding woods and a band of Lumbees, some in war paint and feathers, swarmed into the clearing firing pistols and shotguns. Led by the Reverend Catfish, the assembled Klansmen hoisted their bed sheets up around their hips and took off through the thorny yaupon scrub, uttering mindless cries of terror. The story made all the papers, and the Klan became a laughingstock.

Today, under the ambitious proselyting of the United Klans' Grand Dragon, J. Robert Jones, onetime sailor, bricklayer and lightning-rod salesman, the Klan has made a fantastic comeback. In a series of articles in the Charlotte *Observer*, reporters J. K. Batten and Dwayne Walls estimated that the state now has some 25 active Klaverns, with a membership of 2,500 paying members. Batten and Walls, in their reports, vividly depicted a typical Klansman. "He was coarse, unshaven and loud," they wrote. "He chomped an unlighted cigar and profanity came as regular as breathing. Yet for an instant tears streamed down his whiskered cheeks. 'My country is going to hell,' he blurted brokenly. 'I hate to see that. These crooked, corrupt politicians are doing it . . . by raising up the niggers. The white man is God's servant, and the nigger is the white man's servant. That's the way it was meant to be. That's the way it's going to be, by God.'"

They quoted another Klansman, a filling-station operator, "his hands caked with grease, his arms blue with tattoos": "'The Jews have got the B'nai B'rith. The Catholics have got the Knights of Columbus. The niggers have got the N.A.A.C.P. Tell me what in hell the white man's got, besides the Klan? What has the white Protestant American Gentile got except the Klan? It's the poor bastard like me who pays the taxes. He keeps the wheels turning.'"

These vignettes point up the deep angers and frustrations that motivate the rank-and-file Klansman in North Carolina and throughout the South. He is rebelling against his own ignorance, ignorance that restricts him to the hard and poorly paid jobs that are becoming scarcer every day. He is angered by the knowledge that the world is passing him by, that he is sinking lower and lower in the social order. The Negro is his scapegoat, for he knows that so long as the Negro can be kept "in his place," there will be somebody on the social and economic scale who is lower than he. In the Klavern, in his robes, repeating the ancient ritual, he finds the status that is denied him on the outside.

Despite the rush to join its ranks, the Klan in North Carolina so far has proved to be a feckless organization. An unsuccessful attempt was made to prevent volunteer workers from the North from painting a weatherbeaten Negro schoolhouse; an effort to prevent Negroes from integrating a restaurant by squirting them with hoses resulted in the arrest of two Klansmen; and a few crosses have been burned, one on the lawn of the governor's mansion. Otherwise the Tarheel Klansmen have seemed content to meet in their Klaverns and make angry speeches. Even there they do not conduct themselves as seriously as their grimmer brethren to the south. In one Klavern, Batten and Walls reported, initiation rituals are enlivened with a prank. The neophyte is required to watch while a piece of iron is heated white-hot and thrust, sizzling, against a piece of raw meat. The iron is then reheated, the quaking candidate is blindfolded, his trousers are lowered, and a piece of Dry Ice is pressed against his backside. With a piercing scream the victim leaps galvanically while the assembled Knights guffaw.

Attorney James Venable of Atlanta, who is Shelton's prime competitor in the Klan business, would probably look with scorn upon such desecration of the ancient ritual. Venable is head of a group called the National Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Inc., and of another that embraces 19 small, independent Klans in Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina, Tennessee and North Carolina, and he looks upon himself as the robed prophet and spiritual heir of the original Klan of the 1860's. A florid, blue-eyed man in his middle 50's, his eyes grow moist and his voice breaks when he speaks of how the Klansmen of that day saved the South from carpetbaggers and renegade freedmen. He refers with great nostalgia to the 1920's, when the Klan was at its peak of four million members and was so potent in politics it could elect governors, congressmen and senators in half a dozen states.

Venable, a Klansman since he reached man's estate, was attorney for the United Klans until 1963. He then

Klansmen's daughters Frances Bolt and Lynn Spires sit on a truck bed which is decorated with inverted American flags.

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ulled out, chartered his own National Knights, and is now in competition with his old Wizard. Like Shelton, he professes to abhor violence, and he has been heard to describe some members of the United Klans as a "bunch of wild-eyed sons of bitches." He says that he does not do much recruiting in the South. "We are working in virgin soil," he said. "We are planting the seed in the Midwest and the Far West. They are crying for us outside the South, and we are answering the call." This seems true, for Klan watchers report revival of the order in West Virginia, Indiana, Minnesota, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and California.

Though Venable deplores violence in his affable conversations with reporters, his public utterances, and those of his subordinate leaders, sometimes depart from peaceful themes. Once, when carried away by his own oratory, according to an investigation report, he told a rally at Stone Mountain that a few people, white and black, should be hanged to show that the Klan meant business, and he suggested that standing in a schoolhouse door was no way to stop Negro children from entering a white school; hanging a few Negroes on the school ground would be much more effective. His comment on the Penn murder case was blunt: "It just shows that you won't never convict a white man for killing a Negro who is encroaching on the white people of the South."

Speaking at a National Knights rally in September, 1964, Grand Dragon Charlie Maddox of Savannah, a brusquely outspoken man, told his audience: "We need to do a lot to stop [the liberal legislation of] these national politicians. A boy down in Texas did a lot already, remember?"

It seems obvious that the Klan of the middle 1960's is, as Venable likes to describe it, "the same yesterday, today and forever." It is the same armed underground, the same secret guerrilla force, mocking by its actions the teachings of the Christ it pretends to honor, striking furtively and savagely at the foundations of the democracy it purports to defend. It is potentially more dangerous than the old Klan of the '20's, which was finally destroyed by the venality and corruption of some of its leaders and by the arrogant lawlessness of its vicious hoodlum fringe. Its leaders are not interested primarily in the money, but are grimly dedicated men determined to maintain white supremacy at whatever cost.

Numerically, the Klan still is weak. The best official estimates place the number of active dues-paying Klansmen in the South at fewer than 10,000, with 2,000 in Mississippi, 1,500 each in Georgia, Alabama and North Carolina, 1,000 in Louisiana, 500 each in South Carolina and Tennessee. Loyal to many leaders, operating mainly in their own regions, they are less an organization than the manifestation of a state of mind—the despair of the poor white in a society in which he can find no respected place. They are, in short, an underground movement whose basic weapon is terror.

There are hopeful signs. Organizations of decent citizens, as in McComb, Miss., at last are speaking out openly against the anarchy of the Klan. In many a small Southern city, schools are being integrated without violence. Merchants, ignoring Klan threats, are complying with the Civil-Rights Act, and private citizens, when warned that they must fire a Negro servant, are telling Klan tormentors to go to hell. And here and there a tough sheriff or police chief warns Klan leaders that if Klan gunmen want a showdown fight, his men are ready.

"I've told Shelton if his Klansmen ever try to do anything to me or my family, I'll kill him," said an Alabama police chief. "And if they get me first. I've got some boys in my department who will kill him."

Always in the past the Klan has destroyed itself by its own excesses. Events of the past few months give proof that the modern Klan has already gone far down the road to its own destruction. The recent arrests of Klansmen may result in no convictions and no punishment. But the faces of the Klansmen have been exposed. They have been seen in daylight, in the courts, glowering sullenly or grinning arrogantly at the cameras. They now are recognized, not as folk heroes, but as what they are—the misfits, the bitter rejects of society. It is impossible to believe that the millions of decent, law-abiding, truly religious citizens of the South will long permit their lives to be dominated by such as these. □

n Salisbury, North Carolina, cited by a national magazine as an "All-America City," Klansmen brazenly parade up the sidewalk in a daylight demonstration billed as a show of force.

Photograph by Don Sturkey

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The center of attention at a press-club cocktail party, she is the woman who has fulfilled the whispered promise of her books: She's the girl to whom things happen.

Cinderella is a perpetually junior-sized 42-year-old who looks ten years younger on TV, thanks, she says, to padded bra, capped teeth, Pan-Cake and a wig.

By Joan Didion

BOSSES MAKE LOUSY LOVERS

MRS. BROWN WROTE TWO BEST SELLERS ON SEX FOR SINGLE GIRLS. NOW HER DESTINY IS TO CALL FORTH THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

"Here's why I'm on the beeper, Ron," said the telephone voice on the all-night radio show. It was a woman's voice, and in it were hints of both the Midwest and hysteria. "I just want to say that this *Sex for the Secretary* creature—whatever her name is—certainly isn't contributing anything to the morals in this country. It's pathetic. Statistics *show*."

"It's *Sex and the Office*, honey," said the disc jockey. "That's the title. By Helen Gurley Brown. Statistics show what?"

"I haven't got them right here at my fingertips, naturally. But they *show*."

"I'd be interested in hearing them. Be constructive, you Night Owls."

"All right, let's take *one* statistic," the voice said, truculent now. "Maybe I haven't read the book, but *what's this business she recommends about going out with married men for lunch?*"

So it went, from midnight until five A.M., interrupted by records and by occasional calls debating whether or not a rattlesnake can swim. For this was Los Angeles, where misinformation about rattlesnakes is a leitmotiv of the insomniac imagination. Toward two A.M. a man from "out Tarzana way" called to protest.

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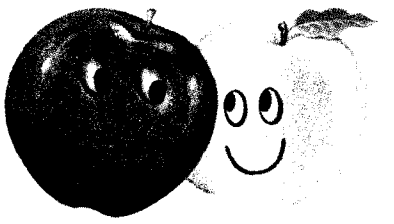
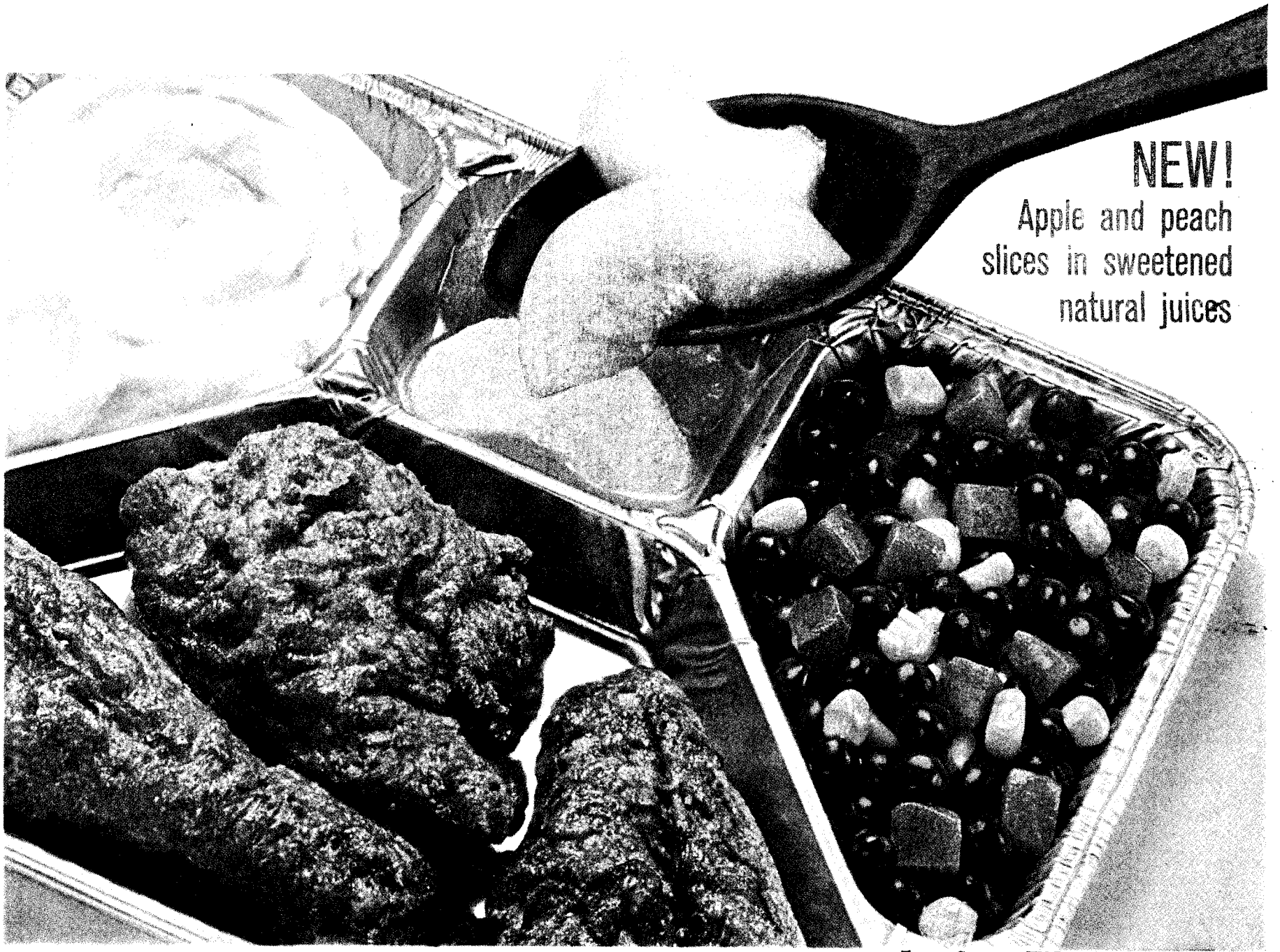
Now! A bright new "home style touch" in the Swanson Fried Chicken Dinner!





Frozen Swanson TV Brand Fried Chicken Dinner

Only SWANSON serves up a chicken dinner with all these extras:

1. Apple and peach slices in sweetened natural juices.
2. Only the best pieces of tender chicken . . . breast, wing, and thigh or drumstick.
3. Butter sauce, specially seasoned, on the mixed vegetables.
4. Whole potatoes whipped with fresh milk and butter.

"TV" and "TV Dinner" are registered trademarks
Made only by Campbell Soup Company

To get more that's good . . . TRUST SWANSON

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"It's for you, dear..."

HELEN GURLEY BROWN

"The Night Owls who called earlier must have been thinking about, uh, *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* or some other book," he said, "because Helen is one of the few authors trying to tell us what's really going *on*. Hefner's another, and he's also controversial, working in, uh, another area."

An old man, after testifying that he "personally" had seen a swimming rattlesnake, in the Delta-Mendota Canal, urged "moderation" on the Helen Gurley Brown question. "We shouldn't get on the beeper to call things pornographic before we've read them," he complained, pronouncing it porn-ee-o-graphic. "I say, get the book. Give it a chance." The original *provocateur* called back to agree that she would get the book. "And then I'll burn it," she added. "Book burner, eh?" laughed the disc jockey good-naturedly. "I wish they still burned witches," she hissed.

It is Helen Gurley Brown's peculiar destiny to call forth such voices in the night, every night, somewhere in these United States. There is a sense in which she has found, in the late-night and daytime talk shows, her predestined medium: *Girl Talk, Count Marco, Long John Nebel.* Through such shows the author of *Sex and the Single Girl* and *Sex and the Office* reaches a twilight world of the lonely, the subliterate, the culturally deprived, gets in touch with people whose last contact with the printed and bound word was *Calories Don't Count.* It is not as remarkable as it might seem that Mrs. Brown should think to pass on to what she calls her "market" the decorating tip that "books say nice things about you and men adore them . . . fifteen dollars should buy ten to fifteen in a secondhand store." Her market seems to be composed of people who ordinarily set eyes on a book only when Johnny Carson holds one up.

Through such talk shows she has sold almost two and a half million copies of two books which were largely reviewed only to provide a fixed target for reviewers eager to point up (amid considerable merriment) the superiority of their own perceptions over those of Mrs. Brown. In these phantom encounters with her reviewers, Mrs. Brown always ends up the most attractive figure, if only because her self-appraisal is so engagingly realistic. "They can't put me off by hinting I write to make money," she says. "I love money. And I'm promotable. Some people aren't. Irving Shulman's not. People criticize *Harlow*, he gets mad. I've never turned down a show, never lost my temper. I do them all, and I'm always Charming's Mother."

Charming's Mother is an appealingly competitive, compulsive, perpetually junior-sized, 42-year-old Cinderella who looks perhaps 10 years younger on television, where, as she discloses in *Sex and the Office*, she relies upon "padded bra, capped teeth, straightened nose, Pan-Cake, false eyelashes and wig." When she was 37 and a copywriter on the Max Factor account at Kenyon and Eckhardt in Los Angeles, she married David Brown, then a story editor at 20th Century-Fox in Los Angeles, now story editor for Paramount in New York, and known to his wife's invisible friends in radio-TV land as "a dreamboat," a man who "thinks brainy women are madly sexy," and a husband

The little princess works hard to promote h

who "got the play out of his system in his first two marriages." Five months after their marriage, Mrs. Brown asked dreamboat to suggest something she might write a book about. Although it sounds apocryphal, what he said was, "Write about what you know about."

As magnets find true north, *Sex and the Single Girl* eventually reached Bernard Geis, a publisher who seems to like his authors to fit their typewriter time around *The Tonight Show*'s schedule. The rest—the best-seller lists, the foreign editions, the $200,000 sale to Warner Brothers, the spin-off that is *Sex and the Office*, the contract for three more books—is popular history. "I was still working then, and it was kind of marvelous at the office," Mrs. Brown recalls, "because a couple of men who didn't like me were also writing books, but theirs never got anywhere the way my silly little girlish book did."

To read, after listening to the Night Owls and their soulmates, what the author alternately calls her "silly little girlish books," her "little pippypoo books," and her "very sincere little books," is a curious experience. It is then that you realize that the voices in the night respond not to the books but to some idea of the books, not to Mrs. Brown's written word but to the calculating provocative voice she has transmitted on more than 300 radio and television shows this past year. She baits, and they bite.

They bite at an illusionary lure, for *Sex and the Single Girl* and *Sex and the Office* are precisely what Mrs. Brown says they are: very sincere, very girlish and potentially very useful to the young women for whom they were written. As Mrs. Brown herself suggests, the books were meant for neither Radcliffe girls nor editors of *Harper's Bazaar*. "I write for the girl who doesn't have anything going for her," she repeats as if by rote. "The girl who's not pretty, who maybe didn't go to college, who may not even have a decent family background." In fact the most controversial advice in *Sex and the Single Girl* is probably a tip to invest only in companies (there is a great deal of financial advice in both books, because "a small portfolio of stocks is sexy") which "are impervious to bombing."

Throughout, "sexy" appears in its colloquial, or nonspecific sense; "dressing sexily," for example, translates sensibly enough as "dressing in the most

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ks in store windows or on radio and TV.

chic pleasing exquisite taste possible." Even when she gets down to specifics, Mrs. Brown is forever nudging the reader out of bed and into the kitchenette, where, while her "not-quite-sudden breakfast guest" showers, she can turn her attention to "half-clam, half-tomato juice with a wedge of lemon squeezed in, Omelet Surprise, toast and coffee."

While this kind of thing may be dismal in the extreme, and reminiscent of the "perennial spinster" Mary McCarthy once described, "whose bed the morning after a sexual adventure will always be made up . . . while coffee for two drips in the Silex and toast pops out of the electric toaster," it is scarcely the stuff of controversy. For the rest, the books are a *réchauffé* of something-for-nothing recipes, unexceptionable grooming tips ("Wear clean lingerie every day"), decorating hints from the same mold ("Mix periods") and, most importantly, incessant and curiously refreshing exhortations to the reader to stop "being a slug" and get out there and work for what she wants.

This monomania for self-improvement is central to both the books and their author. If Mrs. Brown's success seems sudden, it was still not exactly unanticipated. Although Helen Gurley's history was in fact as unpromising in outline as that of her average reader, a kinship she likes to embroider, there runs through it a thread of old-fashioned ambition so increasingly uncommon that her younger readers will recognize it only from early Joan Crawford movies on the *Late Late Show*. (Miss Crawford and Mrs. Brown, not incidentally, admire each other extravagantly.) She is the small-town girl who wanted to be the toast of Big Town, a role disappearing with the small towns which bred it.

Born in an Arkansas hill town, raised with her crippled sister on the wrong side of the Los Angeles tracks by a widowed mother, Helen Gurley went to work at 18, "flat-chested, pale, acne-skinned and terrified." Seventeen jobs and seven years later she was a secretary at Foote, Cone and Belding; another six years and she became a copywriter there; another four, and Kenyon and Eckhardt made her the highest-paid advertising woman in Los Angeles.

"About everything I've ever done," she says now, "there's been somebody mean and envious to say I couldn't have done it *if* something. That I never could have been a copywriter *if* I hadn't been Don Belding's secretary. That my books never would have sold *if* they hadn't had sex in the title. You just know nothing's that easy. I tried everything. I used to enter the Lux contests. I'd invest fifteen dollars in soap wrappers and write up all these twenty-five reasons why. Of course, I knew they'd never give it to a Los Angeles copywriter, so I'd mail them to my sister in Shawnee, Okla., and tell her to send them in with a snapshot of herself in her wheelchair."

Characteristically, her memories of an autumn trip to England to promote *Sex and the Single Girl* have the precise flavor, the almost heartbreaking innocence, of a teen-aged contest entrant's daydreams: *Some day I'll be rich and famous and have champagne for breakfast and then good-bye Sauk Center, good-bye Little Rock, good-bye C. K. McClatchy High.* She talks about "the biggest, best suites" in the "best hotels," about being on the front pages of the London papers, about having "the best of everything" and about having "important people" waiting to see her; about always having at her chair at dinner a bucket with a bottle of Dom Perignon, "just for me." Right down to the label, it is a vision which has shimmered through restless hearts straight across the Republic. The best vodka. ("Not just ordinary old vodka, *Russian* vodka.") Beluga caviar. ("If you can't say anything else about it, it's *expensive*.") The charmed attention of the multitudes. ("And people would stop and say *aren't you the lady who wrote that book?*") It is a fairy story, and is told as such. "And there was no competition anywhere, nobody younger or prettier than me, none of those Beverly Hills types, and David was there, and it was heaven, it was a movie." She pauses, dreamily. "Every single day I was the absolute little princess."

What is it like to be the little princess, the woman who has fulfilled the whispered promise of her own books and of all the advertisements, the girl to whom things happen?

It is hard work. To talk to Helen Brown in the waning days of the 13-week promotional tour of the United States and England was to talk to a very tired woman indeed, a woman weary of flirting with disc jockeys, tired of parrying insults and charming interviewers and fighting for a five-minute spot here and a guest appearance there, exhausted by writing her syndicated column in airports on typewriters borrowed from her press agents and by waking up in different time zones and by debating, *just once more, Helen baby*, the proposition "Resolved: Bosses Make Lousy Lovers!"

"I should rest," she would say doubtfully. "I should get something done to my face." She kept mentioning her age, and other people's ages.

She had reason to be tired. An average day in Los Angeles, just one city in the 28 she covered in this country, went this way:

9:30 A.M.: Breakfast interview with two editors of a Los Angeles Negro magazine. After boiled eggs, desultory byplay, Mrs. Brown, shedding her chic black jacket to reveal subtle décolletage, declared herself "rabid" on civil rights.

11 A.M.: In Capitol Records Building, Hollywood landmark designed to

"Thanks -- I'll take it here, honey..."

Talk About A Bargain!

A second phone costs only a fraction more a month than the first . . . but gives you twice as much telephone convenience . . . and saves you many steps and minutes every day.

To order an extension phone for bedroom, kitchen or any location—in your choice of color and style—just call the Business Office or ask your telephone man.

Bell System

American Telephone and Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies

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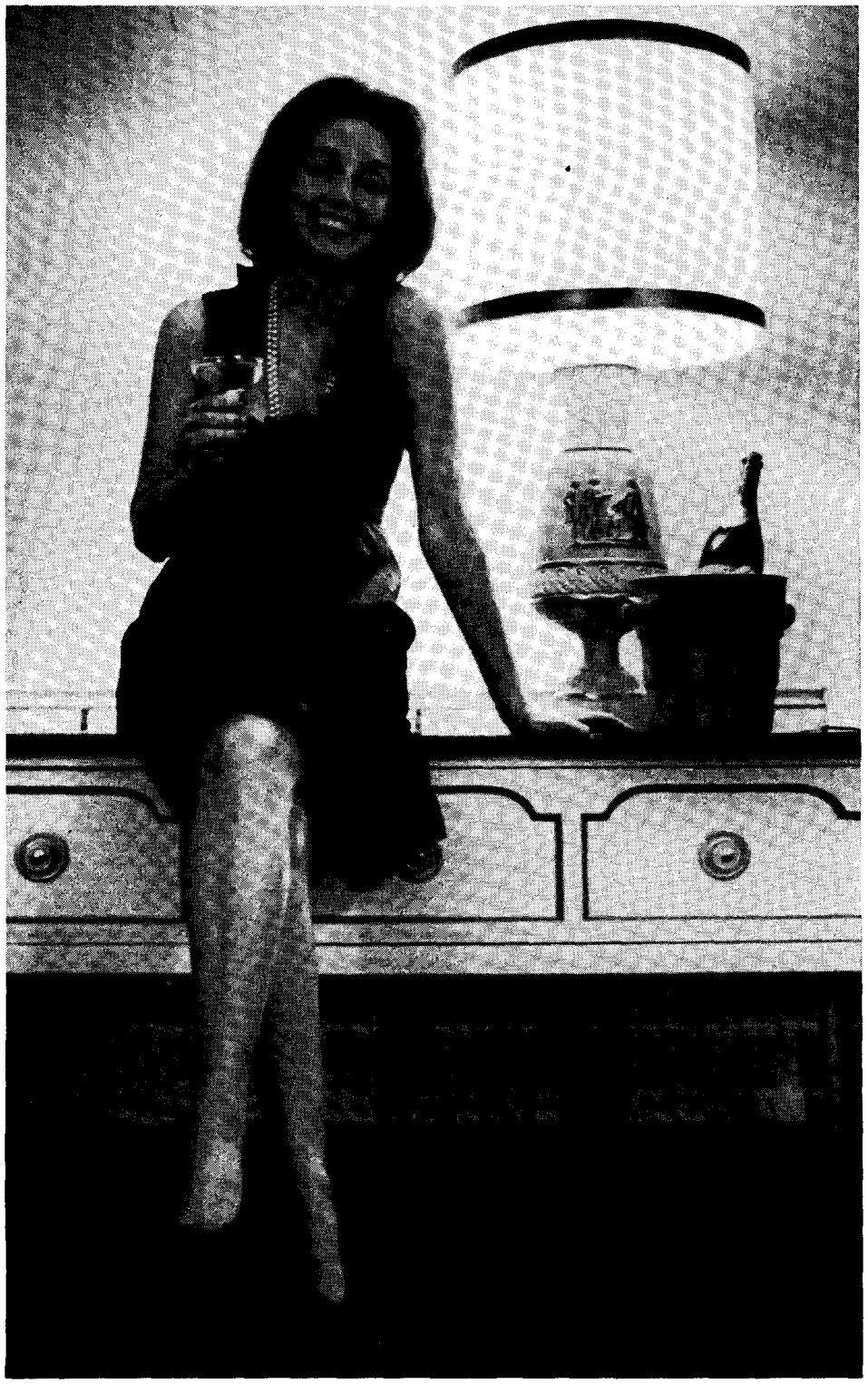
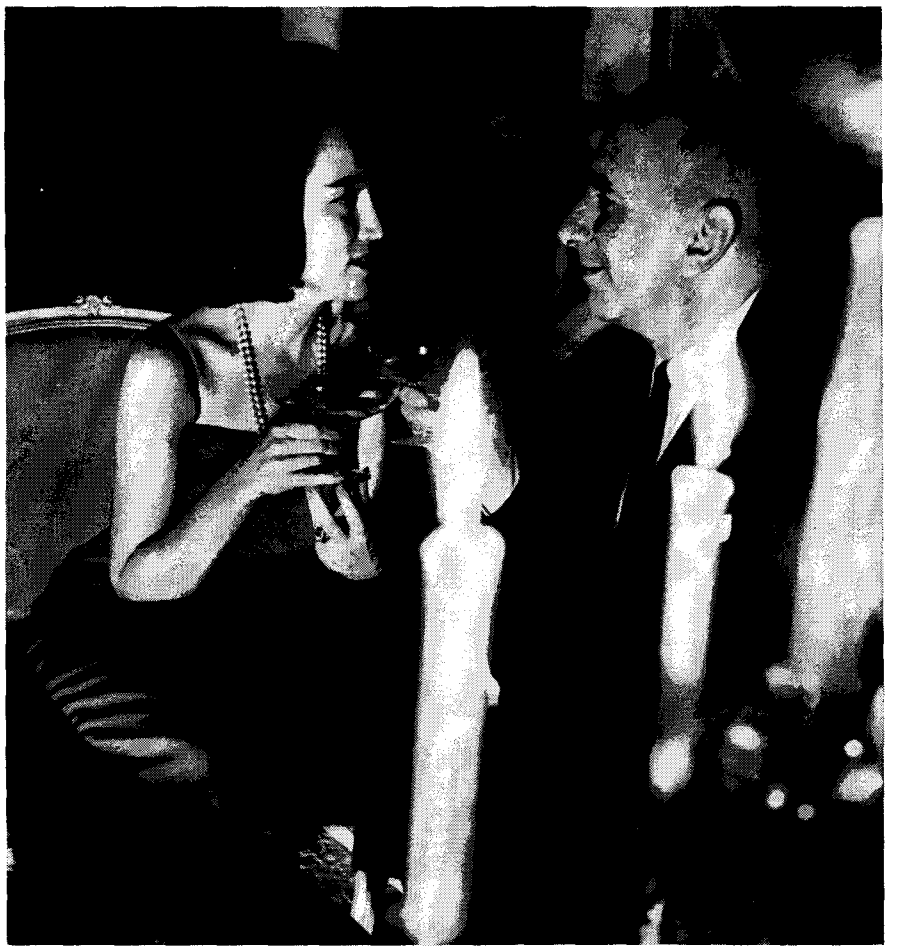
simulate a stack of records, Mrs. Brown taped a syndicated interview. "Bosses make lousy lovers," she announced provocatively. In the control room, Skip Ferderber, young press agent from the firm hired by Geis to promote *Sex* in Los Angeles, tried to sell the producer another client, whose gimmick was that he had been Caryl Chessman's cellmate. "Pencil it in," said the producer. "OK, OK, *ink* it."

12 noon: Mrs. Brown taped a five-minute TV interview. "It's fun to be a best-selling author!" she said, also that she had written *Sex and the Office* because offices are the sexiest places in the world.

1:15 P.M.: Another five-minute TV interview. In preliminary discussion, interviewer suggested that they talk about why *Sex and the Office* had been assigned the Dewey Decimal number reserved for books about prostitution.

She talks about "the biggest best suites," about having a bucket with a bottle of Dom Perignon there at her side, "just for me."





She asked David what she should write. He said, "Write about what you know about."

"Great," Skip Ferderber said approvingly. "Where'd you get that?" "I think from you, Skip," he was told. "I think you sent it out."

1:30 P.M.: Schedule showed a free half hour, which Mrs. Brown improved by dropping into a Hollywood bookstore to thank the owner for keeping her book in the window. "You're our girl, Helen," he said fondly.

2 P.M.: Mrs. Brown arrived at KHJ-TV to make up for a live hour show. "You look tired, honey," said the interviewer. Abruptly Mrs. Brown looked not only tired but depressed; cheered herself by soliciting advice on false eyelashes from the makeup man, while Skip Ferderber tried to sell Caryl Chessman's cellmate. "Love him if he's legit," he was told. "He's not legit, you and I are *through*." The show began. Viewer called to observe that Mrs. Brown did not seem to have any formal education, and "how stuck on yourself can you *be* to write a book without any formal education in grammar and all that?" Mrs. Brown smiled wearily and crossed her legs.

5 P.M.: Dabbing on Arpège, Mrs. Brown arrived at KABC-Radio to tape a half hour. "I'd say that bosses make lousy lovers," she murmured silkily.

8 P.M.: Autograph party at Pickwick Bookshop in Hollywood. High density of girls with beehive hair, middle-aged ladies in capri pants and, surprisingly, men, although definitely not the kind Mrs. Brown would characterize as "creamy." Mrs. Brown smiled wanly as she was skewered with a carnation corsage. "You think that's gonna make you smell any better, *you're* wrong," said a big, short-haired woman, leaning close. She said it several times. Mrs. Brown smiled and signed books. Meanwhile a KNX-radio interviewer talked to buyers. "I am recently widowed and have to go back to work," explained a young beehive blonde, "which is why I bought *Sex and the Office*."

"I'm a widow too," announced the next interviewee, a Negro girl wearing a Beatle button. "a grass widow. Another gal ran off with my husband while I was studying Beethoven and Bach. For me these books worked miracles. Helped correct my failings as a female—the perfume bit and all."

As the crowd dwindled on that particular evening, Mrs. Brown fingered her wilted corsage and reminded Skip Ferderber that they still had not covered one Los Angeles radio station. He protested that the station would do only a three-minute interview, which would, for a variety of reasons, require several hours to tape. "I do three-minute interviews, Skip," Mrs. Brown chided gently. "I do everything. Let's just *see* if we can't work it in."

They did. And it went that way every day for 10 days in Los Angeles, went that way every day for 90 days somewhere on the tour. San Francisco, Houston, Cleveland, Chicago, Memphis, Tulsa, Dallas, New York. And 20 more. But perhaps it is most suggestive to consider Helen Gurley Brown as she was in Los Angeles, where the hot Santa Ana winds were blowing off the desert, and where the stars hung low in the subtropical winter night, and where, on all the air waves, there was heard the voice of the contest winner, the girl who got rid of her blemishes, trying to merchandise herself to all the lonely spirits who live in that netherworld where the next voice they hear, and the voice after that, will be, even on the radio, their own. It is a curiously American wavelength. □

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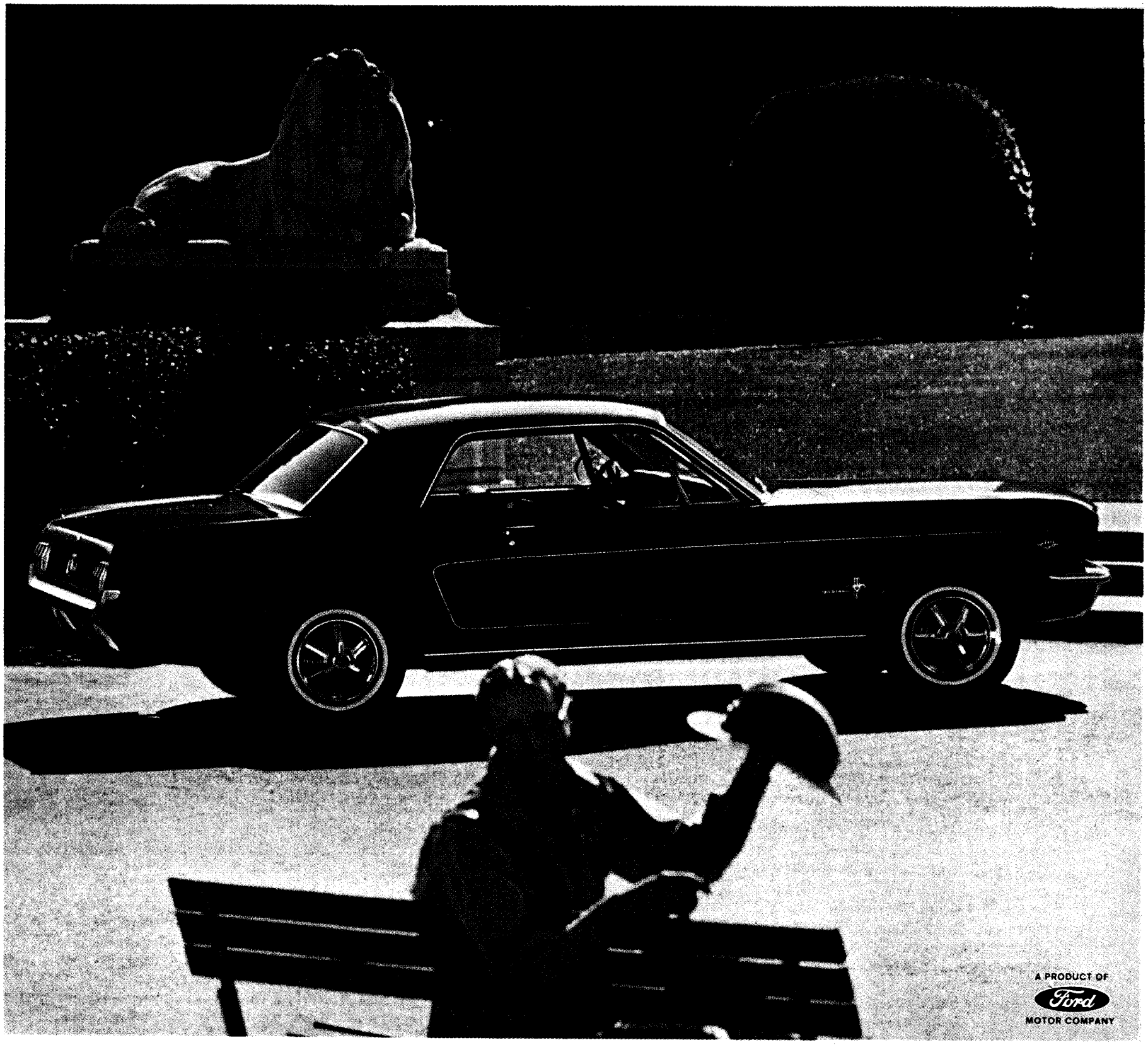

THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE MUSTANG HARDTOP

Desmond was afraid to let the cat out...until he got his Mustang. Mustang! A car to make weak men strong, strong men invincible. Mustang! Equipped with bucket seats, floor shift, vinyl interior, padded dash, full carpeting, more. Mustang! A challenge to your imagination with options like front disc brakes, 4-on-the-floor, big 289 cu. in. V-8, you name it. Desmond traded in his Persian kitten for an heiress named Olga. He had to. She followed him home. (It's inevitable...Mustangers have more fun.)

Best year yet to go Ford

MUSTANG!
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MUSTANG!

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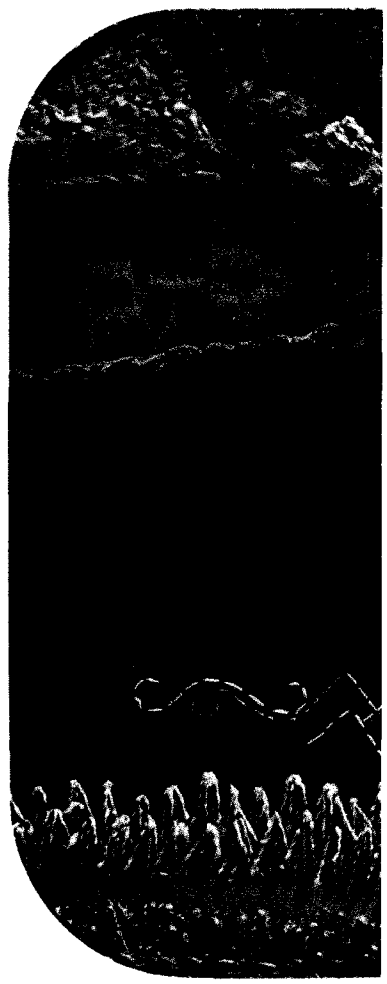

THE BUFFALO

Humans are faithful in sickness and healtl

The pure, brilliant light of late afternoon was virtually a mirror, and her sudden self-consciousness gave Thelma a harsh idea of what it reflected: inattentive middle age. She saw herself too thin, too hollow, shabby and dry. She was in fact not quite forty, but she had long since committed her image beyond it.

She stood behind the screen door for a moment, one hand balancing the tea tray, the other resting on the knob, and examined the young man. He had been sitting on the veranda bench an hour or more, ever since he arrived—he hadn't even followed his bags to his hut—and, apparently, hadn't changed his position at all. He sat on the edge of the bench, his legs apart, leaning forward slightly, and with one hand lying loose in his lap, the other arm resting on his knee, his chin on his fist.

She couldn't see his face. He was looking toward the lake and the plains and the mountains. He was quite still, but she sensed a lack either of thought or of observation in his attitude. She judged him to be in his late twenties, even thirty; his hair, once fair perhaps, had gone dark. He was slender and his arms and legs were well-formed and deeply tanned, which argued against his being an Englishman, and this was confirmed when she pushed the door open and he rose; his movements had the supple ease, that unconscious balletic poise that Africa seems to train in all her own. He had looked around as he heard the noise. The movement of his head was prompt, but with that particular grace of fatigue. And as she gazed into his face she saw the full extent of his exhaustion. It had drawn the skin tight, tugging at the mouth and eyes. He looked absurdly young. She saw now that his eyes too were African. They were wide and, despite his fatigue, quite clear: accustomed to bright space and far detail. None of that tired squint of newcomers to the sun.

"Here you are, a nice cup of tea. It's just the thing after a long trip. The boys have gone off for the afternoon, so I made it myself—you know, you really should have had a lie down when you got in, then you'd have enjoyed it much more. I had such a nice little doze myself. I always feel all in myself after that long drive from Kisenyi—I wish they could have put the airfield closer."

"I don't suppose there's any chance at all of a plane coming in before next week's? I didn't know until I got here that there was only one."

"No chance, I'm afraid. Only the one. It brings up the groceries. Nice fresh milk from Kampala in our tea today. Is it urgent?"

"No. It's just that a week seems a long time."

She noticed now that his accent was Rhodesian or South African. They were always reserved if one sounded too British, so sh pursed her lips and took her tone down eve further. "There really is lots to see her There are a lot of places you can explore i a week. But if you're really anxious to ge away before then, I could call up the Distric Commissioner. He may know of a car. Ofte there's someone or the other driving through But you really should have rested. You coulc after you've had your tea."

"No," he said, a little impatiently. "I'r not tired." He waited for her to pour the tea politely attentive.

"Not tired in this heat?" Thelma asked i mock surprise. "I don't know how you ca avoid it. I feel dead." She felt the truth c this and regretted it, a declaration agains herself, as she leaned back, waiting for th tea to draw.

But he had passed to a reflection of h own. "There's a buffalo down by the water, he said. "He's dead."

"So that's what you've been looking at! she said brightly. He ignored it, and sh added seriously, "No, he's still alive. He been there all day. He's probably been throw out by the herd."

She had noticed the buffalo when she ha first come out on the veranda that morning It had stood then in tranquil profile, rumina ing on the banks of the inlet just below th

Illustrated by Karen Lawrence

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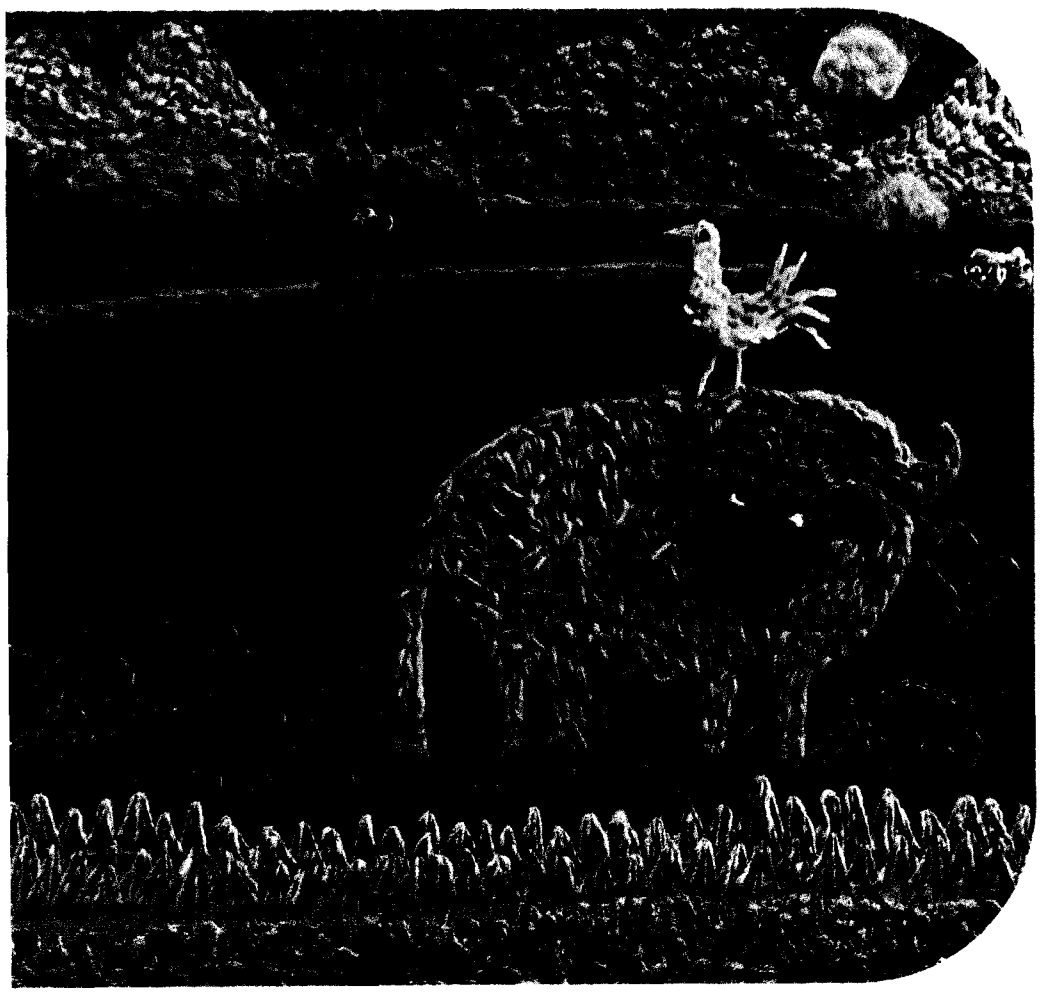

By NOEL MOSTERT

. . but only a parasite clings until death.

house, its companion egret perched motionless on its back. At some point during the day he had sunk to his knees at the water's edge. The bird remained, watchful, dainty, white.

"He looks dead," the young man said.

The two of them sat quietly looking out. The world lay inert; the heat waves still trembled upward before them. Over on the far side of the lake hung the peaks. Only in the foreground was there any movement. A flock of vultures spiraled above the remains of a hippo killed in a fight Thelma had heard during the night; a long violent bout that heaved the lake waters and tore from the night such bellowing agonies that she had felt as though she were listening to the convulsive nightmare of the whole sleeping wilderness: unconscious, trembling Africa shaken by the dream image of its own perpetual terrors.

This morning in the first light—always so fresh, so innocent, the eternal promise and betrayal of Africa—she had seen the vanquished combatant floating in the near shallows, the bloody carcass glistening in the dawn, a stain of red spreading around it.

"Do you like the view?" she asked harshly, stirred to sudden activity, pouring and handing him his tea. "It's not at its best now, of course. You should see it just after the rains. That was the way I saw it the first time I came here—we camped right here, in a tent."

"How long have you been here?"

He was wondering why she, why anyone, would wish to stay.

"Three years," she said. "That's how old the park is, actually. It was my husband's idea. He started it. He was District Commissioner at Kisenyi, so he knew the country well. We don't have a great variety of animals around here, but what we have—hippo, elephant, buffalo—we have plenty of. You see them in numbers you don't see elsewhere. That's what Bill wanted to keep. He was killed here. A year ago."

"Oh." He studied her for the first time and she avoided his glance. "I'm sorry."

"Well, I was fortunate. The government let me stay on and run the guesthouse. I don't know what else I would have done. A damp bed-sitter in England, I suppose—some job. I don't know what."

He was still examining her, and she became self-conscious and began fussing with the tray. Possibly she had talked too much. One always did when there had been a long interval between guests. He was the first in six weeks. He had come on the plane, arriving in the Land Rover with the mail and groceries, saying casually when he alighted, "I'd like a room please." Together with her pleasure in the unexpected, she'd felt irritation over the lack of warning. They could so easily have been full. The last lot had been a party of Americans, mostly elderly women, from a cruise ship at Dar es Salaam. She had had to put up camp beds. But she recognized this as nonsense, knew that it would have made no difference at all even had they been full and that her irritation was with herself and the way she looked. She would have liked to have washed her hair, as well as one of her better frocks. She was really very happy to see him. She had been in need of a face.

She asked him, "Did you send a telegram?"

"No."

"I just wondered. Quite often they don't arrive. They mislay them at Kisenyi or somewhere, and then suddenly there's someone at the door whom you're not expecting. It doesn't matter much now. Very few people know about us. We're not really on the map yet. But those who have been here have liked it, and one of these days we'll have our work cut out, I suppose."

"I just decided to come up," he said. "I heard about the place."

"Where? In Kampala?"

"No. Down in Dar es Salaam." He leaned back slightly and something seemed to ease in him. He added, "Oh, I was just drinking one night in a bar with a chap.

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He's a pilot on the cargo run between Dar and Entebbe, so he gave me a ride up. He'll take me back again. It was just the name I suppose. Mountains of the Moon. It sounded like somewhere to go, so I came to see. But they just look like ordinary mountains to me. I don't know what I expected. Can you get across to them?"

"It's a long trip. I don't quite know how one would do it. They look so close, but we don't have many roads here, and you can't walk or go by bicycle." She laughed at her own joke. "Sometimes there's a car going across to the Congo side."

"I'd like to go," he said. "I'd like to do something. I don't like just sitting around."

"Are you on holiday?"

"No," he said, and his eyes shuttered again and he leaned forward, as if restricting response.

"I'll get you the field glasses," she said, putting the tea things together and feeling her irritability and depression return. She spoke with a slow, tired matter-of-factness. "One doesn't really need glasses here. I don't think there's anything else like this in Africa. Nowhere that you get so close to the wild. You'll hear the hippo outside your hut tonight. They come all the way up from the lake to eat the soft grass up here. How they drag those gross bodies so far up I'll never know. They're really quite nimble. Those elephants you see down there now—they'll be up by the fence here by suppertime, I'll bet. They're always breaking the fence down."

But he didn't follow the direction she indicated. She had known even while she was speaking that he wasn't interested. Probably not even listening. She looked at him and saw that he was staring intently down into himself, at an unhappiness which she now felt. Thelma wanted to take the tray and go, but she felt drawn to the agony that lay so still so deep within him. There was a weariness that complemented her own, so she continued sitting, watching the vultures rising and falling above the hippo's carcass.

They had been busy all day, a terrible stationary whirlwind, devouring the day itself, which seemed to her now like a dead thing; ugly brown birds, they'd taken the color and the gloss, and they worried the slack air, sorting through its dust as though it were offal. They'd only found Bill the day after. Thelma felt a sick fear whenever she saw these telltale spirals of birds, however distant; and the more fearful really when they *were* distant. In Africa distance always seems too far to go.

"He's dead, that buffalo," the young man said suddenly.

"I don't think so," Thelma said, her gaze moving down from the sky to the foreground. "The tickbird's still with him. But he is sick, I think. The bird will go when he's dead." She sat looking at the buffalo. "It's so strange how they live together, depending upon each other, always together, the bird doing something for the animal, eating its ticks, keeping it healthy; the animal letting the bird feed that way. All through time they've been doing that, all through time. Always together."

He said, "I'd like to go down and see if he's dead."

"Don't be ridiculous," she said sharply. "You don't know where you are. This country *is* wild. He may in fact be very much alive." She added softly, with great effort, "I don't like thinking about that sort of thing, about the animals and what they might do."

"It was just an idea. I'm sorry."

"That's all right, so long as you don't have any more ideas like that."

He asked, "Do you like it here?"

"Do I?" she demanded, startled. "Why, yes, yes, of course. How could I not?" She began to think, and continued more evenly. "It's a wonderful country. Your eyes get used to it. You get used to looking at the open, to seeing far. That's what I miss in England."

"You don't want to go back?"

"No. Oh, no. There are some things I miss out here. Not the theaters and cinemas. I never believe people when they say they miss those things—but other things. Oh, you know, flowers, the feel of mist on your skin, getting lost in a crowd—small things like that. But flowers I think most of all. I'd like flowers, carnations and roses."

"Getting lost in a crowd, that's a funny thing to miss. I've never thought of missing something like that."

"No. I don't suppose one would elsewhere. It's the opposite effect of this space. Sometimes it *can* be too wide. You can feel too exposed. In Africa one is never unobserved." She gestured toward the vultures. "There are always eyes. That's what I mean. When I get that way, I think of the five-o'clock rush on the underground."

"Don't you get lonely?"

Thelma only realized when he spoke again, anxiously, a few moments later, how far away his question had taken her. Her gaze had gone back to the vultures.

"I'm sorry," he was saying. "I didn't mean to be so personal. It must be—I mean, after your husband . . . I . . . I didn't mean to be so personal."

"No, that's all right," she said. Then, "Yes, it does get lonely. We get people here. Nearly always anyway. But it is lonely. But . . . it's something I've always lived with. I am used to it. My husband and I weren't married very long."

She sat pondering her words and he waited, gazing at her. Behind him the light had altered perceptibly. There was color in the mountains now, and on the water. The slightest tint. The sun was sliding.

"We met two years ago, on the ship coming out," Thelma said. "I had a job to go to in Nairobi. He was coming back from his leave. We spent our honeymoon in a tent—right on this site, as I told you. I used to listen to the animals all night, the hippo in the water, the elephant tearing the trees—I was very frightened at first."

"Aren't you still?"

"Not really." She laughed. "A little while ago I was going out to the toilet, and I found a leopard on the path. He was far more scared than I was. But buffalo and vultures—I don't like them. Bill was out mending fences when he was killed. They believe he had his back to some animal and realized it too late. They don't think he died at once. That was the horrible part of it. We had to look for him—he seldom said where he was going. They found him the day after—by that time . . . by that time, the vultures . . .

"Oh, well," she said. "There you are."

Her hands moved swiftly to and fro, collecting cups, assembling the tray. But she still sat.

"Perhaps it's better to lose like that," he said. "I lost the other way."

"You look very tired," she said. "Where did you come from?"

"Johannesburg. I left there—I dunno, three weeks ago. I went to the Victoria Falls and then I got a lift to Dar es Salaam."

"Where are you going to?" She asked the question tentatively, sure that he would withdraw from it. But he didn't seem to mind now and he answered candidly, very carefully and quietly. He was willing, he had the strength for such conversation, but only if he carried the words along in his own time, at his own pace. "I don't know where I'm going to," he said. "I really don't. I just left Jo'burg. I couldn't stay there anymore. I feel I've come as far as I can go. I don't like that feeling. That's why I'd like to get on a plane. I'd rather keep going."

"You won't for long," she said. "Unless you get some sleep. You look awful. Forget about that plane. You must get some sleep." There was a rough edge of command to her voice that she had not been able to suppress.

"I don't want to sleep," he said. "But I'd like a drink. Do you mind if I drink?"

"As long as you don't drink too much and walk about after dark. Honestly, it's very dangerous here. Sometimes guests want to stroll down the road. But see, look down there now—those elephants, they're very close. They're coming closer. You can never tell just which way they'll wander."

Thelma added, "It's really a lot of fun watching the animals through the field glasses. That's what they're there for. We've got a moon tonight. I like watching elephants in the moonlight. They look like sleepwalkers. You'll see."

Her words sounded to her as lame as the alternative she had proposed, and suddenly somewhere inside herself she touched some fear. She noticed that the mountains were distinctly purple. Color was flowing fast down their flanks into the lake as well. Soon this color would rise and flood the plains. Thereafter they would be sitting in the dark; not too long from now. And Thelma wished at once that somehow this man and his strange unhappiness could be gone, that some vehicle would emerge from the plain and take him to wherever he was going, or just take him—anywhere. She wanted to lie down, to be free of the various inexplicable fears his presence imposed.

"It'll be dark soon," she said. "It always seems darker before the moon comes up."

She stood up and took the tray. "I'll fetch the field glasses."

He followed her into the house and went out through the back to his hut, returning a few moments later with two bottles, one of Scotch and the other of gin.

"Help yourself to ice and glasses," she said. "I'm going to put the things out for our supper. We can eat when you're hungry."

"I'm not."

He took down two glasses.

"I don't think I want to drink," Thelma said shortly.

"By the way," he said. "My name's Cyril."

"Oh," she said, blushing, upset by the abrupt intimacy. "Thelma."

"Gin or whiskey, Thelma?"

"Honestly, neither. . . . Oh, gin," she finished wearily, suddenly feeling a need for it.

"I'll carry it out," he said.

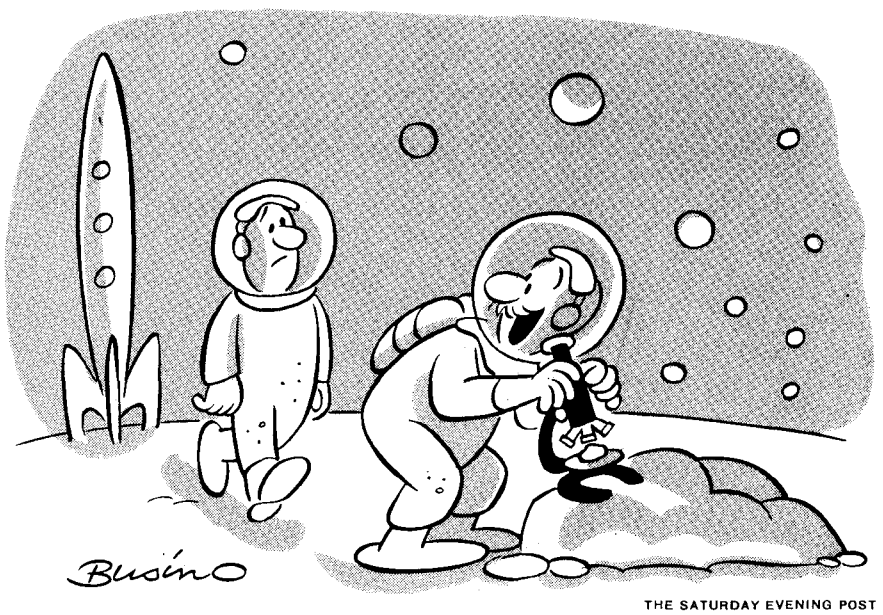
She went to her room and gazed at herself in the mirror and sat down on the edge of the bed and wanted to cry. But something in her was too dry for tears. She took aspirin, put on lipstick, combed her hair, changed from sandals to low-heeled walking shoes, and went back out onto the veranda.

He was pouring what she presumed was his second drink. The evening was settling swiftly. The elephants were working their way along the banks of the stream and every now and then there was a vicious splintering of branches as they tore the treetops loose. There was a solitary fire in a far fold of the mountains.

She had brought the glasses and handed them to him.

He scanned the plains. "It all looks empty. Nothing there at all."

"It always does. But it isn't. There are things killing one another out there now. They say it must have been around this time of day that my husband was killed." She had not wanted



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I've located the city of 2,500,000 Martians that radio-contacted us before we landed."

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1910 MERCER SPEEDSTER /COURTESY HARRAH'S AUTOMOBILE COLLECTION, RENO, NEVADA

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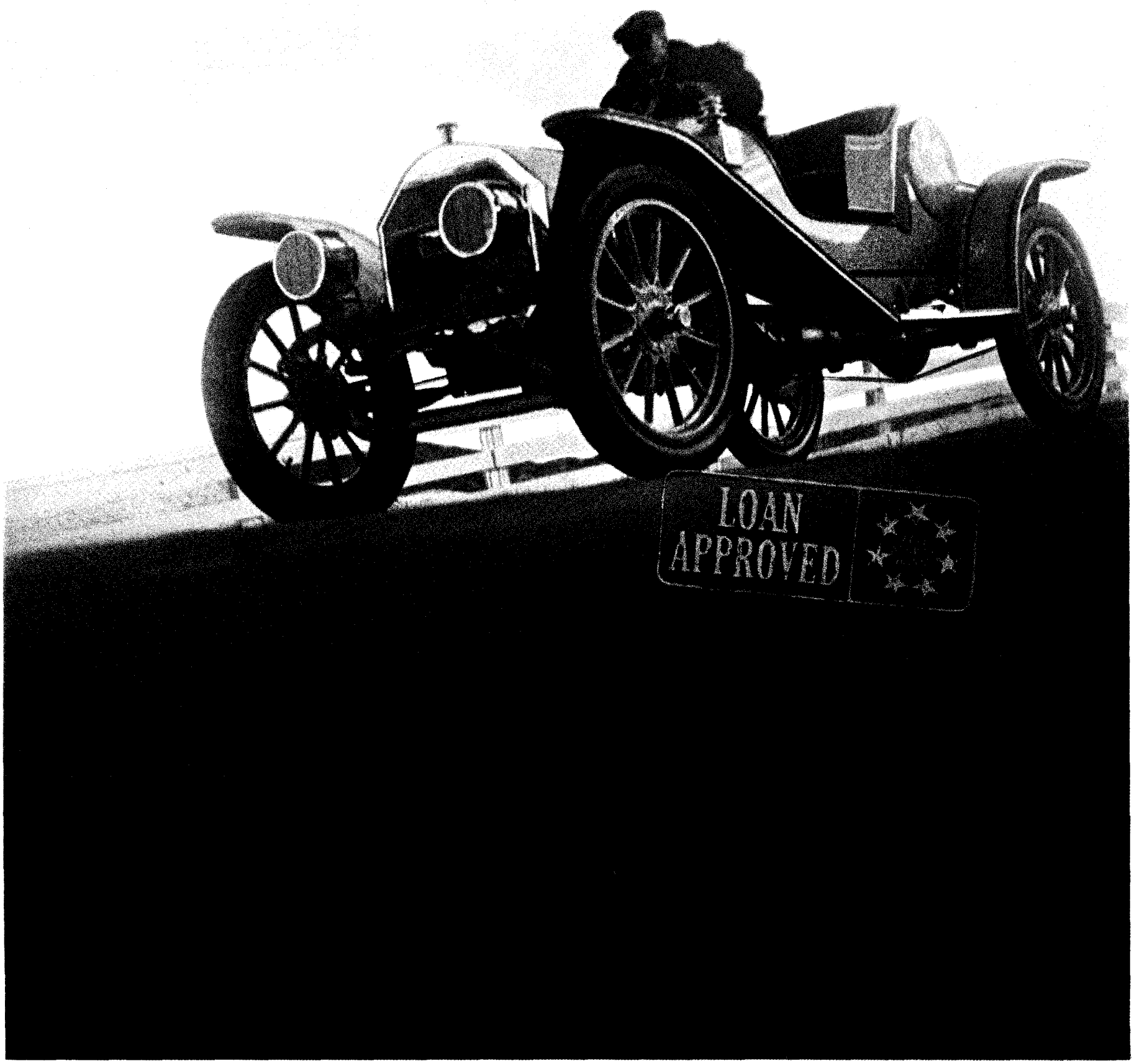

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When you're working toward a dream—whether it's buying a new car or collecting old ones—you're miles ahead if you can follow this one financial rule: *Don't split your money.* Keep your savings in a Full Service bank, the same place you keep your checking account. This way, your money works together, and your savings earn guaranteed interest. Your money is safe, and you can call on it easily for cash or collateral or a credit rating. You can use it to gain the edge when you need one of your bank's low-cost loans. A Full Service bank is the only financial institution that can make car loans and personal loans and *all* other kinds of loans. Day in, year out, you're better off with a Full Service bank.

FULL SERVICE BANK

"The place where you keep your checking account"

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'65 CHEVROLET—Now see why w

Looks high priced from where you're sitting, doesn't it? And when you come closer, it looks even more so. Luxurious. Roomy. Only its nameplate tells you it's a Chevrolet. Which also tells you, all that's high priced about it is—its looks.

And if you want to compare this car with any on a basis other than appearance, try interior room. This one's got it. In fact, the '65 Chevrolet is the roomiest we've ever built.

One reason is its all-new perimeter-type frame design. The frame surrounds the passenger compartment, which is roomier *inside* without a lot of extra width *outside*.

We also moved the engine forward. This, along with the new frame, lowers the driveline tunnel. So that hump on the floor is 25% narrower and a lot lower for extra foot room. And new curved glass in the side windows helps add over three more inches of shoulder room, front and rear. (To say nothing of what it does for Chevrolet's smart new look!)

But no more on appearance—the pictu takes care of that. *Luxury* is the big word every '65 Chevrolet—even low-cost Bel A and Biscaynes. The handsome instrume panel keeps things where you can see a reach them. Color-keyed interiors have fi textured fabrics, plush vinyls, full deep-tw carpeting and foam-cushioned seating.

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Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan in Danube Blue.

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course luxurious Impala models like the bove feature their own elegant appoint-s. And Impala Super Sports boast a ng center console, sporty front bucket special instrumentation and distinctive fication.

at famous Jet-smooth ride is even better. e put new Full-Coil suspension, that rugged new frame, a new wider tread and over 700 sound and vibration dampers between you and the road.

Then, you can tailor this exceptional car to your individual taste. Order AM-FM Stereo radio, for example. Or Four-Season Air Conditioning. Or Tri-Volume Horn. Or power steering, brakes, seats, windows—and more. The list is as long as the extra miles of pleasure you'll get from it. Your Chevrolet dealer has it. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

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to bring that up. Her chin trembled and she felt again the need for tears. She had never cried about it and she didn't know why she wanted to now.

"It must have been terrible," he said, touching her lightly on the shoulder and handing her her drink.

They sat and drank. The gin soothed her. She took a second. The dusk, looking out into it, no longer seemed ominous: That far campfire was warm in its flicker, which she could just distinguish. It was alive. She could imagine its biting blue smoke, its cheerfully huddled copper faces. Too often, when she sat by herself, a fire like that would be just a prick of light, too remote even as a point of the imagination, set in its own dimension, a mysterious star, inaccessible across that seething dark between.

She felt an extraordinary peace, looking out and thinking, and with this young man beside her in the dusk; a voice that sounded from time to time, unexpectedly.

She said aloud, "If one walked and walked I suppose one would get there."

"Where?"

"That fire, over in the mountains."

He picked up the glasses, looked for a while across toward the mountains, and then lowered them to the stream below the house.

"I'm sure that buffalo's dead," he said. "It's still there."

"Has the bird left?"

"No."

"Then he's alive."

"You think so?"

"Yes."

"It's always the same bird?"

"That's the same bird that's been there all day, I suppose. I haven't seen him move."

"That's strange—I mean, that if he got thrown out by the herd, that the bird should go with him."

"I don't think it's anything to the bird. I don't think it's anything to either of them. One can't sentimentalize instinct."

"No, I don't suppose so," he said. He was pouring another drink. "But when they throw you out, you know it. When they throw you out, you're alone. It's instinct, but that old buffalo knows that something stayed. He knows that."

"Yes," Thelma said. He sounded too young for her to want to disagree.

"I'd have liked to have gone down there earlier, to look at him," he said.

"That would have been silly."

"I know the bush," he said.

Then he added in his earlier tone, "I played rugby. It was the only thing I could do. I'm fast, so I played wing. I always played wing. It was the only thing I could do, because that's what they made me do at school, and it's what they made me do afterward. When you've got a game like that in you, you can't keep it secret. They want it. They all want it. But I hated rugby. I always did. Then they wanted me to play against England, and I said No. I just wanted to say No. I was going to be a springbok, but I didn't care. It was everything, but I didn't want it. Even my wife left me. They threw me out, everyone, just like that."

He asked, "Would you like another drink?"

"Yes, please," she whispered.

"I'll get some ice," he said and got up and passed quietly in front of her in the dark. They had for some time now not been able to see each other. But her senses, like the intuitive fingers of the blind, had fully and vividly explored upon his invisible features the emotion of each of his words, responding involuntarily to their instinct and pain. She sensed too his grace as he passed, the quiescent speed in his movement, that swift, sure flight that all those others had wanted to possess in their cheers, and she also suddenly wanted it. She wanted to touch him and to smell his young skin.

He came back with the ice in the glasses and he poured in the dark. Thelma listened to the long gurgle from the bottles. It was too dark for him to measure, he just went on pouring.

"I brought you a tonic," he said. "I've got soda as well out there."

"No, thank you very much. Just the way it is."

He began talking again after a while. "You never even ask whether someone will stick. You just believe in them. You just do. My wife, she was a girl I thought would take anything. On our honeymoon—you know what we did? We just went—we were married in the Cape, and we drove to Hermanus. Do you know it?"

"No."

"It's near the Cape. There are big hotels there. But we camped. Out in the bushes. By the lagoon. You know, just past the Riviera. The hotel that burned down."

"I've never been there."

"That's right. I'm sorry. You just said." He sat reflecting again. "We got there at night. I made a fire on the beach. We slept on the beach all night. We lay watching the Danger Point light and listening to the surf. I remember I thought 'A girl like this—how did I find her? She's everything I ever wanted. We can do anything—the world, it's ours.' I thought that. I did."

Thelma said eventually, "But you had love. At one point. That's something."

"Do you believe in love?"

"I think I do. Yes. Perhaps not in the human ability to handle it. But then, I've never really had it. I can't really talk. I have no memories. None like that one you have about the beach."

"What about your husband?"

"I never had a chance to know. He wanted someone, and I was there—on the ship. He was like you—there was something in his life, some disturbance. I never knew what. We never really knew each other. He was very kind, very gentle—but we were never close. We remained strangers. The park was his life. We danced on the ship and he told me about the park. I accepted him because I was accepting my dream—I'm not an attractive woman. I never had much life in England. I worked in a bookshop in London. I used to look at the picture books of Africa and I had a dream about its space—it looks so green and free in books. In every dream there's love. That, I suppose, is why I'm here."

He didn't answer and Thelma began to think how still the world had gone. But it hadn't. When she actually listened, her attention joined to the wider sounds of the night by a stir from the chair beside hers as he groped for the table and the bottle, she realized that everything was as shrill and alive as usual. It palpitated out there, beyond the fireflies scattered like a fine luminous dust across its surface. Thelma listened to it tensely. She felt lightheaded. A nervous trembling. She said to him, "You can't go on, you know. Not forever. You should stop for a while, before you reach somewhere that you think is the end—it never is, but the feeling is dangerous."

He didn't reply.

She asked hesitantly, "Would you like to stay here for a while? I could even give you a job. There's really lots to keep you busy. They've been looking for someone to come here and help me." There was a hint of plea that seemed now to have been the only thing she had conveyed.

"Yes," he said slowly, to her astonishment. "I'd like to stay for a while. I like being with you."

Thelma wondered what to say next.

He asked, "Where's your glass? I can't see a thing."

She bent forward to reach for it and his hand, outstretched to search as well, accidentally touched the back of her neck and, having touched, lingered; then traveled slowly to her hair. He caressed it.

"It's very dry," Thelma said, absurdly ashamed and blushing in the dark. "I should have washed it today, but this dust ——"; and his hand paused, rested, then gradually detached itself, floating gently away again, an almost imperceptible flight.

"There's the moon," he said. It rose, enormous, yellow but blooded. They watched until it hung cleansed in the higher air. Its light spread across the plain. They could see very nearly everything. But they did not look at each other.

He picked up the field glasses after a while and searched below.

"It's gone," he said.

"What?"

"The bird."

"The buffalo's dead," she said, aware of a thickness and slurring in their voices.

"Perhaps the bird just left him."

"If the bird's not there, the buffalo's dead. What does it matter?" It was a drunken argument about nothing, and she said, "We're tight, you know. We've had too much. We must go to bed. Certainly I must." She felt bitter and empty.

"It's a funny thing," he said. "But I want to go down there. I must go down there. I've got a feeling. I want to go down there and see for myself."

"You're not serious?" But she could read his expression clearly in the moonlight, and she saw that he was.

"I am," he assured her. "I'm going."

Their voices were sober and cold.

"Oh, please don't be silly," she begged. "Let's just go to bed."

"Will you come?"

"You're insane! Even if the buffalo's dead, what about the elephants?"

"They're a long way off still. Will you come?"

"No. You can't go! Don't you understand? You can't go!"

"We could go down in the Land Rover," he said. "We could park on the road just above the buffalo."

"Oh, please don't do this to me again," she cried. "I can't go through that again. What does it matter if one more beast is alive or dead? Let them all die. I hate them all. Anything can happen down there—it could all happen again. Oh, God, can't you see that? Why must you spoil everything? Can't you just please go to bed now?"

"Will you come? We'll take the Land Rover."

"No!" she screamed. "No!"

"Then I'll walk down." He stood up. "I'm going. Good night." He stepped down from the veranda and advanced into the moonlight.

"Wait!" she called. "You can't walk down there, for God's sake. Here are the keys."

He came forward and took the keys.

"Why do you want to go down there?" she asked.

"I want to see if he's dead or if the bird's just left him."

"I can't wait," she said. "I can't wait here alone."

"Then you must come," he said.

She went, like a sleepwalker.

The road ran along a ridge above the stream on whose banks the buffalo lay. It was almost a causeway: on the other side was the lake. There was a gentle slope, thick with brush, down to the stream. It was a good road, that section of it anyway, no bumps, no ruts, though the rains would soon take care of that, and he made no move to switch the lights on; and Thelma was grateful because she felt a need to be inconspicuous, to go as unobtrusively as possible through the night: to pass meekly, with due deference, between its darker vigilant self and the white sleep of the moon. So they went quite softly, past the house, long, low, huddled, aloof in its disregard, empty of the dream she should have been dreaming in that bed where only yesterday she'd slept: down above the strange stillness, the unrippled sheen of the water on either side, almost as though they were flying low above it, until they finally stopped somewhere out there—a point without time or definition, like the end of an unfinished bridge, and Thelma, shaking, felt hysterical, as though she had been brought forcefully by this stranger to his own fateful destination, as though she had come at last into that dream that one always fears must sometime be lived. "Here," he said.

They could hear the elephants tearing at the treetops close by.

He got out and went to the side of the road. Thelma, after some hesitation, followed him. "My God," she said, and she was afraid of the strength in her voice, reducing it at once to a whisper, "they're all around."

"No," he said. "They're still over there. The buffalo is over by that rock. Can you see it?"

NOEL MOSTERT, born and educated in South Africa, has lived most of his adult life in Canada, where he covered the House of Commons in Ottawa for the United Press in the U. S. and became the youngest member of the Press Gallery on record. After several assignments abroad, he left the U. P. in 1953 and joined the Montreal Star, *which sent him to New York as a Broadway columnist. He was assigned overseas again, returned to Canada in 1958, and in 1962 left the newspaper field to freelance. Mr. Mostert is 33 years old, and is currently living in Tangier.*

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"No," she said, miserably. "I can't." She had no wish to.

"Come," he said urgently. She got into the car with considerable relief and he started it. "They're moving slowly," he said. He backed up, turned, and started forward. "What are you going to do now?" she cried.

"We're going down," he said.

"You *are* mad. You're out of your mind."

But the Land Rover was over the edge, and they went down with a rush, lurching, tilting, cracking bushes and loosening stones, and Thelma had to hang on, her concentration upon her balance too intense during those first few seconds to dislodge further sound from her throat, but then she screamed again: "Stop it, you bloody fool! Where are you taking us? Stop it! Stop!" And the car did stop. Suddenly. Thelma was flung forward. She crouched, stunned, waiting for more. But he got out and came back to say, quite evenly: "The right wheel's through a crust. We're stuck."

Thelma listened to the elephants. "We've got to get back to the road," she said. "This is the way they come."

"Stay here," he said.

"Where are you going?" she cried. "Come back."

"Stay there."

"No. Don't leave me."

He began to run. She followed, still calling, her hands protectively outstretched, but his khaki shirt only grew pale and elusive among the milky shadows; and then she stumbled and fell heavily to the ground and she knew, even as she did so, that it was useless to raise her head and search the shadows, which at once were in general flight, trembling the world with their movement, brushing the treetops in their haste. She fell back to the ground and lay with her ear to it, listening to its message, dull-footed but ominous, and she thought, It must have been quick for him. He never had time to think about it before. Perhaps after. Not before. But then her own mind went vacant, absorbed with the night.

The elephants seemed everywhere, but they were slow coming; ripping the bush, bumping one another, squealing, and it was some time before she actually saw them, first one, medium-sized, just below her. Then another. Followed by a couple. And above her, somewhere, the Land Rover went. There was a squeal, an angry stir, and a further crunch of metal. A quickening movement all around.

They came then quite rapidly, very distinct, sheathed in silver, like mammoths from some rich and grotesque combat, and in the moonlight her arms, so white, looked like a signal, an invitation; and she didn't crouch again. She sat, her legs curled under her. There was nowhere to go, but she did not wish to hide her head.

She sat watching and they passed on both sides of her, an enormous bull quite close, his tusks long and clean.

She felt no emotion when the last of them had passed; just remained facing the direction they had come. She could hear them behind. They had paused again beside some trees; and while she listened to their havoc she heard something else, and turned. A figure was quite suddenly before her. "Bill," she cried. "Bill."

"No," Cyril said. "It's me."

She tried to rise, but he sank quickly beside her and took her in his arms, holding her with considerable strength. "No," she said, but his mouth was against hers. He crushed her back against the ground, her face against his chest, half-choking on the dust and sweat in his shirt.

They lay silent afterward, until he said, "He's dead. His head was in the water. That's why the bird left him."

"What did you expect?"

"I had to see."

She sat up. For a moment she thought to seek the warmth of his side again, but she looked about her and recognized her familiar world, so wide, so watchful, the peaks, the plain, the low hill and its empty house, and she accepted them and listened as he said, "I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I'll go tomorrow."

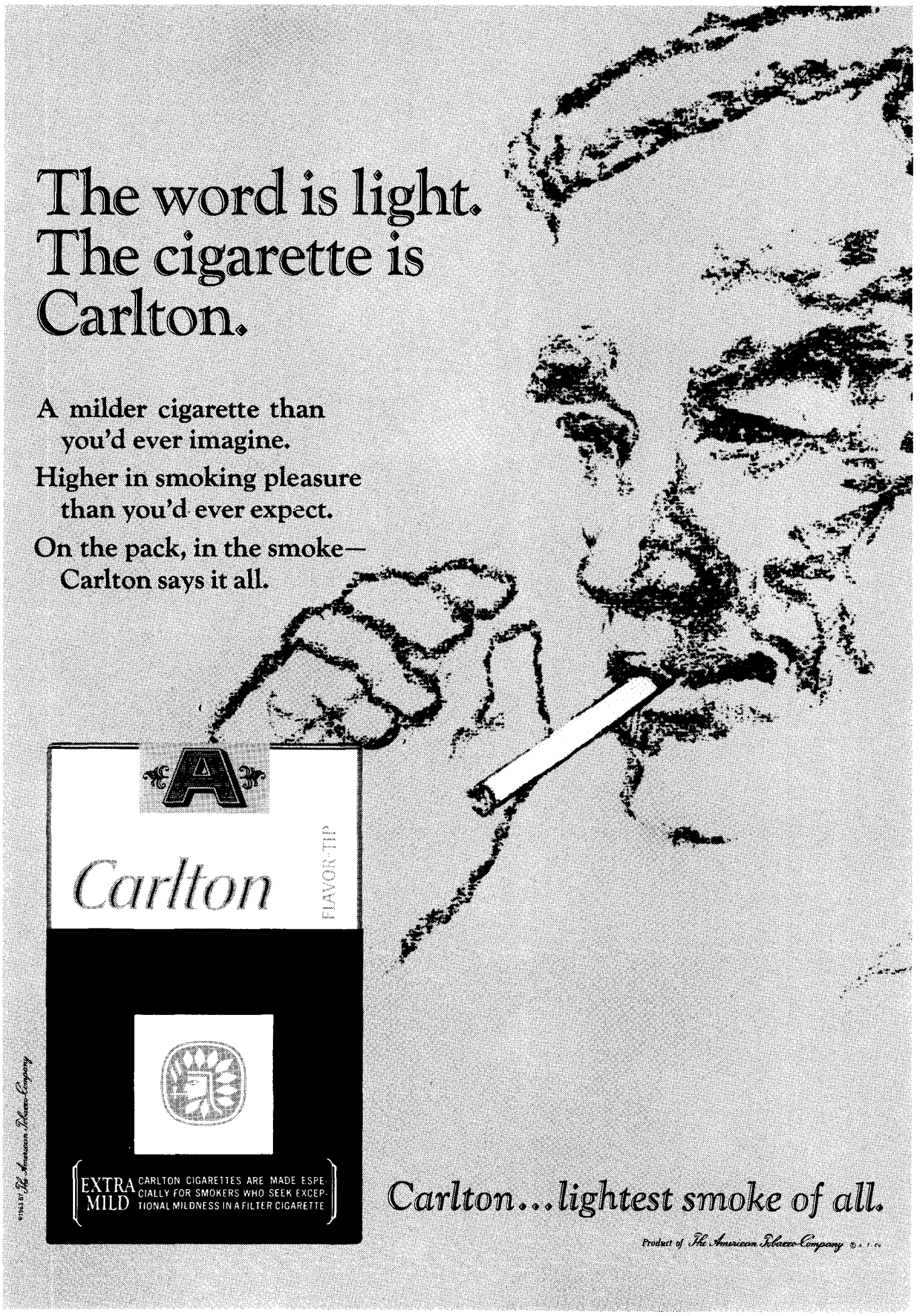
"Yes," she said. "I knew you wouldn't stay. Where will you go?"

"Back. If I'm going to go, that's the only place to go to. I want to now. I want to go back."

"Yes," she answered. "You must go back."

When she looked again she saw that he was sound asleep, his expression smooth and restful. The wilderness itself had fallen quiet, and the elephants, their silver tarnished by shadowed distance, faded deeper into the wider sleep of Africa, carried by the slow slack motions of phantasy.

And suddenly she began to cry at last, for wakefulness and for the passing dream. □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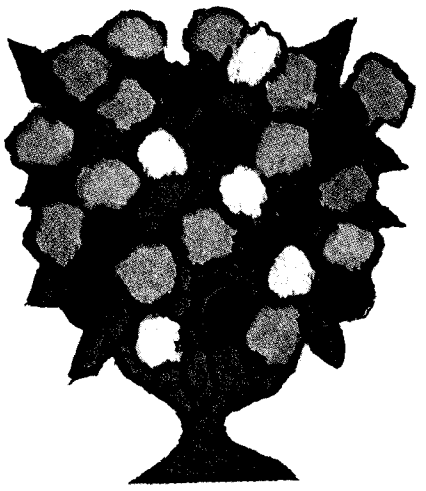


AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT

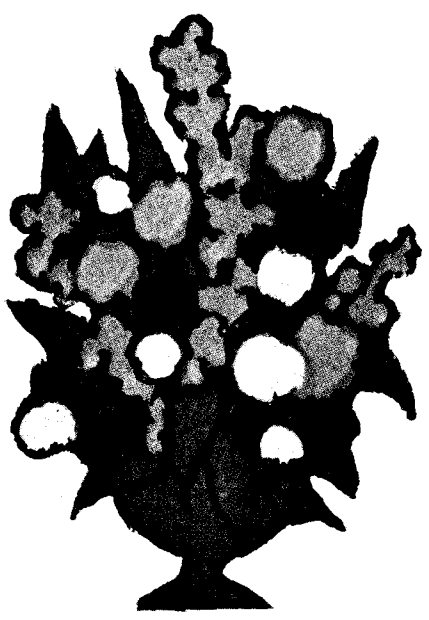
By WALTER MEADE

The head of Whitman Munroe's family was ninety-seven years old when she died. He was not there when it happened, but he imagined that it must have been like the passing of some ancient monarch. During her life she had acquired the authority that comes from having been right most of the time, and he thought of her dying as another decision she'd made without the benefit of anyone else's advice.

Whitman, who was in his last year of medical school, received the news by phone early Thursday afternoon. His uncle by marriage, Arnold Horatio Trees, talked to him carefully and quietly. What he said was clear and simple. "She's dead, son. You better come on home. We'll need you to help."

Since Whitman's parents were dead (his mother in childbirth and his father in World War II), he was used to standing in for them at family functions. But he was not sure this time what his uncle meant by needing him to help. What occurred to him instantly was that his Uncle Arnold would very likely have his hands full keeping his wife—Whitman's Aunt Goldie—and her sister, Wanda, away from each other's throats.

Once when those two women were quite young they had nearly managed to kill each other in Governor Roster's swimming pool; they'd been fighting on the high dive and hit the water at nearly the same time. Everybody pretended it was entirely accidental.



The person who kept them in line was, of course, Whitman's grandmother. It had always seemed marvelous to him that she'd been able to do that gracefully.

At 5:10 Whitman left New York City for Huntington, W. Va. At 8:55 he arrived. He carried only a flight bag with appropriate mourning and went directly to the wire gate where his first cousin, Pauline Trees, waited.

He kissed her on the cheek, relieved to discover her in good spirits. Pauline was a large, pleasant-faced girl with clear, intelligent eyes, and was exactly his age to the month. She was specializing in obstetrics.

"Are you hungry, Whit?"

"No. Not much."

"Let's have coffee." Her solicitousness and the sweet, wet smell of the air reminded him how sharp a change had been made in his environment.

He was now in a community where life was shaped to ancient, unalterable forms. He was reminded, for instance, that here you ate whether you were hungry or not. You broke bread with those you loved. What his cousin meant to convey by asking him if he were hungry was that he was welcome, that he was cared for.

They had coffee and a doughnut, then drove through the outskirts of Huntington toward the country town of Kanau.

"The only reason in this world that Grandmother held onto that house in Kanau after she came into Huntington to live with us was to be buried from it. So that's what we're doing, and that's why. Whit, I tell you it was the easiest death. Mother called Wednesday. Said I'd better come on up. She had old Doctor Verrill, but I examined her anyway. For Mother's sake. You know how *she* is. I was trying to get a pulse. She looked straight ahead and said in this very clear voice to Mother, oh it was clear. 'You be good.' Then she said, 'I'm ready.'"

He lit a cigarette.

"Where *are* your manners?" Pauline said, deepening her accent to make him laugh.

"Do you smoke in front of Aunt Goldie?" He lit a cigarette for her.

"Are you kidding? Mother'd die. Or kill me."

"How's Uncle Arnold?"

"Got his hands full. You know how Dad is. He'd do anything to avoid trouble. I swear he would. Aunt Wanda's here."

"I'm glad," Whitman said. "Is she alone?"

"There's that to be thankful for. She had the sense to leave her husband home. Up all night on the plane, she says. She couldn't get from one place to the other. Which, if you ask me, is the story of her life. How two women could have the same parents and turn out like Mother and Wanda is beyond me."

"Did you ever think Wanda might not be such a bad old doll if your mother weren't so good?"

"That's too easy. It's all very complicated."

"All true things are corny and simple."

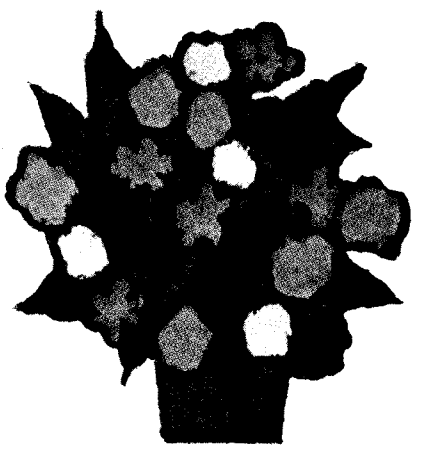
Pauline did not answer, but increased the speed of the car. It had rained, and occasionally the tires sent a splash of water flaring from the road. Whitman thought about the possibility that Wanda had actually been urged toward her repeated follies by her sister's persistent godliness.

Wanda had been married four times. One husband was an FBI man and another a spiritualist. She had that kind of capacity. She also had an outrageous sense of humor, was an accomplished mimic, and liked to tell jokes on herself.

"I haven't seen her in a while," Whitman said. He could, however, easily call her to mind. Her cheekbones were high and prominent, her back long, her black eyes had small flecks of bright gold around the pupils like sparks at the edges of coals. There was a family legend that the Munroes had picked up some Cherokee blood that had all come out in Wanda.

"Well, you ought to see her now. She's way out. She's higher than a jay on Benzedrine. She gets out in the yard and yells for Mother to let her in. Just yells at the tops of her lungs. Poor Daddy has to go get her. He makes her drink coffee, but she just takes another pill with it. If I could catch her, I'd get her under sedation one way or another. Maybe you can help me get hold of her."

"How do you know it's Benzedrine?"



"Saw the bottle. She's got fifteen-milligram Spansules of the stuff. I'd like to get hold of whoever gave her that. She upsets Mother something awful." She looked at him out of the corner of her eye. "Hey, what do you do if someone swallows milk and it goes down the wrong way?"

"Now did you really think I'd fall for that, old cousin? If you *swallow* it, it hasn't gone down the wrong way."

"You know everything?"

"Everything." He expected her to laugh. She did not.

There were only two or three cars moving along the main street when they arrived in Kanau. His grandmother's house was five blocks from the center of town, yet he could see it plainly from a distance because all the lights were on.

Pauline drove cautiously into the side yard where the drive leading from the small stable at the rear of the house had once been. There were a few other cars there.

As they got out, he could see people sitting on the front porch, on the swing and on the steps, smoking and talking. He walked along the path at the side of the house. The flag with a gold star that marked his father's death hung in the parlor window. His Aunt Goldie had got it from the V.F.W.

Whitman and his cousin went through the back door into the warm kitchen. Relatives and friends—mostly country people—spoke to him kindly. There were no mournful looks, but there was a softness, a frank and easy gentleness in the atmosphere.

Nothing in the room had been changed. There was a lot of food sitting out, but that had been true when

Illustrated by Ellen Raskin

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his grandmother had lived here. There was always food. The gas stove's sprung door had not been fixed, and the old refrigerator, with a round cooling unit on top, still wheezed in the corner.

They went through the flower-crowded halls into the front of the house, where his grandmother's bier had been placed. He did not stay long.

Pauline then took him into the bedroom where his Aunt Goldie, the chief mourner at the wake, received callers. The setting was oddly theatrical. The light was dim, yet what light there was shone upon his aunt. She lay on the bed which had once been used by his grandmother. She rested propped up on two large pillows which were covered with embroidered ice-blue satin cases. He embraced her, but as he tried to pull away, her frail, soft body collapsed against him with such vigor that he was embarrassed.

"Honey. I'm so thankful you're safely here. I am now. Did you see Mamma? Don't you think she looks right nice? We had a time getting the wave to do just right." She took a photograph of his grandmother from the night table and showed it to him.

"I remember," he said.

She touched his hand. "Of course you do. What did you think then?" Her violet-colored eyes looked steadily into his, as though to see whether or not he would lie. She believed you could tell a liar by the eyes.

"She looks fine."

His aunt brushed her hand across her forehead, calling attention to her heart-shaped hairline. She had a flair for dramatic gesture which he now found exasperating. Her fingers rested again upon his wrist. Then she took his hand so that he either had to withdraw it or sit down on the bed. He did the simpler thing. She told the details of his grandmother's dying until she had made herself weep. When she had regained her composure she said, "And when that was all over I bathed her and I cut her toenails. Yes. I did."

"Mother!" Pauline said.

"Well, I did."

"I know you did. You don't have to keep telling it."

"There wasn't one bedsore on her, Whitman, not one. Was there, Pauline?"

"No."

"Now I want you to take him out and make sure he eats. All kinds of good things out there. Chicken. And biscuits that Alda made. I don't want a thing."

"Let's go," Pauline said.

He followed her out of the room. Once he tried to catch her eye to see if she also felt they had witnessed quite a show, but she would not look at him. They went together into the kitchen.

Away and high over the valley there was the sound of a jet passing. And then, as though in some frightful echo of that sound, a voice from outside the house called, "Oo-oo, Golda." There was a short silence then, "Let me in, let me in by the hair of your chinny, chin, chin."

The relatives and friends who sat about in the kitchen looked at each other meaningfully. Pauline said, "Excuse us?" Her voice had a slightly amused tone, like a mother in apology for the gaffe of a small child.

Whitman followed her out of the kitchen, through the back door and out into the dark side yard.

"She yells for Mother to let her in, and then she runs and hides. How's that for crazy? Daddy and I have been trying our best to keep them apart. It's a mess otherwise. 'Member how Grandmother said she always had to put one of them at one end of the church pew and one at the other when they were little?"

When their eyes had adjusted, they made their way to the back lawn. There at the edge of the bank, which sloped down and away to a small stream, visible against the starlight, Wanda Filmore Harrison Cooper Fleming and Arnold Trees stood locked together. For an instant Whitman could not be certain whether they were engaged in combat or in making love.

At that moment Arnold Trees said, "Go on then. Go on. Make a damned fool of yourself. The only person who's done you wrong is yourself."

Wanda pulled herself away from him, turned, began to run toward the house, lost her right shoe, stumbled and fell at Pauline's feet. Whitman helped her up. She found her shoe and held onto his arm as she put it back on. "Well, as I live and breathe! Honey! How are you!" She said "honey" in sharp imitation of her sister's way of saying the word, "hone—ee." Her hair was down about her shoulders. She breathed rapidly and smelled of a musky perfume.

"I haven't seen you in I don't know how long. You've grown so. And you're pretty. And you're a medicine man."

"Not yet."

"Might as well be. Time flies, honey." She stepped away from him and seemed to try to get control of some emotion. "I stayed all night on the plane. They didn't call until it was too late. Isn't that dreadful? I wrote something about Mother on the way. Maybe you'd like to see it? They keep locking me out of the house. Isn't that dreadful? You'd think I was white trash. Wouldn't you, Arnold?"

Whitman's uncle had joined them and without acknowledging Wanda's remark took Whitman's hand. "I'm glad you're here."

"Let me know what you want me to do."

"Oh, he's taken care of just everything," Wanda said, and laughed in a silly way.

Whitman thought his uncle looked taller, thinner and somewhat frail. His hair, which he wore in a crewcut, was white as milkweed.

"Wanda, I do not want you to make any more trouble. You are not to bother Goldie. Do you understand that?"

"Bother her! Bother *her!* She's the one who's a bother. Lord, Arnold, has she got you snowed." He looked at her as though he did not understand what she said. "*Hornswoggled* is the word you dear folks use."

"We are going to get some coffee. You are going to behave."

"I always do," Wanda said. She took his arm. Her voice became soft and docile. "Whit, you and I will talk, huh? Later. I can't talk to anyone here. An' I got much to say." She walked away, her head resting on Arnold Trees's shoulder, her arm hooked through his.

"Did I tell you she was bad off?" Pauline asked.

"Do you know where she keeps it?"

"It was in her purse. She caught me looking through it, so now I guess she's got it hid."

"Does Doctor Rogers still live across the way?"

"No one ever moves in Kanau. He's sick himself though."

"When you get the chance, go see if he's got some phenobarb. Better get two hundred milligrams. And a needle. Coffee isn't going to help her," Whitman said.

"I don't understand it. I mean the fuss. She certainly didn't make it when Grandmother was alive. They always fought. The really funny thing is that I think Grandmother liked her best. Maybe because Wanda didn't care."

"You've got to admit she is more fun to be around. When she's all right, I mean. Your mother is so—well, so serious."

"Oh, I know that. She really never does see a joke. But then she's had a lot to contend with. And she was awfully good to Grandmother the last few years."

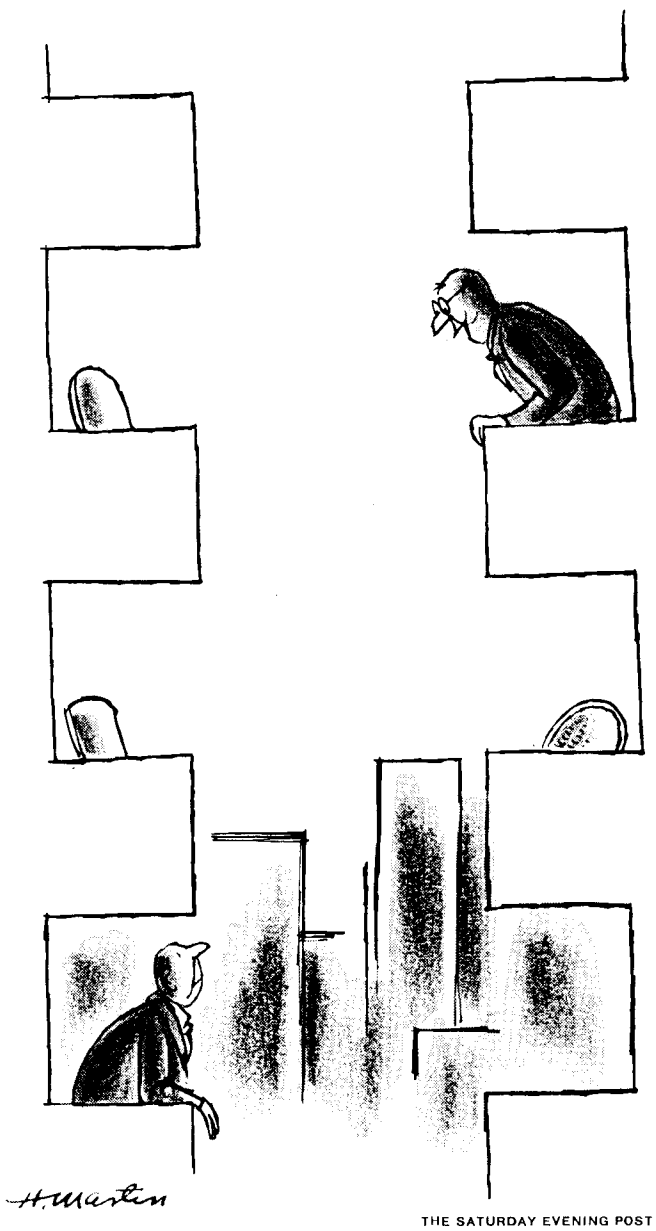
"We all know that," Whitman said. "Let's go in the front way." They walked through the side yard and to the front porch. People sitting on the front steps made way for them. Whitman shook hands with some of the men while Pauline waited for him inside. As he approached her he heard a voice in the company parlor directly across the hallway from the room where his grandmother's body lay.

"Lord, she's loose again. Daddy just can't keep hold of her. Come on." They eased past the stand that held the guest register and stood at the side of the half-opened door so they could see in without being in view themselves. Wanda was standing in the center of the room. She said something audible but not understandable and then began to walk back and forth, her shoulders pulled forward like a bird's wings, her head bowed, her right hand in the center of her back for support. It was a deadly imitation of her sister.

There were a half dozen people sitting there watching her. Her imitation of a fragile lady was so perfect that it overcame the conflicting effect of her black dress, dark stockings and sharp-toed black shoes. She walked toward the windows, pretending to hold something in her hand. When Wanda spoke, she spoke in her sister's voice.

"This is a pretty shawl. I'll just look at it in the light. You don't mind? Do you think Mommy will like it? Yes, the store does carry quality merchandise. It's a pretty blue. I want something she can wear in company. My sister. You know Wanda. Everybody does. She lives in Detroit, Michigan. Don't get home much. She sent Mommy this perfectly strange shawl from Mexico. I can't have her wearing it in front of people. A thing like that! Why, it's all lacy! Now this is pretty. This is just right."

As Whitman and his cousin watched in the doorway they glanced at each other from time to time because of some particular quality of the impersonation. He could not decide whether Wanda



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... And if you and Margaret are ever up this way I hope you'll look us up."

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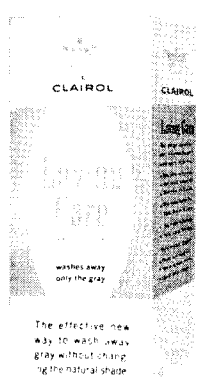
Needs no peroxide, so there's nothing to mix or add. Just pours on right out of the bottle! Even the fragrance is delightful. Best of all—washed in about once a month, Loving Care *keeps* gray away so you can forget you ever had any! Colors range from blonde to new Natural Black. Choose the tone most like your own. Won't rub off, won't brush off. Not a tint, better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair. ©Clairol Inc. 1964



Loving Care Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL

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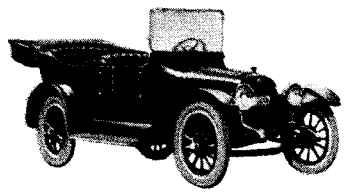
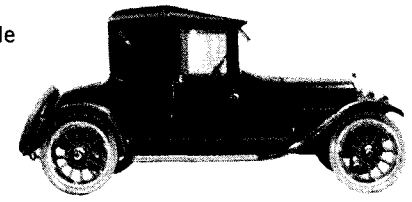
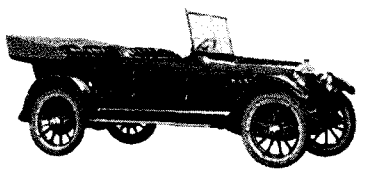
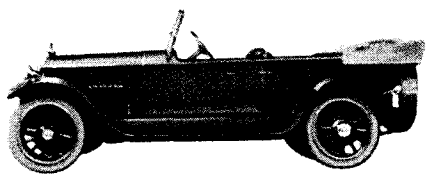
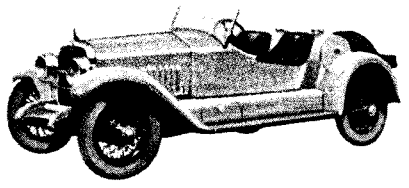
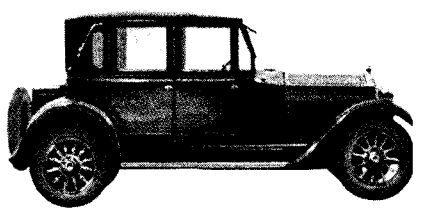
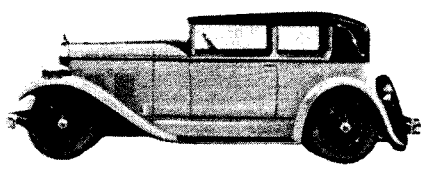
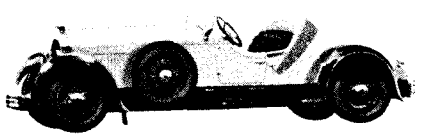
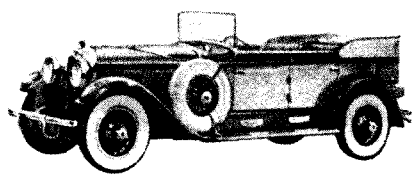
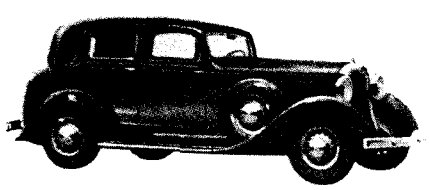
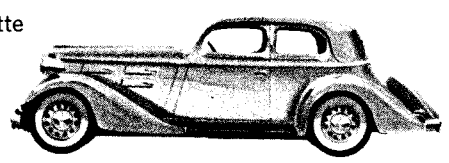
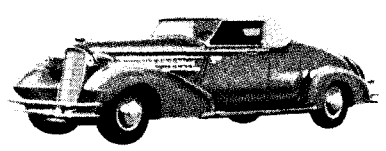
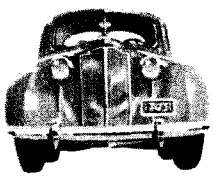
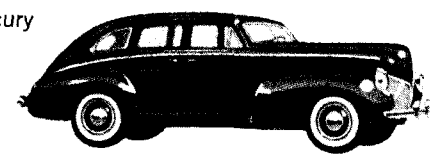
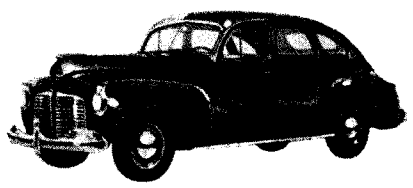
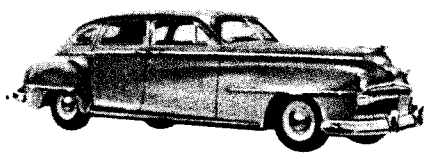
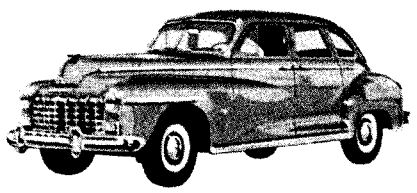
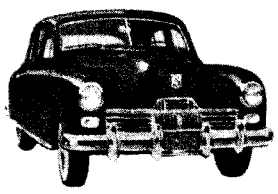
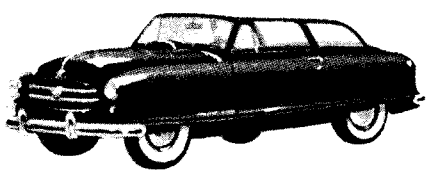
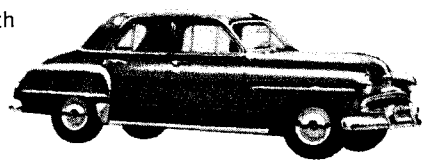
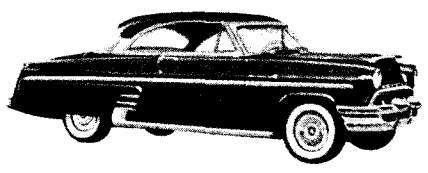
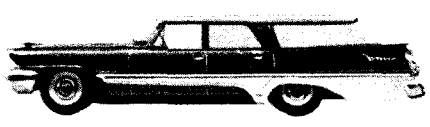
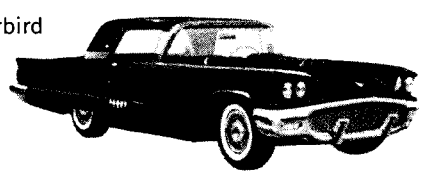
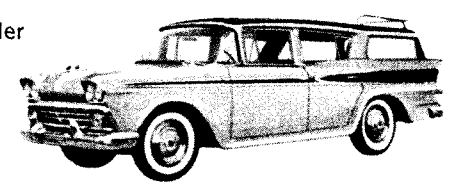
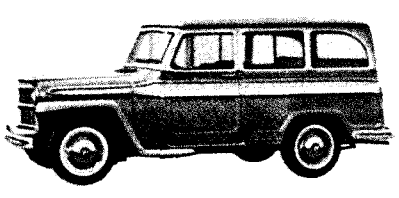
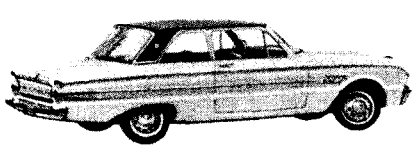
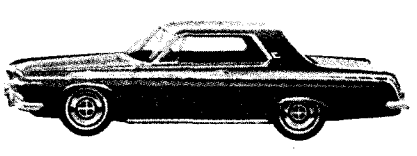
1915 Buick 	1916 Oldsmobile 	1917 Oakland 
1921 Case 	1922 Mercer 	1923 Stearns 
1927 Jordan 	1928 Kissel 	1929 Auburn 
1933 Dodge 	1934 LaFayette 	1935 Cadillac 
1939 Packard 	1940 Mercury 	1941 Plymouth 
1945 DeSoto 	1946 Dodge 	1947 Kaiser 
1951 Nash 	1952 Plymouth 	1953 Mercury 
1957 DeSoto 	1958 Thunderbird 	1959 Rambler 
1961 Willys 	1962 Falcon 	1963 Dodge 

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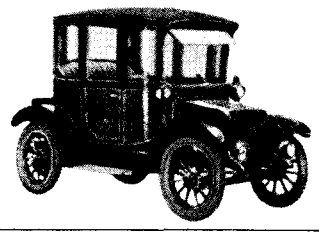	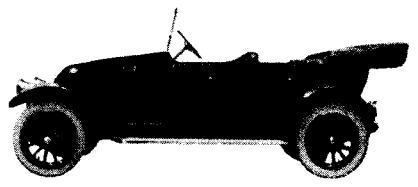	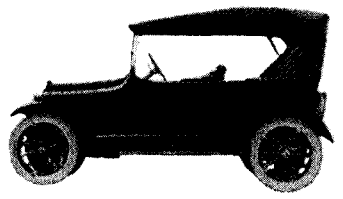
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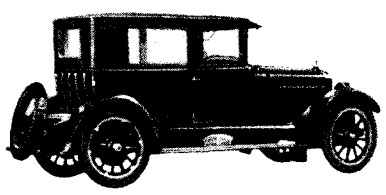	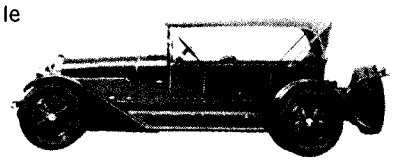	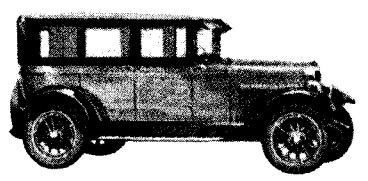
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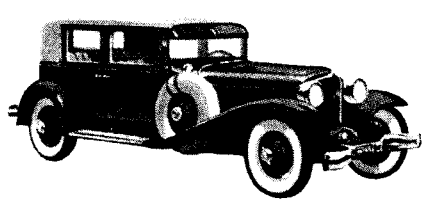	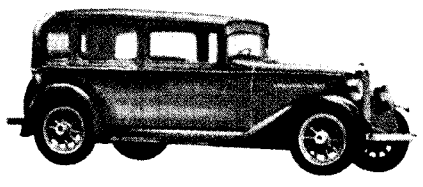	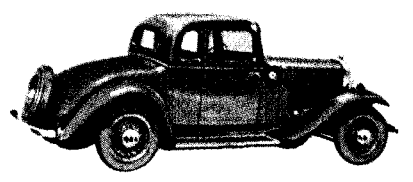
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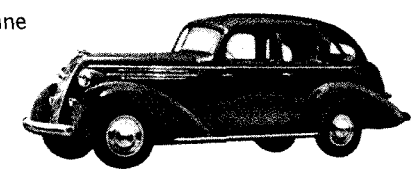	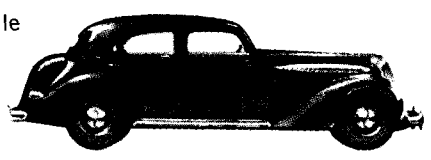	
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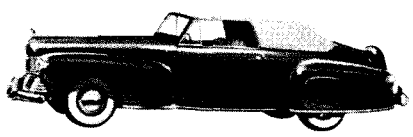	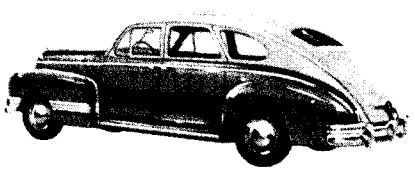	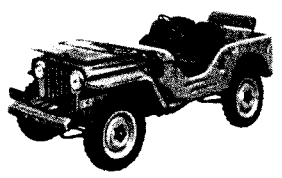
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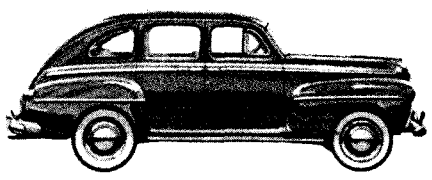	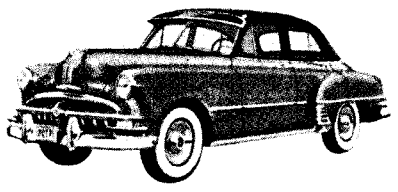	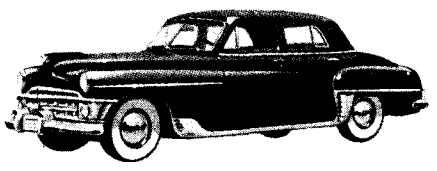
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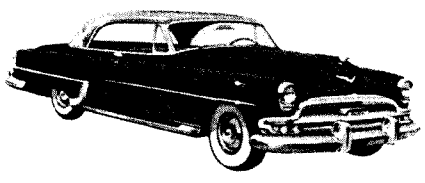	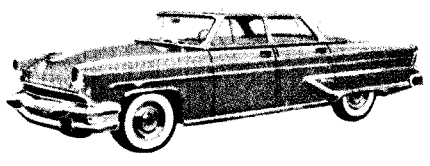	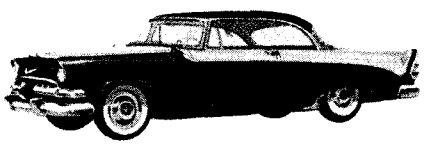
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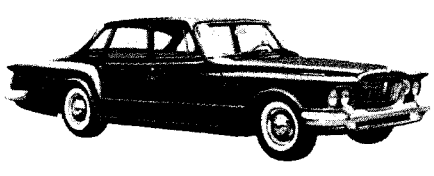		
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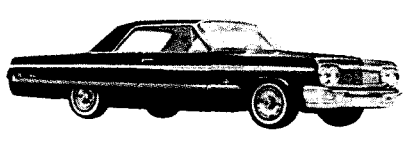		

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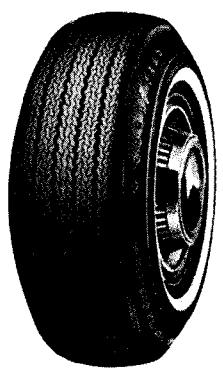

GOODYEAR

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was able to make Goldie seem funny because of something she left out or because of something she added.

Pauline said, "Isn't that just awful?" Then there was someone else standing near them. Before Whitman could see, he knew who it was. As he turned, his Aunt Goldie walked into the room. She stood watching her sister. Those violet-colored eyes glistened with the intensity of frightful concentration.

Wanda, perhaps sensing the presence of danger in the deepening quiet, stopped talking and turned toward the doorway as though someone had called her name. She took a step backward and the two women faced each other, allowing the tension to grow in silence between them.

It seemed more dangerous to intrude than to risk the chance that the bright, clear anger might discharge itself in some harmless way. He glanced at his cousin. She shook her head, telling him not to move.

The women held the room motionless. Whitman imagined that some primitive chamber of their minds weighed the order of battle, considered how to strike, how to defend.

Wanda kept her eyes from blinking. Her face took on a foolish, frightened look—a child losing a staring contest. At last her eyes began to tear, her lower lip trembled, her eyes, now glazed, seemed to have their vision fixed inward upon whatever terror dwelt there. She put her hand to her head, then ran for the door.

Goldie stepped in front of Wanda and grasped her upper arm with such force that she made a small, dry sound of surprise or pain.

"Mamma's dead!" Her voice was so intense that the words seemed overburdened with other meanings.

"I know that. For God's sake, I know that!"

"You're profane! Our Mamma's dead." Goldie said the words slowly, in a loud voice.

"What is it you want? What do you want from me?"

"Respect, sister. Respect for where and who you are."

"Oh, you wretched hypocrite! You sniveled around her alive. You snivel around her dead. You miserable fake. You wretched little goody."

Goldie let go of her sister's arm. She seemed about to crumble. The expression of open combat faded from her face and she said in a voice so soft, so frail, so pitiable that it seemed the nature of anguish, "Wanda, Wanda, Mamma loved you. She loved you. She loved you so."

Wanda flinched. "You have no right! You have no right to do that to me! Not to anyone! Who in hell do you think you *are?* Who in hell!" She pushed her way through the doorway and ran down the hall and up the stairs.

Whitman followed her and managed to keep her in her room until his cousin appeared with a hypodermic and an ampule of sodium phenobarbital. He gave her an injection of two hundred milligrams and held her in his arms until she stopped laughing and succumbed to the drug.

Pauline dutifully went to see about her mother, and Whitman sat in a rocker listening to his Aunt Wanda's breathing while he tried to bring his disgust with the fearful tactics of righteousness under control.

He examined the pattern of a braided rug under his feet. Pieces of ties, socks, shirts—some had probably once belonged to his father or his uncle—had been transformed by his grandmother's careful hands into a pleasing and useful thing. The design seemed random, but he knew better because he had known her. He searched out the pattern, and then his anger gave way to an intense sense of loss and longing.

In the morning Wanda sat motionless through the funeral. She would not or could not speak to anyone, and afterward Pauline drove her to the airport.

Whitman, at Goldie's insistence, drove with her and his uncle directly from Kanau to their house in Huntington. On the way she needed to be assured that the cleaning woman had been in, that the hospital bed had been removed, that the room had been aired, that all the guest-room furniture was back in place. She talked about how gratified she was that the service had gone without a hitch. Then, as they crossed a bridge over a dry creek bed, she said, "I do not understand Wanda."

"She was under a strain," Arnold Trees said.

"That was no way to do."

"She isn't well, Aunt Goldie." Whitman tried to make the remark sound firm; it sounded fierce.

"That's no excuse. She's responsible. You needn't stick up for her. She knows what she's about." Goldie looked out of the window, ending the conversation.

She did not speak again until the car had been put away in the garage and Whitman was helping her with her coat in the entrance foyer of her home. "Honey, I want you to sleep in the guest room. I want one of the children to sleep there tonight. You don't mind doing that for me?"

He said he didn't, although he was not sure that was true. His aunt walked about the house seeing to one thing and another. His grandmother's nurse was still there, and Whitman talked to her for a time. Then he went into the room he was to use to see if it would smell peculiar. He could not tell that it had ever been a sickroom except for the heavy odor of pine oil.

Pauline arrived a few moments later from the airport, and they had supper. Conversation was quiet and careful. Near the end of the meal, during a silence, Goldie lay down her fork and inclined her head as though to catch some sound. Then she looked at each of them, smiled thinly as though apologizing for a mistake, and began to weep. She went to her room, and they let her go attended only by the nurse.

After a while, when they heard her crying ease, they went into the bedroom to sit with her. Whitman's uncle brought the evening paper, sat in a chair and read. Pauline sat on one side of the bed, Whitman on the other, as they had often sat when he had visited her as a child and had to listen to Bible stories. Goldie went over the details of her mother's death and at the end said, "I hope I did it right."

"Aunt Wanda," Pauline said, "told us to leave everything to Mother. So we did."

"That was kind of her," Whitman said.

"I suppose," Goldie said. Her intonation let him know what she meant. "I wish she wouldn't behave in that awful way."

"She's a sick woman," Whitman said.

His uncle rattled the paper and looked at him over the top of it through his glasses.

"I mean mentally," Whitman said, determined to press home the issue, determined not to let the opportunity go by.

"You mean she's strange?"

"No, Mother," Pauline said. "He means she's ill."

"She seemed exactly in her right mind to me. She knows what she's doing. And it's not right."

"It doesn't have anything to do with being right, or with being good. She's got very serious problems. And you were the center of attention, after all."

His aunt looked at him and then at her daughter as though she had been suddenly terrified. Her eyes grew bright, and she raised herself up on her elbows. She seemed to struggle with some utterly perplexing problem. Then her face relaxed. She said. "There just isn't any sincerity in the world anymore, is there?"

Whitman did not believe she could have said what he had heard her say. He came close to laughing. "Aunt Goldie, she's more sincere. . . ."

His uncle interrupted, "Goldie? Buttermilk?" He put down his paper and motioned Whitman and Pauline to follow him.

In the kitchen he poured a glass of buttermilk, put some pepper in it and placed it on a white saucer which he immediately changed for a blue saucer with a flowered border. Whitman looked at Pauline. She shrugged her shoulders. His uncle, with his back to him said, "There's nothing served by pressing at your aunt in that way. She's a good woman. She knows what she knows. She's lived a fine and sheltered life."

"Innocent people can be awfully cruel sometimes, Uncle Arnold," Whitman said.

"That may be. You're smart enough. You'll make a doctor if you ever get sense to know that you don't know. I know you think your Aunt Wanda was the one really loved Grandmother Munroe. I know you do. That don't mean anything. What means anything is Goldie took the care. Goldie did the work. Did the day-in-day-out, year-in-year-out work. You can talk all you like, but you can't blame Goldie for not understanding what you mean. She lives by what she does and counts other people by what they do. That's the way it's done here." He took the buttermilk and went out of the kitchen.

"Whew-eee," Pauline said, "he got on his high horse."

"I suppose he has some kind of point. Mainly, it's none of my business."

"Let's go sneak a cig."

They went into the room where Whitman was to sleep and closed the door. He lit cigarettes for them both. Pauline leaned against a bureau. "I worry about Mother and Aunt Wanda.

WALTER MEADE was born in Cincinnati in 1930, educated at DePauw University, and had a stint in the Army. He says he has managed to get along writing fiction since he was 25 and has had stories published in The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, *and other magazines. At present he is living in New York City and working on a play and on what he calls "a long piece of fiction." "It's not a novel," he writes, "but I have no other word for it at the moment."*

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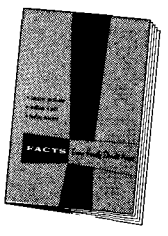

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I do. Sometimes I think it all has to do with Daddy. He went with Wanda first. Mother's never forgotten it. You can bet your boots. Did she tell you about the will?"

"Nothing except I got a thousand dollars."

"Well, Daddy got all Grandmother's gas-company stock. You should have heard Wanda. She asked him, right in front of Mother, what he did to get it."

"Oh, my God."

"Something like that. It was an ugly thing, a ridiculous thing for her to say. The trouble is I see both sides. Sometimes Mother simply tries too hard." She put out her cigarette. "She *does* take things terribly to heart."

"I didn't mean to upset her." He leaned away, resting his head on the bedstead.

"Didn't you? Oh, I know what you meant. Believe me, I do." Pauline lowered her eyes and stared at the tips of her fingers. "She does the best she knows. Grandmother gave her a pretty rough time. One minute she'd be furious at Mother and the next she'd be sorry. Of course, she thought Wanda hung the moon. So it was unfair. Kind of messy at the end. Mother used to say, 'If you care, it'll kill you.'"

"I can imagine."

"Well, it's over and that's that. Why don't you stay on a few days? We'll have some time together."

"I'll see," he said.

When she had gone, Whitman got himself ready for bed quickly. He wondered if he were supposed to be frightened to be in this room. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, the moon made spectral shadows of the trees outside the window. He lay on his back, his hands under his head, looking at the patterns on the ceiling, idly trying to conjure his grandmother's ghost in the dark places.

He thought of what his uncle had said, and of the hill town where his aunts and father had been raised, and of the sheltering mountains.

He thought of what made people the way they were. At the university he had had answers for that.

He heard a movement in the hall as someone quietly approached the door of the room. He was certain that it was his aunt who stood outside in the hallway, listening in the darkness. She waited there a few moments, then whispered, "You all right?"

"Yes, thanks." He wondered if she relished presenting herself as a pitiable creature, if she saw herself a frail and bereaved heroine bravely walking the sleepless night while her insensitive family dreamed.

She opened the door a crack and left it so. He heard her fussing in the hallway, then a dim night-light went on and she returned again to his room.

"I'm just down the hall if you need anything."

The quietness, the matter-of-factness of her voice transformed her gesture, her remark. It became a dutiful action habitually performed and no more.

Perhaps she came to the door because it was her custom. Perhaps having come there night after night to listen for the signs of life within, she did so now, forgetting that she no longer needed to. The possibility made him suddenly uncertain and ashamed.

He said, "I think I'll need another blanket."

"Honey, there's a quilt right here. In the chest. I'll just get it for you." She hurried to find the quilt and spread it out upon the bed, as though her opportunity to do something for him might disappear if she did not rush to grasp it. "It's clean and fresh. The Munroes always did get cold at night. Your grandmother did, bless her heart." She tucked the quilt in at the foot of the bed. "You're a lot like her, you know. So was your daddy. You're just an awful lot alike."

"Yes," he said, "I suppose we were."

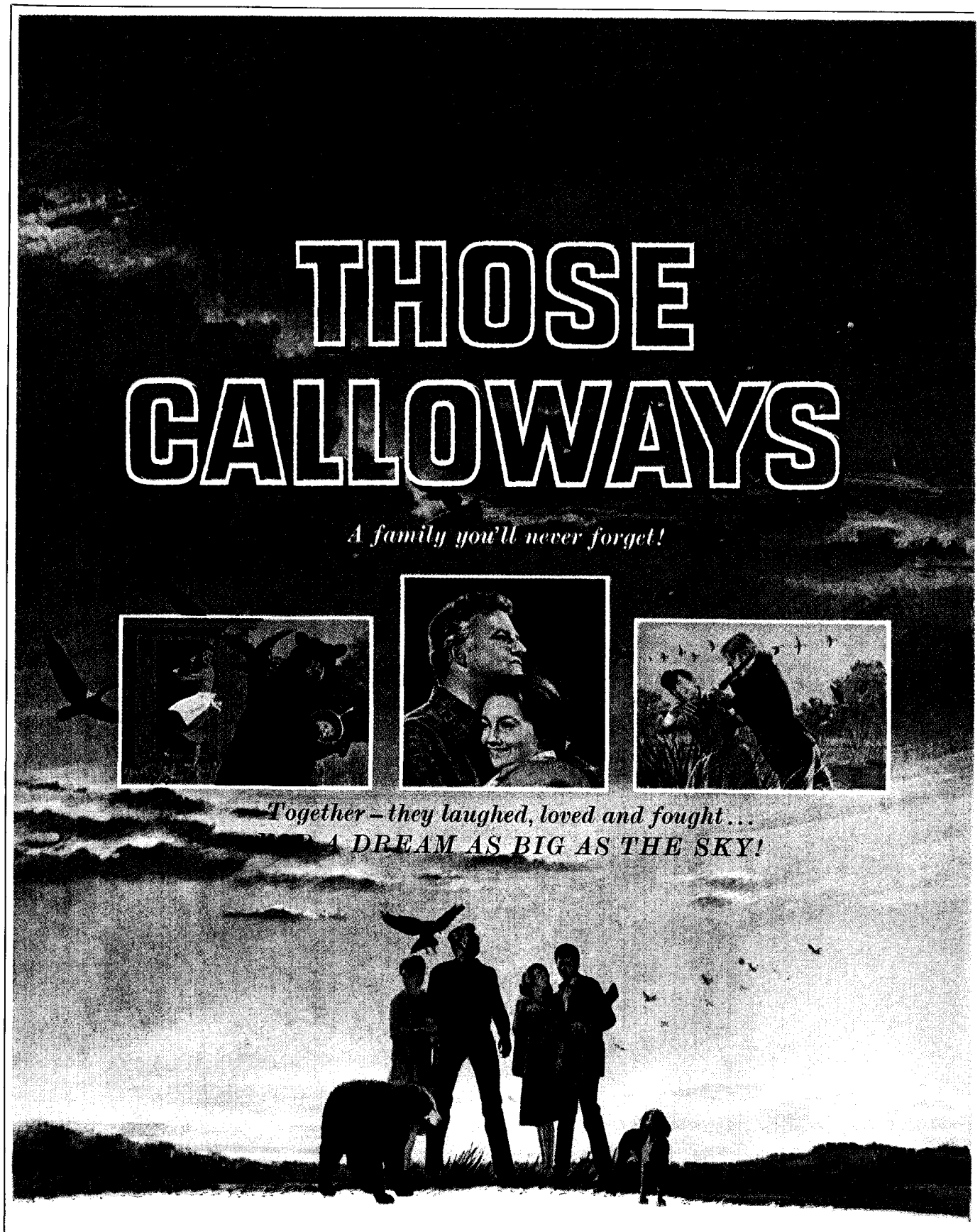
She kissed him on the cheek and pulled the covers up around him. "The last thing Mommy used to say to me at night, you know the last few years when she was real bad, was, 'Let's hope I'll not wake up.' And there I was doing everything I knew how to keep her with us." She gave a short, painful laugh.

"You were very good to her."

"Well, it's surprising what you can do sometimes if you have to. You'll see that someday."

He wondered if he *would* see that someday. He'd been alone, without love's responsibilities, since he was a child. He knew nothing of the weight of that burden, yet he had faulted the one who had borne it. He touched her hand, but could say nothing.

She kissed him again and withdrew quietly, leaving the door open. He closed his eyes and ground his teeth, but, against his will, the tears came. And for a time in the darkness he wept for her, for himself, for them all. □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By MORTON FINEMAN

A Ready for Egyptland?

Suppose they invented a kind of love that didn't need testing—who would know if it were real?

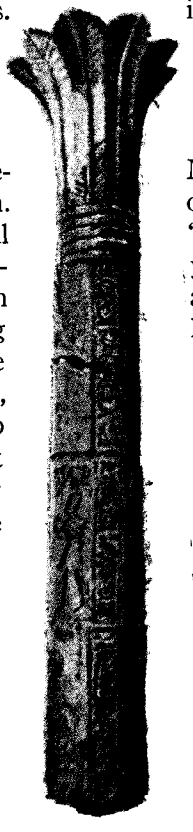
In the courtyard of the University Museum the girl, named Judy, holding back her dark-blond hair with one hand, leaned forward to count the fish in the rectangular pool, surprising herself and the young man with her. The August sun burned pleasantly on her bare arms and legs. At goldfish number fourteen, she lost track of the counted and uncounted and said "damn it" in a soft voice which only partially masked her effort not to seem forlorn today by either word or deed.

"Judy, it's a lost cause," Ted said. He remained beside her patiently, smiling down at the lines of her body.

"How do you know? You haven't tried. What makes counting goldfish a lost cause? They can't hide under those lily pads forever."

"Goldfish," Ted said. His blandly declarative voice clearly implied that he was indulging her girlish moodiness and that some questions were obviously and foolishly rhetorical.

This morning he had been honorably discharged from the Marine Corps in a routine transmittal of documents and exchange of pleasantries with a bored major. The departures of first lieutenants did not require a parade ground and a formation of troops. Four hours from now Ted would board a United jet to Detroit to visit his parents for several days before he returned here to Philadelphia to start a civilian job in the market-research department of a local television station. Everything had been progressing well for Ted. He had not, for example, expected a duty station for three years in Philadelphia after the officer-training courses at Quantico; least of all had he expected to meet a girl as good-looking, intelligent and compliant as Judy, who lived in a house in town, even though it was shared with two other girls. (Her bedroom was on the third floor; the view from the windows included the green coping of the Bellevue-Stratford roof and the massive, dirty-gray ornamented tower of City Hall.) Even the complication of parents had been surgically removed by divorce and death.



Her parents had been divorced when Judy was eleven, and the year before Ted met Judy, her mother had been killed in a car crash on the Maine Turnpike. Her father still lived in town with his Weimaraner and his dark-blue, two-seater Jag with wire wheels and twin tail pipes. His name was in the second position on the stationery of a medium-sized but prestigious law firm, chiefly because of *his* father. His share of the firm's income had long since been renegotiated downward until it was in proportion to his actual contribution. The other partners waited like discreet gentlemen to retire him at a suitable time. Meanwhile, they permitted him to tinker with the lesser mechanics of corporate and municipal financing in the company of younger men, and he consoled and punished himself with too many stingers after dinner and with girls young enough to be his daughter.

Several times a year her father asked Judy to lunch. "If you're free," he always said. Invariably she accepted his invitation with the vague hope that she would enjoy his company as she once had. During one of their infrequent lunch dates, Judy had risked telling her father about Ted. He had sat there, slender, tanned, his moustache and hair a perfectly matched gray, a daisy in the lapel of his dark-blue silk jacket, more interested in his fourth Martini than in the eggs Benedict he'd ordered.

"I don't think he knows anybody like you," she had said. "So please don't say anything to make him feel two feet high."

"Oh," he had said with sudden interest. "One of those?"

"That's exactly what I mean. Why do you always use that tone of voice?"

"It comes naturally after so many years of practice," he had said, not quite apologetically, but yielding her point. "I'm curious to see the reason you decided not to go to Greece this summer. Isn't this the year for Greece?" He had touched her hand, and she had wondered if he meant to be affectionate.

"Anyway, do you give a damn what I think about him?"

Judy had gazed at her father. Once he had stroked her hair and taught her to play tennis and do the crawl properly and sail a Moth. He had struck her mother when he was drunk, tended rosebushes with infinite care, repaired her bicycles, picked her up when she fell, and broken the seals on endless bottles of Johnnie Walker Black Label, Gordon's and Noilly-Prat. "I'd like you to," she had said. "It would be nice to show him I have a father."

"I'll behave," he had said. "Since I'm being so sincere and paternal, I might as well tell you I'm flattered that you want me to meet him. Even these days I suppose a girl wants to bring her beau home. Are you planning to marry him?"

"I'd like to. He hasn't said anything."

"He's a jerk if he doesn't. You're pretty, you've got a good figure, a decent education, and a small independent income, thanks to your mother."

"Nearly best of breed."

"I'm not being nasty. I take a certain pride in the way you've turned out, and none of the credit at all."

A few days later she had asked Ted to meet her father for a drink before they went to a party at the commissioned-officers' mess. She had assured Ted that it would be no worse than the military receiving line and the inevitable steamship roast beef they would have to endure. In the hotel bar, opposite her father at the narrow table, with her hand anchored warmly against Ted's thigh, the mood had been so convivial they had remained longer than they had intended. Ted had talked about the Marine Corps, the University of Michigan, and the football games at Ann Arbor. Judy's father had told them genuinely funny stories about his World War II career in the Navy. There was no warning that he had reached a state of malicious drunkenness, until he asked Judy why his only daughter couldn't find someone better than a Polack to run around with.

Judy's eyes had clouded with tears, as if she

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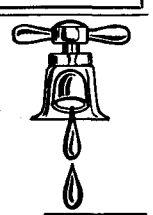

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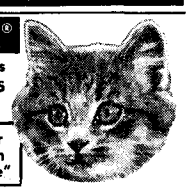

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had fallen blindly against an unknown door, and, in a panicky voice, she had said to Ted, "I don't want to stay here any more." She had held Ted's hand tightly as they crossed the street to Rittenhouse Square. When they had sat on the curved stone bench facing the bronze goat, Judy had begun to cry. The wind had shaken loose the magnolia blossoms of late April and the petals lay scattered across the dark lawns, shining like pink sea foam in the lamplight. Hugging her arms, she had said, "I haven't got any way to defend myself against him." Ted put his arm around her shoulders. Her lips moved against the side of his neck. He had been angry briefly. But now it occurred to him that everything was on his side, even though her father saw him as the barbarian at the gate. The face of the conqueror was always a young, strange face. He was hard-muscled, strong, and he had the medals to prove he was expert with the .45 pistol and the M14 rifle. She belonged to him for as long as he wanted her; not to that old man trembling behind the gate.

Ted had embraced Judy as an act of possession. He had touched her hair, her damp face, and she had moved against him, not understanding the origin of his tenderness. They had gone to her house instead of to the party at the officers' mess. He would have stayed all night, but he had to polish and shine the brass and leather of his dress sword and his garments of war for an inspection in the morning.

"Forty-seven," Judy said now from her position at the edge of the museum fishpool. "That's exactly how many goldfish there are unless some shy lovers just won't come out from under a lily pad." She rose, confronting Ted with uncertain triumph. "If you care," she added, trying to draw him toward her.

"I do," he said, spuriously gallant.

She gave up, as she usually did, sat down on the bench, and asked him for a cigarette. "A fabled heroine. That's what I've always wanted to be. And that's one thing I know I'm not, especially today. So be careful around me because practically anything can make me weep buckets right now. What's that thing the kings of Spain had so they couldn't stop bleeding?"

"Hemophilia," Ted said.

"That's how I feel. Oh, God," she said in a muffled voice, swinging both hands up to her face. The cigarette ash, jarred loose, tracked across her lap. "Why can't you love me and want me and think about me when we're not together? I feel cold and adamant. All you're going to do is buy me lunch and take me to the museum." Her voice ended harshly, but her eyes searched his face with a hope that was nearly exhausted.

"I'm only going away for three days," he said, and kissed her very lightly on the forehead. His hand touched her sun-warmed hair, slid over the curve of her head, and rested against the back of her neck.

"Let's just eat lunch and look at mummies and artifacts," Judy said.

The museum coffee shop was on the ground floor. Brilliantly colored feather masks and headdresses of Indian tribes from the rain forests of South America loomed overhead. A jaguar figure in outline, of painted and beaded hide and straw, that might have been conceived by an Indian Grandma Moses glared down blindly at the Saran-wrapped sandwiches and Tasty pies stacked neatly on either side of the stainless-steel coffee urns. During the male puberty rites, the jaguar figure adorned the body of the Indian boy, and live wasps were placed in the flat, woven straw interstices so that they could not free themselves and died inflicting pain which calibrated the exact degree of manhood achieved. Shallow, stamped-tin ashtrays on each table advertised a menthol cigarette.

At an adjoining table, a dark-haired girl with a thin, intense face said to her companion, "The trouble is I'm only halfway into Aramaic. I wasted a year in Beirut thinking I was in love with a sex-mad Egyptian assistant professor." They laughed, gazing romantically at each other over stacks of texts, reference books and paper coffee cups. "Are you still in Babylon?" the girl asked.

"Lost," he said, and they laughed again.

Judy felt Ted's hand on her shoulder and looked up. His hand became a carnal weight. They had no lighthearted, private footnote of comedy or nonsense to come upon together.

"A ham sandwich on white bread and black coffee," she said. "That's all you wanted to ask, wasn't it?"

"You said you wanted lunch," Ted said placidly. "Do you want it on toast?"

"No."

Alongside Judy, the lovers in Babylon were off and running again, paper cups of fresh coffee within reach, heads together; below table level, each had offered the other a hand to be woven into a garland of fingers and caressing thumbs. The girl, half amorous and half maternal now, read with him from the typewritten pages of a thesis he was preparing. Judy watched them to dim the image of Ted grinding enthusiastically at his turkey, bacon, lettuce and tomato on rye. Believing she was too young to be so old and sorrowing, she protested the unfairness of having accidentally encountered such a pair of lovebirds on this particular day. She heard the click of Ted's lighter and looked at him directly.

"Are you ready for Egyptland?" she asked.

"That's a hell of a tone of voice," he said.

He looked so innocently aggrieved that she wanted to laugh, because she knew she was disrupting his self-esteem just enough to make him wonder about her mood. What he asked for, she thought, was a sunny disposition and a pliant, alabaster body capable of offering a fair degree of erotic battle. She stood up, clasping his hand, and smiled for reasons of her own and because he always expected it. Then she led him up the wide marble staircase and through the great rotunda of ancient China, straight into Egyptland and the realm of King Merneptah of Old Heliopolis. The road to Mesopotamia went through the arch visible at the far end of the lonely exhibit hall. She escorted him past boulderous sarcophagi and steles like vandalized tombstones into a windowless room where they stood in a forest of limestone columns. The high, arched ceiling was flushed with pale amber from concealed lights. A basalt lion met them, its cavernous eyes blackened with old silence.

"Somebody went to a lot of trouble to move this quarry indoors," Ted said. Boredom made his voice fretful.

With sudden, valid scorn, Judy said, "All this once belonged to a great king." For her the drapery of antiquity had parted, and in the measureless distance the old royal city of Heliopolis was intact again, its soaring columns and portals vividly illuminated in blue and gold, and all the old gods and goddesses and people were in hieratic order. "They're grim and disapproving now," Judy said. "As if they've given

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think we're secretly engaged. He won't tell me."

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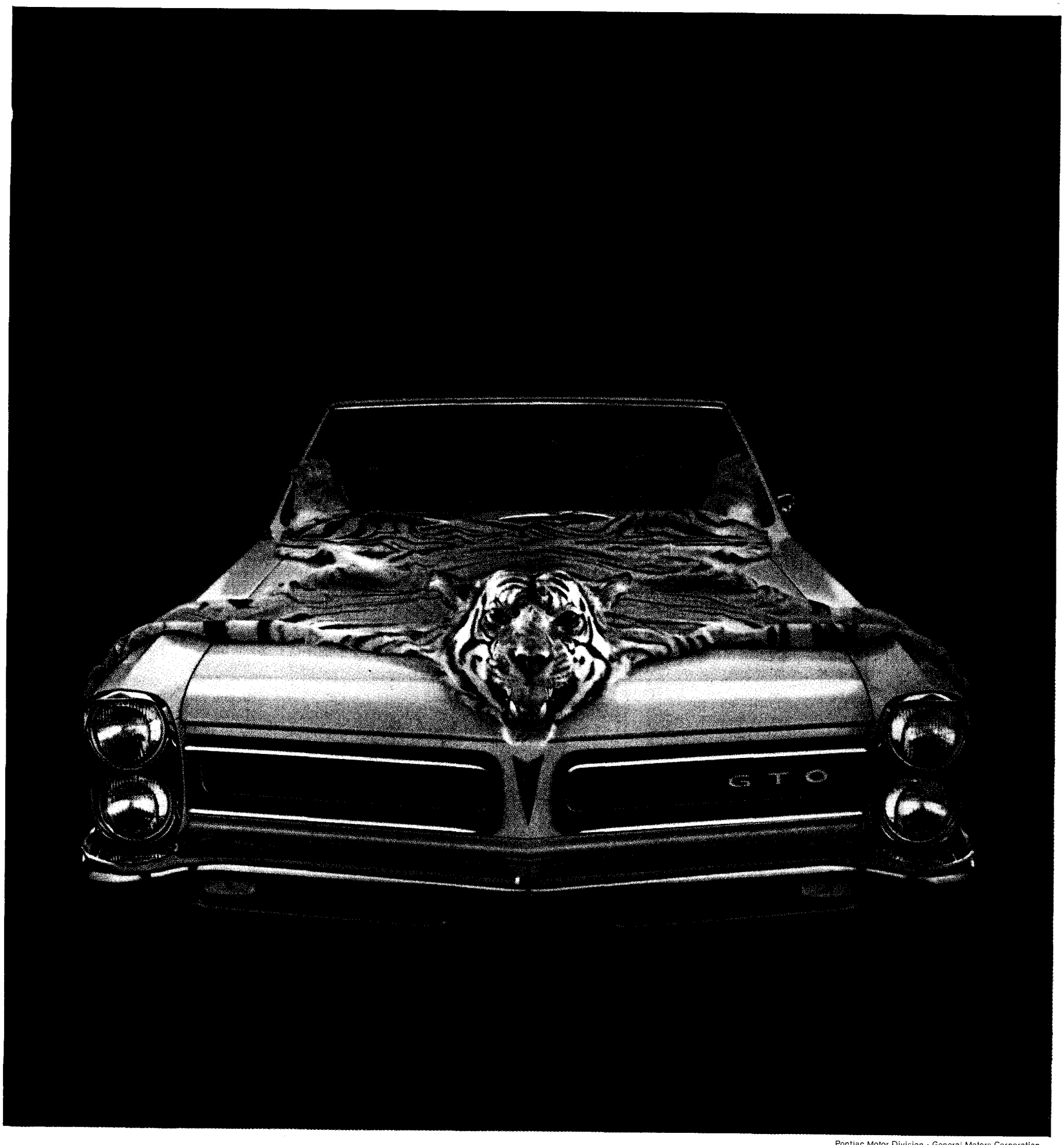

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up on people and because of that there isn't any point being a god or goddess. But everything has to go on. They have to be gods and goddesses and we have to be people, even if it doesn't mean anything. Stand here and listen," she told him, aware that he didn't give a damn about anything even faintly mystical, "and you get the feeling that once everything was in order. But it really isn't true," she said. "Upstairs there's a mummy of an unidentified minor prince with a hole in the side of his chest made by thieves looking for the jewels hidden in the body."

Ted laughed softly and said, just before he maneuvered to kiss her, "What I dig about the old Egyptians are those long nights in the barge rolling down the Nile."

Judy, motionless, permitted him the illusion of being a practiced dominating amorist as his lips touched her mouth, applying the old reliable poultice for baby's miseries. All she thought of love belonged to the precious and elaborate orderliness of a vanished place. She longed for the formalities and limits of courtship which were the province of women. Apache lovers, she remembered from somewhere, rode to the wickiup on a white horse after the marriage ceremony. For that I would cleanse and anoint myself, she thought fiercely. Sing me the Song of Solomon at the right time for once in your life.

She leaned against the cool, grainy, pocked surface of the old limestone column rising alongside her, just beyond his reach, believing he ought to sense her availability, like a third presence pleading for acknowledgment. The things she knew and he didn't made her feel as if she had bloodied her hands. She could not tell him, because she had earned the right to know and he had not. Instead, she told him what she could. "I'm pregnant, Ted, and that's why I wish you loved me." His face informed her that whatever miraculous transformation she had hoped for had not occurred; he presented her with a crumpled smile. He looks so foolish, she thought.

When you are a child, each day you find another part of the world, that big, shiny, convoluted rose of a world. But the season ends and you don't plead with your father to lift you up again on the bronze goat of a childhood square. Instead, she thought, you ask a man to love you now that it is a verifiable fact that bed is no longer a place a child says no to in the evening because still another petal of the day is visible among the darkening foliage and not yet examined. The men of her life, restricting it to those who had remained long enough to have significance, became like the unidentified minor princes of Egyptland, though they had not seemed so at the time of beauty. No, not when you were once raised by cool, gentle hands astride the bronze goat or steered by hands more urgent to that other destination. And yet we are the mother of them all.

"Do you think this planet can support human life, Lieutenant?" she asked. She had gone forth from Egyptland to tightly coiled hysteria, and now, like a seasoned traveler unflustered by local customs and knowing how good or bad the drinking water was, she had returned to Egyptland.

"This is a hell of a mess."

She noted his conclusion with a smile that was almost benign because she didn't require him behind a lectern with pointer and slide projector loaded with the scenic wonders of his dear dream: chromatic vistas of princely comforts and recompense and Augustan pinnacles. She saw his unease and the flowering of his terror. Behind his squeamish concern for her plight, a sullen need for escape was as bright as a match struck in the dark. "We'll have to get this squared away," he said, working his lower lip. "Do you know anybody? I mean, somebody always knows somebody."

"No," she said gently. "I really don't." And she smiled again, as abstractly and benignly as before, at the small measure of relief which suddenly showed in his face because she was not bitching him about what he knew had to be done. Now his concern could be safely objective.

"I didn't want anything like this to happen to you, Judy."

She let him intone his catechism to ward off all the hazards that might be lurking in her silence. "I'll have to find out. Don't worry, Judy." He was a pale, humble figure before her, trying to find a limit to his ordeal. Way back in English Lit two years ago, she had struggled through Richardson's *Clarissa* with the demon seducer, Lovelace; and here was her own, not even a respectable demon, her forlorn, apostate seducer promising her a capable repairman. Compassion filled her, as if she were being embraced by a wounded and bewildered child. He slouched, he dug his fingers into his pockets, he mouthed homilies of reassurance. "You can trust me," he said. Somewhere, not on a marked road, there existed an aid station for fugitives, where he could begin to exorcise her. She felt moved to tell him in a kindly, ironic voice that the begetting of illegitimate children was the honorable and ancient avocation of warriors; to remind him of Caesar and Hannibal and Alexander and somehow convey to him that it was all right to bury whatever frightened him, to erase the relentless equation of cause and effect. She wanted him to credit her with something besides female agonizing.

Now she imagined that she was his witch scurrying across the tidy country of his dreams, kicking up dirt and smashing road signs. A witch, however, is immemorially a trespasser. He had never been checked out on the dangers of witches born as the seed caught and formed in that deep, still pool. Fancy that, she thought, a red-blooded American girl like me.

"Judy, are you listening to me?" He was sitting beside her on the bench placed there by thoughtful museum administrators for all footsore visitors in Egyptland. But all she had been doing was looking at him. "The only way we can get a handle on this is to be honest about it," he said. Judy leaned back; anticipation flourished within her. His moment of being stalwart had arrived at last. He looked at her, and she was wickedly conscious of her own slight gape of amusement. Now that he was proselytizing for honesty, he was not yet sure whether it was a buyers' or a sellers' market. So he hesitated, but in full possession of his manly and sober resolve.

Wondering how she managed to retain this detached, slightly amused, compassionate mood, she touched his arm and prompted him deliberately. "It wouldn't be right to marry somebody you don't love. In the long run, we'd both be sorry."

"Yes," he agreed. His knotted hands came apart slowly, and he gazed at her with tender, open admiration. Womanly wisdom, filigreed exquisitely with understanding and acceptance, was coming to his rescue. Judy thought this was the first time he had ever permitted himself to express what he felt. He was free to regret the necessity for this confrontation with honesty now. "Judy, I wish it wasn't this way. I wish I could say I love you. I know it sounds lousy, but you've got to have some integrity about a thing like that. You wouldn't respect me if I didn't."

In the rapidly chilling silence of her mind, she interpreted his blunt speech. How nice it would have been not to have everything so disordered it became imperative to resort to honesty. She had forced him to end their third-floor bedroom sessions; she had tangled their relationship beyond repair. "I owe you an apology, Ted. I'm not pregnant," Judy said. "I just wanted to find out how you felt about me, and it was the only thing I could think of." With a tired smile, she waited for him to understand this, thinking it remarkable how much she disliked him at this moment. She watched his face with cat-sharp eyes, thinking of him in precise, obscene epithets. "Now the least I can do is drive you to the airport, unless you want to tell me to go to hell right now."

"All you had to do was stop seeing me, if you wanted to. I mean, I never tried to give you the idea I was in love with you. You know that's a fact too." He paused, drawing still more strength from his righteous honesty. "I won't tell you to go to hell, because I'm not sore. I'm just hurt that you'd do a thing like that to somebody who really likes you. How do you think I felt, realizing what you'd be going through in a situation like that? You didn't have to go to that length, for God's sake."

She marveled at how eagerly he flung the rope ladder over the side to climb out and complete his final, violating act. "If we walk back to the car now, we can pick up your bags and make it to the airport in plenty of time for your plane home, Ted." She had wearied of his cunning use of her pitying contempt for him.

Her own flight began when she turned onto the winding approach to the Walt Whitman Bridge into New Jersey instead of the expressway back to town. The girls who shared the house with her had weekend dates in the country. When the day started, she had planned to stay home alone tonight and think of Ted until he telephoned. Then her night alone would have ended with a long, amorous conversation, payable by the minute, and that would have sustained her until he returned from Detroit. Now she did not want to sleep in the house where she had been left alone.

The cypress-and-redwood summer house on the beach in Stone Harbor was the only piece of joint property her father had wanted out of the divorce settlement, although her mother would gladly have agreed to much more. Judy knew he would be there, because he had given up traveling to Europe; he left that to his friends; there was no longer anything he wanted to see enough to go to all that trouble.

Judy pulled up beside his old blue Jag on the cracked concrete apron that served as a garage under the house and went up the wide wooden steps to the sun deck. The birds whose home was the sea and the beach had arrived with their voices and perpetual hunger. The sand was dark and flat where the tide had gone out. Fishing boats running

"I get better traction with an Injun in the rear."

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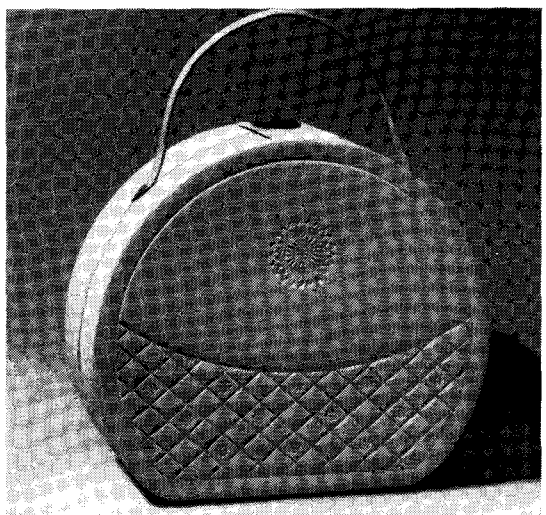
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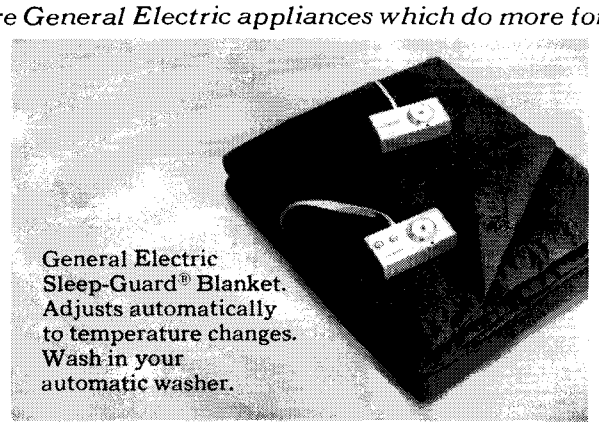
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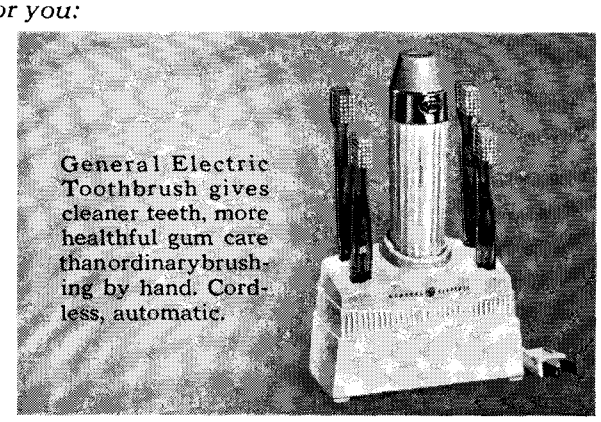
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MORTON FINEMAN lives in Philadelphia and has a wife, two small daughters, and a dog. He says he also has "a membership in a swim club, a mortgage, a couple of credit cards, and subscription seats to concerts at the Academy of Music." He says he knows "doctors, lawyers, businessmen, officers in the armed forces, charter-boat captains, wholesale distributors, salesmen, enlisted men, advertising and public-relations men, and computer programmers—but very few writers and no literary critics." This is the third of his stories to be published in the Post.

toward the harbor through the rising green swells and the freshening wind looked small and indomitable. She was surprised that there was no evidence of weekend guests. She had expected to find one of his girls or a sampling from his retinue of friends. She looked through the screen door and saw the stone fireplace built into one wall. It was the only thing new that she could see. She had not been here since the divorce. Even then, when she was only eleven, she had believed she would be unhappy here. Her parents' divorce had been a dark, apocalyptic event during which the toys and games of her childhood were scattered forever.

Her father and Bozo, his Weimaraner, were coming along the beach now. Bozo moved beside him, head erect, with seignorial mien and stateliness. Judy called out to her father. In faded khakis and denim shirt, he was an aging man, even when he smiled up at her. For that moment too, against the long, wide, empty, shadowy beach, he was a slightly unfamiliar figure without the protective shield contrived by his barber and tailor and his bartenders. As Judy looked down, waving and talking to him, she rejected the illusion that her father wanted to reach up and embrace her. She felt an awkwardness at being here without warning, broken butterfly or not.

Though he drank the first Martini without speaking to her, Judy knew that he was wondering why she had come here so unexpectedly. As he set down the empty glass, he said, "That was pretty good. I'll make the second pair. You know, that's the first time you ever made me a drink." Through the opened windows, the living room echoed with the screaming of gulls.

"I'm not ready for another one," Judy said.

He nodded. "Are you staying for dinner? All I have is some hamburger and tomatoes. I don't bother much with food down here."

"Do you still have the boat?"

"No. It attracts too damn many people who want you to take them fishing. Incidentally, I make a pretty fancy hamburger."

"That'll be fine."

"If you'd prefer more elegance, I'll be happy to take you out to dinner." He paused suddenly. "I'm really glad you came to see me. I haven't seen you since that night you brought your friend over for a drink. Do you still see him?"

"I saw him for the last time today," Judy said.

"Would it be all right if I apologized now?"

"It doesn't matter. Anyway, you meant what you said. I know you."

"Yes, I did. But I shouldn't have said it. A girl should be able to depend on the fact that her father has manners even when he's drunk."

"It was the way you did it. I felt as if you'd hit me in the face."

"I didn't like him. He was so damned smug and cautious and confident that he was going to sleep with you sooner or later. And the expression on his face was telling me there wasn't a thing I could do about it. I was right about that, wasn't I?"

"Yes," Judy said.

"Are you sure you don't want another Martini?" he said, holding the fifth of Gordon's poised over the glass pitcher. Judy shook her head and smiled. She remembered the pitcher. Her mother had used it to serve her milk at lunch. And now she could even remember the first time she had been allowed to pour milk from the pitcher into her glass. It had been so heavy and wobbly in her small hands and she had been very proud of managing it without help. When they all returned from the beach, they would have Martinis and clams on the half shell and she would have milk, listening to their slow, afternoon voices and trying to understand the meaning of everything they said. "May I ask you something?"

"Sure," he said, watching her as he tasted the new Martini.

"Why did you stop loving Mother?"

"I never did," he said. "I still do. No one can stand too much forgiveness, though. That was her neatest trick. Man, woman, or beast—she found a reason to forgive everything. Being forgiven for everything is like being suffocated by every damn weakness or inadequacy you have. In her loving eyes I was a permanent invalid who couldn't help himself. Maybe it was true, but I wanted to be able to forget it once in a while. She knew I never really wanted to be a lawyer and that I'm not a very good one. But when she got her really big surprise—that I never really wanted to be *anything*—all she did was forgive me and promise that she would always be in love with me. That might have been the night you were conceived. There it is, as briefly as I can tell you."

He looked at his empty glass. "I can risk another one without wanting to get drunk. But if I do, don't let me. I'd rather not get drunk tonight, although lately I haven't wanted to get drunk down here."

"I'll make it for you," Judy said. "I could stand one more now."

"Thanks. Do you want to spend the night? Or the weekend—if you like."

"I'd like to stay here tonight, anyway." Judy brought over the pitcher of Martinis and filled both glasses. "I never thought of you wanting to spend time by yourself unless you were forced to."

He laughed and said, "If I told you, it wouldn't sound the same as it does when I say it to myself—which isn't often, I'll admit. But it's true."

"I'd like to know," Judy said. He looked across at her, and she wondered what he was deciding to leave unsaid in that quiet, reasonable, desperate voice. Perhaps the tones of desperation had been there for a long time. And perhaps this was only a day when she could hear heartbeats in the silence and see visions. He had struggled to keep the guilt that made his life bearable; her mother had wrestled mightily to release him with forgiveness. Then Judy heard that quiet, reasonable voice again and his clear, unguarded tones reaching across to her over the virago voices of the gulls and the surf: "I'm trying to prepare myself to die." It was as if the opening of a cave had been suddenly illuminated from within, and she was aware of the brightness and the greater darkness beyond the distant source of light. "Considering my age and the usual nonsense that goes with it—some high blood pressure, a little arteriosclerosis, and a fairly beat-up liver—I could crap out any time. Anyway, this is my last bit of vanity. I'd like to be ready. I don't want to do it ignobly. I'm not sure how you get ready, though. It has occurred to me that I can't very well claim to leave what I never belonged to. How the hell does a man like me get back into the world? After I asked myself that question long enough, I had my own minor revelation and for a while I went around feeling as virtuous as an early Christian. Sometimes I think we are surrounded by gods and none of them are pagan, because that's a meaningless word. This little revelation of mine, though, was simply the fact that the state of grace I'm looking for is available everywhere. It's in the instant I see something for what it really is; it's in the thought that isn't brutal or aggrandizing." He stood up nervously. "That's enough confession. I'll start the charcoal. I guess we better eat inside. The mosquitoes have been pretty mean lately. Would you slice the tomatoes?"

"Yes," she said. Everything she had ever done as a child which pleased him had made her feel as if she were extraordinary. And now, as he paused, smiling because she had offered to help with this trivial chore, some of that childhood feeling returned to Judy. It was as if he had waved aloft an old toy long hidden in an attic trunk.

When he came back to the kitchen, she was unaware of him for a moment. The knife blade kept slipping on the skin of the tomatoes.

"That knife isn't very sharp," he said quietly.

"It's me."

"Is it all right to ask? You asked me."

"Damn you," she said. "Do you know how much I used to love you? And how much I disliked you afterward?"

"I got the point a while back. You'd rather not have come here," he said. "How bad is it, Judy? You're not pregnant, by any chance, are you?"

She threw the knife on the Formica counter top. It bounced off onto the floor. She watched her father pick it up. "Yes," she said, knowing the lie was cruel. It was not his fault that this was a day she had counted goldfish because she had not been able to touch someone with love or wait happily to begin an amorous conversation on the telephone late at night. She had turned to him only to be unexpectedly cruel; that was *his* specialty. "Maybe I ought to go back home," she said coldly.

"I don't have anyone else to love," he said.

"I didn't ask you to love me."

"I do," he said. "I forgot that I did for a long time. That's all. I'm not appealing to you. I'm simply telling you. Once I knew all the important things that happened to you. Then I forgot how satisfying it was to know them, and things happened that I didn't know about. Was it your friend? That boy I insulted?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, oh, I think we goofed."

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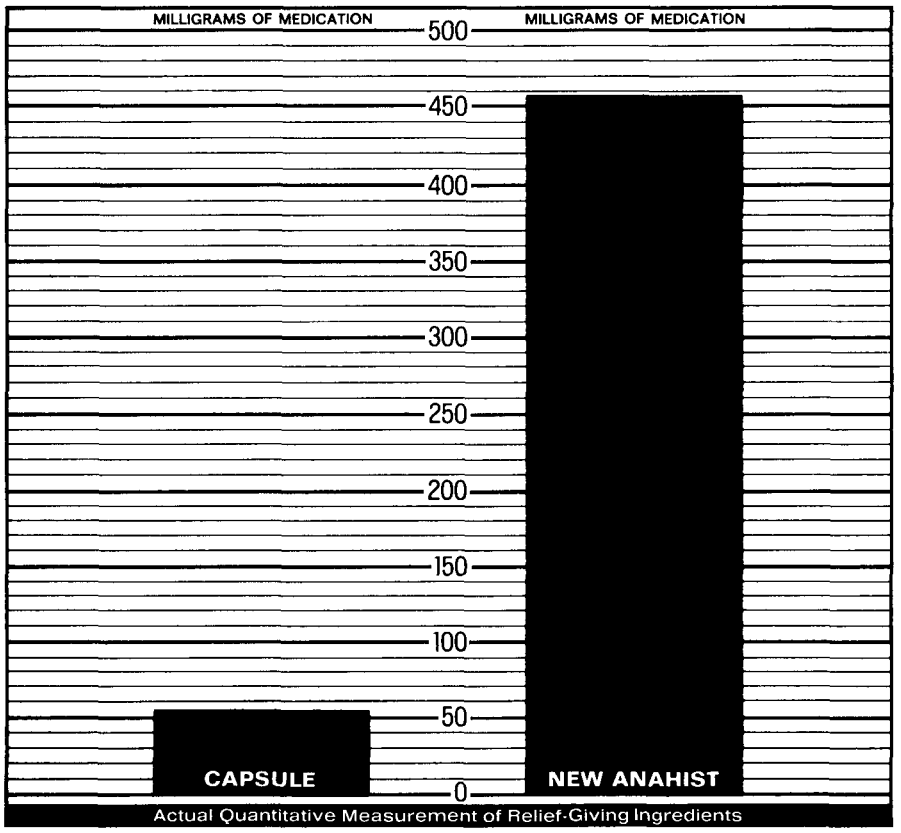

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"Yes," she lied again. Then she told him part of the truth very slowly and distinctly. "I let him make love to me the night you turned out to be such a sweet, affectionate father. Now I suppose you can take care of everything. A man like you probably keeps a doctor handy who can tidy up a girl like me and send her back to look for someone else."

"Is that what you want?" he asked.

"Why not? Isn't that the least trouble?"

"I'd rather you managed without it."

"And move in—me and my infant child—with you and Bozo? Wouldn't that be elegant when your girls came around."

"Judy," he said, "I would like to help you. I haven't helped anyone in a long time." He touched her arm and handed her the paring knife. "Finish slicing the tomatoes," he said. "You'll find everything you need to set the table in the sideboard."

"All right," Judy said.

"You've joined the rest of us in the community," he said. "Sooner or later everyone does, except those rare people like your mother. But even they are with us, despite all their innocence and deadliness. Whatever happened was your initiation fee for membership. Stay here with me for a few days and get used to the idea." He leaned forward and kissed her on the cheek. "What a damned fool that boy must be."

She found an old Belgian-linen tablecloth and matching napkins in the top drawer. The scent of the sachet that seemed to come from the drawer was full of her mother's presence, but she thought that was only fanciful, because a man would not think to use a sachet. In a far corner, she located a tarnished old pair of pewter candlesticks. They had stood on this table every day of the summer, with flowers from the garden arranged between them. And Judy found, still rolled in the same maroon flannel cloth, the silver they had always used at the seashore. Then she brought out the familiar china. Her father came out of the kitchen with a plate of hamburger patties covered with wax paper, and a spatula. He looked at the table, and she saw that he recognized what she had done.

"That's somewhat posh for hamburgers," he said, stopping beside her. "Right down to the old napkin rings."

"Do you remember when you used to take me to the museum and I always tried to count the goldfish in the pool? I counted them today," Judy said. "There are forty-seven. It was that kind of day. I had to do something. . . . I lied to you about being pregnant," she said in a murmurous voice.

"Score one for you," he said softly. "Don't tell me why. I know. That boy is a bigger fool than I thought. Do you want me to get some flowers for the table?"

"The zinnias," she said. "They're the only things worth cutting out there now."

"This beats waiting for a table at Croneckers. Your mother used to say zinnias were a forthright flower and they looked as if they had been cut out with a pair of tinsmith's shears."

He went out, and Judy could see him from the window, bowed over the flower bed, carefully selecting the best zinnias. It was almost dark now. The far edge of the ocean was black along the horizon line, and the gulls were quiet. The rock jetty far up the beach with the fishermen strung out along the top was still dimly visible. She looked back to her father. He had the flowers gathered into a ragged bouquet in one hand, and he was coming up the steps to the sun deck. She heard him enter the house and then the dining room, and she turned around to accept the flowers he had brought. □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I see they've printed my letter in the Lonely Hearts column."

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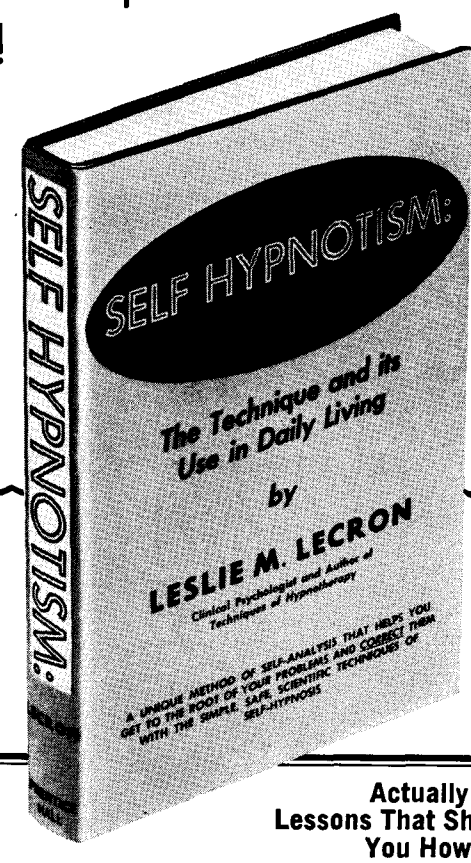
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The Technique and its Use in Daily Living
by
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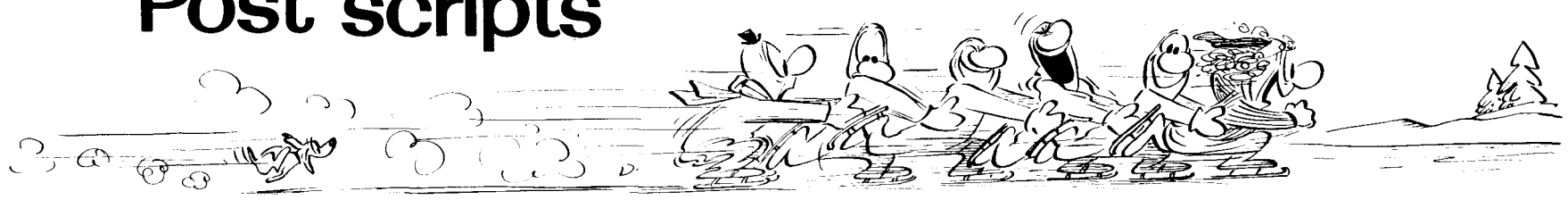

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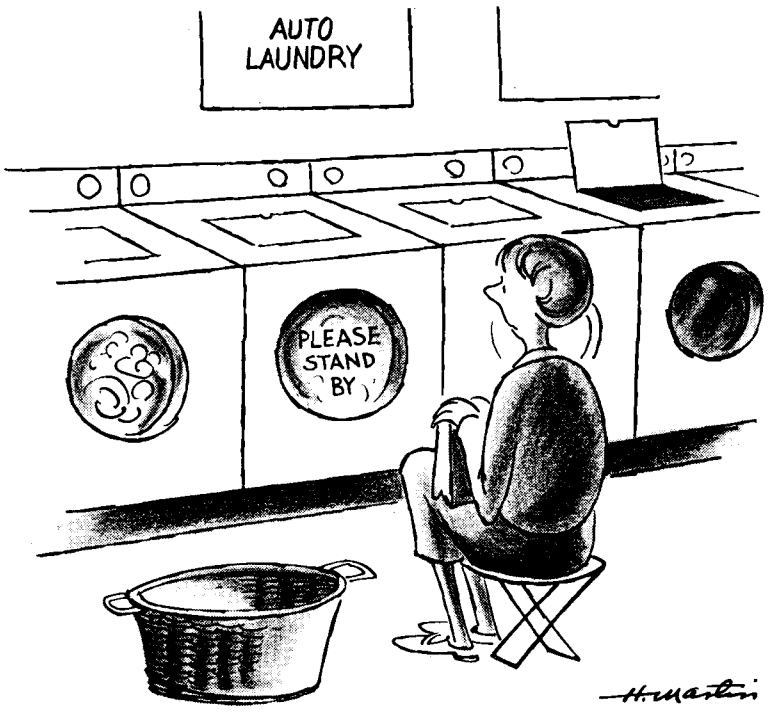

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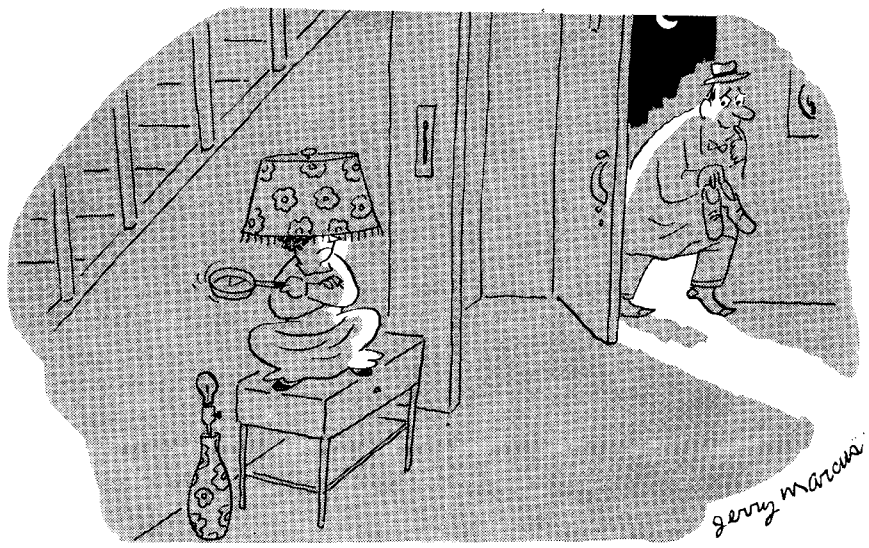

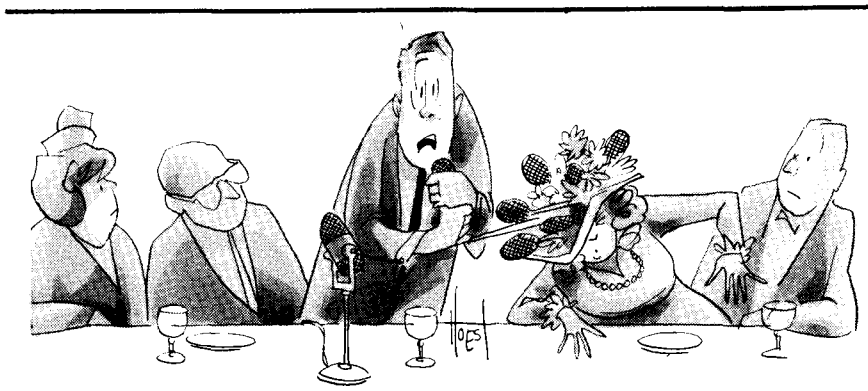

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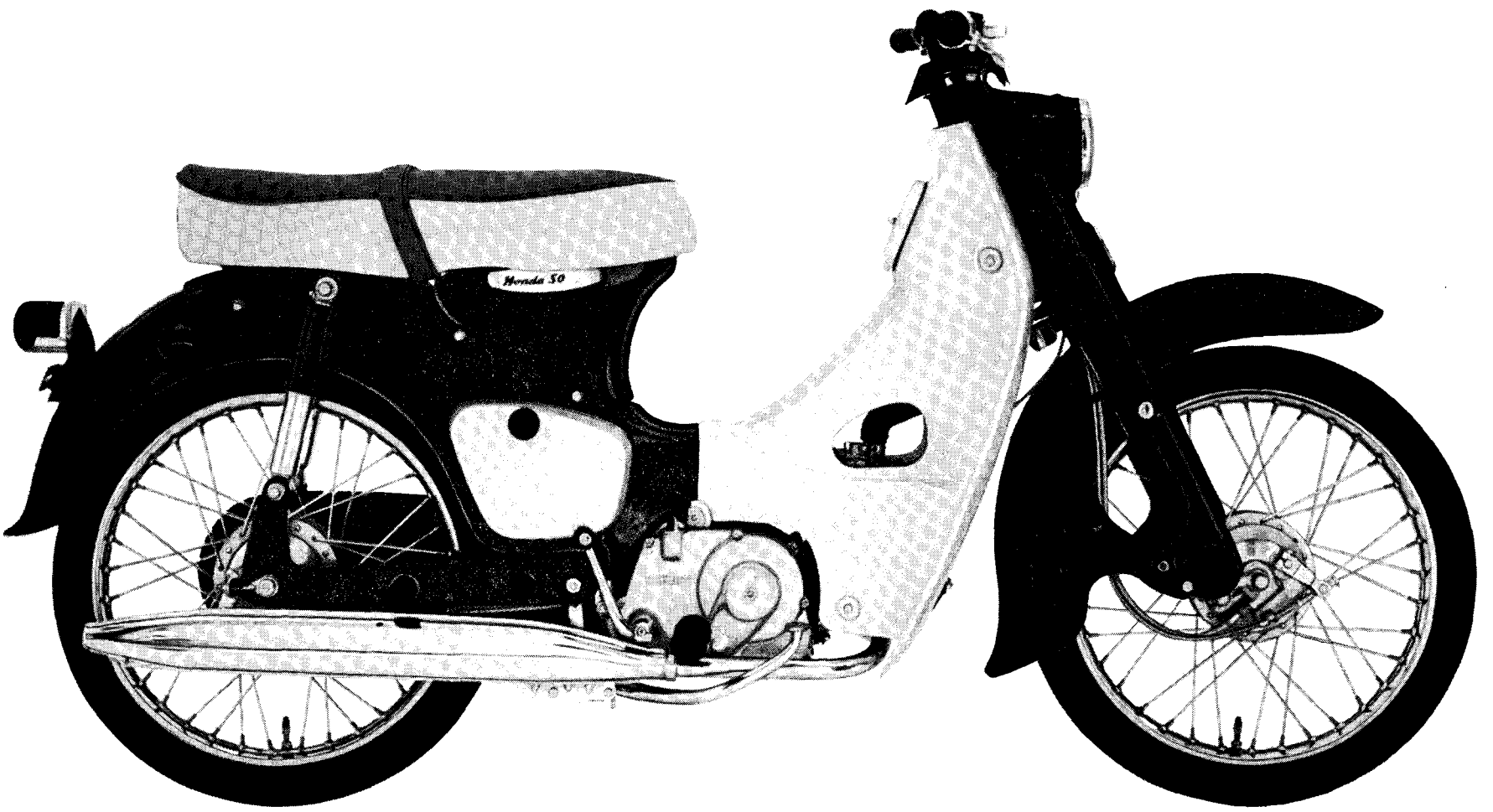

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By JOHN REDDY

Some people thought Hargesheimer was crazy, but he had to go back.

MASTAH FREDDY'S MODEST MIRACLE

One of the strangest stories of the Pacific War: an American flier who couldn't forget the natives who saved his life.

Once a week a Trans-Australia Airlines plane flies from Port Moresby, New Guinea, to Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands. Along the north coast of New Britain, near the village of Ewasse, passengers looking down can see three new school buildings in a jungle clearing. The natives call the school "something belong friendship." For this is the Airmen's Memorial School, a gesture of gratitude to the New Britain natives for Allied fliers rescued during the war. Behind the school at Ewasse, which will celebrate its first birthday next month, is one of the strangest stories of the Pacific war: the story of an American flier, Lt. Fred Hargesheimer, and the kindness he could never forget.

Lieutenant Hargesheimer was shot down over this same jagged coastline on a cloud-splotched June day in 1943. Bailing out, he drifted down through a tall eucalyptus into jungle mud. Except for a gash in his forehead, he was all right, but New Britain was heavily occupied by Japanese, and 100 miles of wilderness lay between him and his home base in New Guinea.

With only a compass to guide him, he set out through the dense jungle. His emergency rations soon ran out and he became dizzy and weak, but he kept pushing on. After 31 days of hunger and loneliness and despair, his nights haunted by the eerie silence and wild, terrifying dreams, he was surprised on the bank of a stream by a group of natives in a canoe. "Mastah, mastah," one of them said. "You numbah one."

The leader, a dark, wiry native with short curly hair, produced a dog-eared note, signed by an Australian officer. It said he was a chief named Lauo, loyal to the Allies. Tears trickled down Hargesheimer's face as he read it. After a feast of pineapples and smoked fish, Lauo's tribesmen paddled the American downstream to their village, a cluster of grass huts on the edge of a lagoon near the sea. For the next five months, that little village of Nantambu was to be Hargesheimer's haven.

Japanese planes flew over frequently, but the cry of "Pigeon belong Yapan!" would send Hargesheimer scurrying to hiding. Often Japanese patrols appeared along the beach, but the natives would blow a conch shell, and he would hasten to a hiding place in a nearby swamp.

At night "Mastah Freddy," as they called him, would sit around the fire chatting in pidgin with the natives. They were dark, fuzzy-haired Melanesians of the Nakani tribe, primitive and simple, but generous and loyal. As he grew to know them, he found that in sheltering him they were practicing the rudimentary Christianity they had learned from missionaries before the war. They still held services faithfully in a hut which served as a church. The service was in their native tongue but the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" was unmistakable.

As day followed day, Hargesheimer fell sick with malaria. When he was too weak to eat, a native mother saved his life by feeding him cupfuls of her own milk. Gradually he got well enough to

With volunteer labor, a simple school could be built for $15,000: four classrooms and an assembly hall connected by covered walks.

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One hundred and thirty children come by foot and dugout canoe from the surrounding villages and the bush to attend the first three grades.

MASTAH FREDDY

take a few steps. And then one night a strange native arrived with news: Three Australians were back in the hills with a wireless. They were coastwatchers who had been landed on the island to spy on the Japanese and rescue downed fliers. Hargesheimer joined them in their hideout, three huts hidden amid trees on a high ridge. From there he radioed the American base at Port Moresby that he was alive and safe. Soon two Australian fliers joined Hargesheimer in the hideout. They, too, had been shot down, then guided to safety by friendly natives. Finally, a 23-word message came over the radio in dots and dashes. It began, "Airmen can be evacuated. . . ."

The next morning Hargesheimer and the two Australian fliers, with a party of natives, set out for the coast. After a long trek through jungle, they finally reached their rendezvous with a submarine lying off the beach. They were on their way home.

After the war Hargesheimer married a pretty Ohio girl, and they had two sons and a daughter. He got a good job with Univac, and they had a nice home in a suburb of St. Paul, Minn. He led a pleasant, busy life, yet he found himself thinking more and more of the New Britain natives who had sheltered him at the risk of their own lives. He began sending small checks at Christmas to the Methodist mission at Rabaul, yet that didn't seem enough. Playing in the snow with his own youngsters, he would remember the shy native children who had followed him along the beach, erasing his tracks. Some nights he would awaken with a start, thinking he had heard the sound of a conch shell warning that the Japanese were approaching. Sitting before a fire he would tell his wife about them: Lauo, the shrewd chief; Gabu, the beaming, tattooed "cook boy"; slim, grave Ida, the mother whose milk had saved his life; Apelis, who sang old hymns by his bed when he lay near death from malaria. Finally the urge to see them again became irresistible. "Some people thought I was crazy," Hargesheimer says. "Most Americans who served in the Pacific said they never wanted to see the place again, but I felt I had to go back." The family agreed to forgo their vacation, and Hargesheimer borrowed the money from a bank for the trip. In the summer of 1960 Hargesheimer took off on his sentimental journey.

He flew to New Guinea, where he was joined by Matt Foley, one of the coastwatchers who had helped rescue him, then on to Rabaul. There they found a rusting old trawler, the *Mangana*, which agreed to take them to Nantambu.

It was night when the rusting old vessel neared the little coastal village. A strange excitement gripped him. Would they remember the American flier they had rescued 17 years earlier? Hargesheimer could see dim shapes moving in the moonlight. A big outrigger canoe emerged from the shadows. The canoe glided alongside, and he recognized Lauo, the old chief. Lauo helped him into the canoe, and the old friends embraced in the moonlight. The following morning he and Foley went ashore for a full-fledged celebration. Lauo gave a speech in pidgin announcing that Hargesheimer was indeed "Mastah Freddy," whom they had sheltered in the war. After a feast and some native songs it was time for the trawler to leave. As Hargesheimer waved good-bye, the natives on shore burst into *God Save the King*.

All this seemed unreal only hours later when he was aboard a plane winging back to the U.S. His pleasure at having seen the natives again was tinged with sadness at their lot. They still eked out a mean existence with the scant crops they grew or the fish they caught. They still were prey to malnutrition and disease. And their most pressing need, Hargesheimer realized, was education. But what could he do?

In a jet roaring back across the Pacific, he decided to try to raise funds for a school for the natives. At first it seemed like a preposterous undertaking. "It looked like it would require a miracle," he said, "but my being saved had seemed like a miracle."

Back in St. Paul he met with Protestant missionaries. They gave him advice and encouragement. Then an architect, a former classmate, drew up free plans for a school. Contractors in Rabaul submitted bids. Hargesheimer found that, with volunteer labor, a simple but practical school could be built for $15,000. At first that seemed a tremendous sum to raise, but people responded generously when he spoke informally of the project. Soon he was being invited to speak before club and church groups. He spoke to all kinds of groups: to a gathering of 400 people at the Statler Hilton hotel in St. Louis, and to a handful of people at a country store in Arkansas. He told a woman sitting next to him on a plane about the school, and she gave him a check for $500. He talked on the air with other ham-radio operators, and some of them sent money or arranged for him to speak in their towns. It took two and a half years, but finally he had his $15,000.

While he raised the money, Hargesheimer kept in contact with Rabaul on his ham-radio set.

Then came the problem of actually building the school—10,000 miles away in a tropical jungle. Preliminary plans were made through the Methodist Mission in Rabaul, with Hargesheimer keeping in contact from St. Paul by ham radio. Jack Sharp, an Australian, began to round up materials in Rabaul. Matt Foley also lent a hand. They had steel fabricated for the framework. A Rabaul contractor agreed to supervise the construction.

In June, 1963, Hargesheimer and his husky 17-year-old son Dick set out again for New Britain. At Rabaul they loaded 400 sacks of cement and other materials on an ancient motor vessel, the *Piri*, and sailed for Nantambu. Word of their coming had preceded them, and hundreds of natives were on hand as the *Piri* anchored offshore.

Early the next morning the whole group set to work. The site chosen for the school was at the village called Ewasse, about a mile and a half from the beach. About 100 natives toiled with the Americans to clear the three-acre site. While the men worked clearing the land, the native women brought sand and gravel for cement from the beach. The women carried the black-pumice sand in pans on top of their heads while children trailed along behind, some with filled coconut shells.

A week later the ship *Chinampa* arrived with the contractor and two native carpenters from Rabaul. The *Chinampa* also brought 5,000 feet of lumber. It had to anchor a half mile offshore, but the crew simply dumped the lumber in the ocean, and the men and boys swam it in, a board at a time. "At one time I counted more than fifty heads in the water, laughing and jabbering as they steered the boards in to shore," Hargesheimer recalls.

The day after the contractor's arrival they began pouring cement. Slowly the buildings began rising. When Hargesheimer had to leave, after six weeks, the work was nearly finished.

The school, consisting of three airy buildings, surrounded by lawns, opened in February, 1964. The three buildings, connected by covered walks, contain four classrooms and an assembly hall, which also serves as a community meeting place. The school is staffed by one Australian teacher, James Bye, and two native teachers and is administered by the Australian government. One hundred thirty children come by foot and dugout canoe from surrounding villages and the bush.

"The natives understand the school is a gift from the American *people*, not the government," Hargesheimer says. "It something belong friendship." □

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Matrons (left) pause to reflect upon oddness of "Girl Before a Mirror" by Pablo Picasso. Right, Jensen's vividly colored "Clockwork in the Sky" dazzles sunglassed girl.

By RICHARD LEMON

THE HOUSE THAT ART BUILT

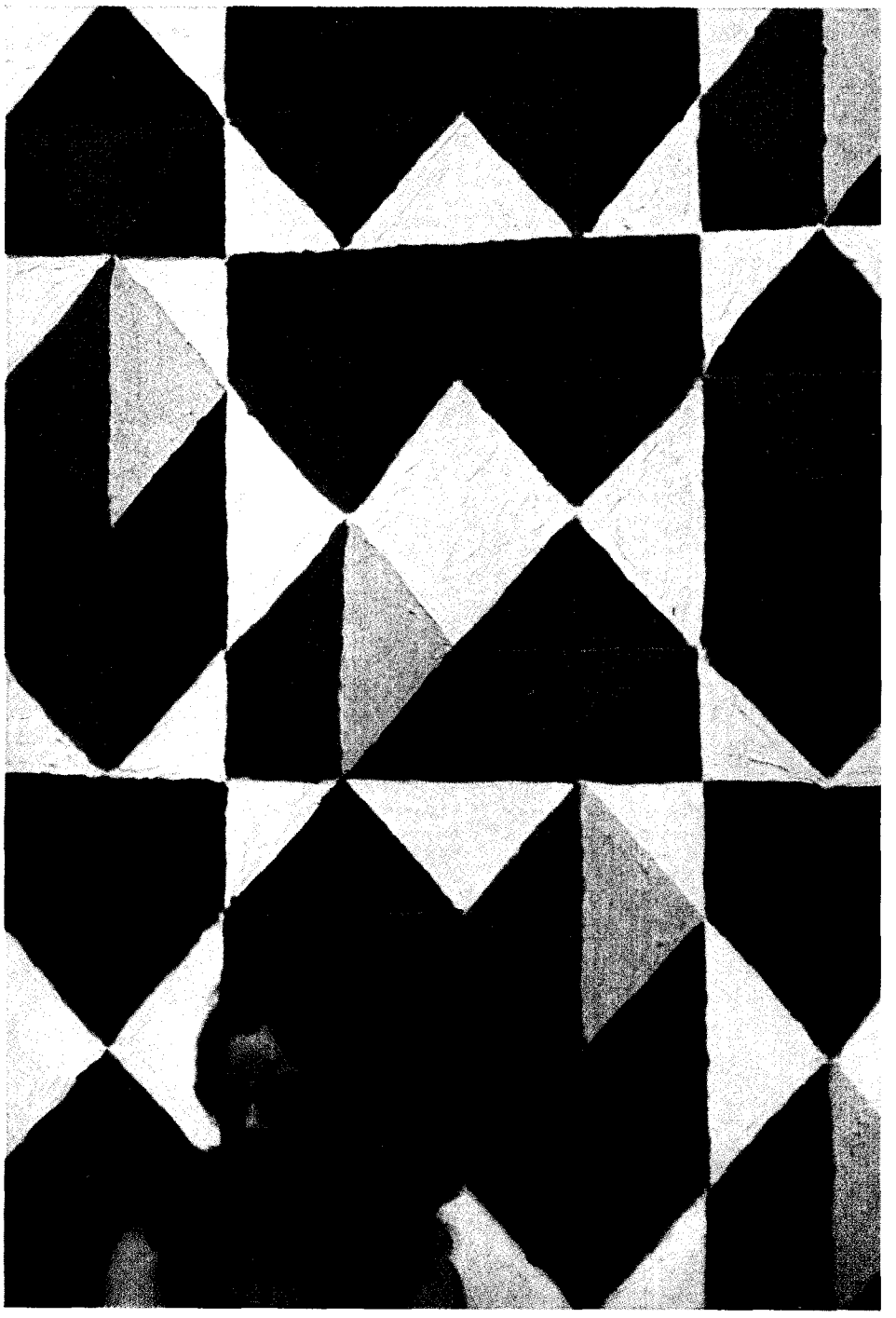
THE scene is a cool, marble-and-glass building on a quiet side street in midtown Manhattan. In an office on the fifth floor an associate curator named William Seitz is cooking up what promises to be either the next outrage or the next fad in modern art: a February exhibition called The Responsive Eye. It will feature dizzying paintings of concentric circles, 3-D compositions of metal and plastic, and diamond-pattern Plexiglas constructions. Three floors below, families and couples holding hands swirl through the bright, spacious lobby. At right, matrons rummage intently through stacks of elegant postcards, art books and reproductions, which are for sale. At left, bright-eyed young girls help people who are seeking membership or simply conversation about art. Out back, in the large, airy sculpture garden, beatniks and businessmen bask in the sun at outdoor tables, eating, and looking at the statues, rectangular pools, and gray-marble steps and walls.

This is New York's Museum of Modern Art, the capital of the art world, established, respected and popular. And, looked at objectively, the whole scene has the air of fantasy, because 35 years ago the museum wasn't there at all, and modern art in New York enjoyed a status about equal to that of bootleg gin, except that it was less respectable and much less in demand.

The fantasy, however, is not only real, but is a key part of the extraordinary success story of modern art in America. Thirty-five years ago the few modern works in New York were in private hands, and neither museums nor museum customers were much interested in them. Last year, when the Museum of Modern Art unveiled a new seven-million-dollar wing, 5,000 invited guests, including the First Lady of the United States, celebrated the event with champagne. Thirty-five years ago New York had a handful of collectors and galleries. Today the city boasts more than 400 galleries, at least a half-dozen museums which display contemporary art in varying degree, thousands of collectors, and several young painters who knock down as much as $5,000 a picture. Modern art has disfranchised its critics by making newness a sign of respectability, not of rebelliousness. As a result, "modern" art now seems to mean most of the art of the past 75 years and all of the art from now on, and the statement "I don't like modern art" has become just about impossible.

Credit for this extraordinary change in the standing of modern art belongs largely to the Museum of Modern Art, which in three decades has grown from a brash revolutionary into a powerful institution with the largest paid membership, and the greatest influence, of any museum in the world.

The battle for modern painting is only one of many which the museum has fought and won. The museum has also battled for modern architecture, photography, good design in everything from vacuum



After 35 years, the brash and revolutionary Museum of Modern Art has achieved respectability. But it's still diverting its patrons with snap, crackle and Pop.

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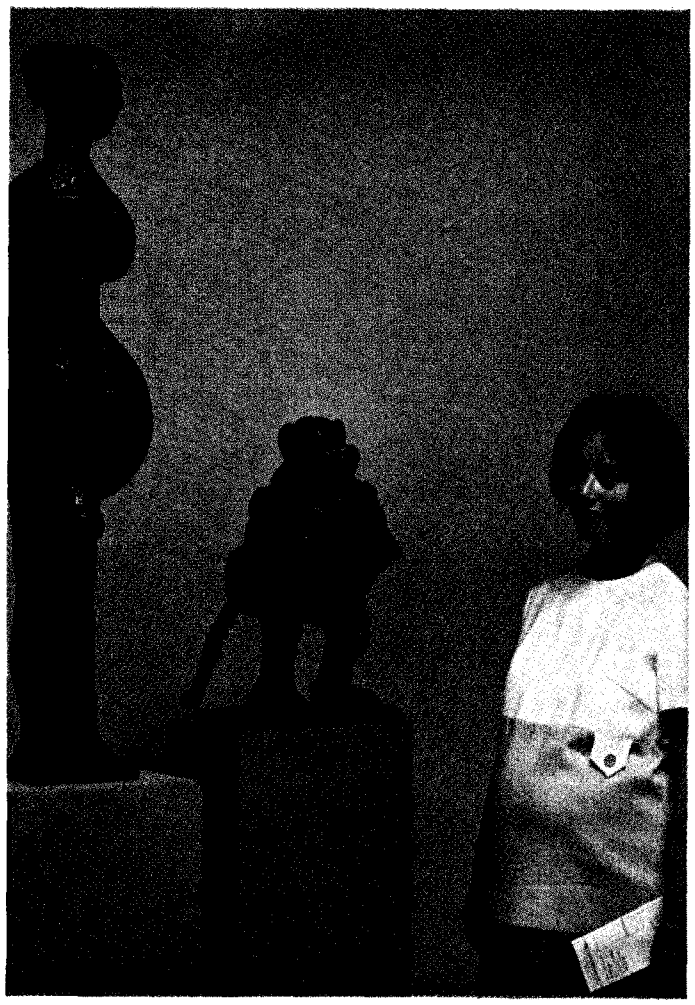

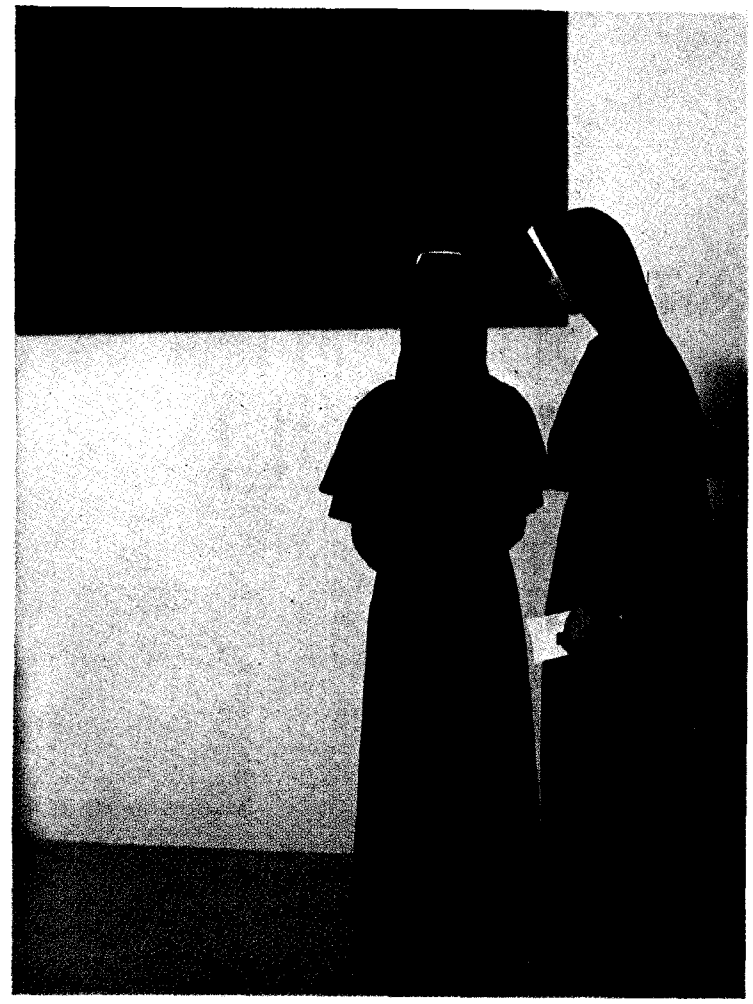

Mother-to-be contemplates two conceptions from fecund brain of Picasso, "Pregnant Woman" and "Baboon and Young." Right, Ad Reinhardt's "Black on Black" intrigues onlookers.

cleaners to coffeepots, movies, and even TV. It has a film library with 3,000 titles. It owns some 7,000 prints, 7,000 photographs and 4,000 items of design. It has sent so many exhibits around the globe—to almost 900 U.S. cities and towns and 60 foreign countries—that it keeps a map with red pins to indicate where its shows have been. It teaches art to 1,700 adults and children a week, ships art material to 130 New York City schools a month, sends some 85 movies to schools and study groups a week, and has published 326 art books, many of them the best available on their subjects. It has an Oscar—sent by Orson Welles, who won it for writing *Citizen Kane*. He lent it to the museum a few years ago when its movie division was considering a show of his films and, says the library's Margareta Akermark, "We've never been able to catch up with him to give it back." The museum even has recognized that most maligned of creative efforts, the TV commercial, and recently put together, for loan to interested study groups, a package of the best plugs.

As a result of this large-scale reformist zeal, just about everybody in the country has felt the museum's impact. A weary housewife might be interested to know that the same Sucaryl bottle which decorates her crumb-flecked kitchen table was cited for beauty in a 1959 show on The Package. A secretary lunching at Woolworth's might be surprised to hear that the museum has commended the design of the "juicy" O's in the Woolworth sign. Stan Musial and Roger Maris were surely pleased to find baseball bats designed by their companies in a glossy 1962 exhibition called Design for Sport. Anyone who has enjoyed *My Fair Lady* is in debt to the film library: Lyricist Alan Lerner and composer Frederick Loewe, who based their Broadway hit on Shaw's *Pygmalion*, spent days in the library repeatedly viewing the only traceable movie print of *Pygmalion*. Consumers everywhere have been affected by Piet Mondrian's once-controversial lined paintings in the museum, which have heavily influenced advertising style. The stodgiest bankers work in modern office buildings inspired by the International Style—glass walls and little ornamentation—which the museum helped bring to prominence.

But if the museum has changed the public, the public has also changed the museum. With its two restaurants, the garden and the movies as lures, more than half its 700,000 visitors each year go there for something besides the paintings. "When I was a young man in New York, people used to meet their dates under the clock at the Biltmore Hotel," Monroe Wheeler, director of the museum's Exhibitions and Publications, said recently. "Now they say, 'I'll meet you at the museum.' And *the* museum means this one."

This development has also brought on what might be called *the* criticism—namely, that the museum is box-office crazy. "It has become a fetish with them to have something sensational to hook the public with—and they don't care what public," one gallery owner said with a snort. "You go there and you see kids holding hands—instead of going to Central Park, they now go to *art* museums."

The criticism is a variation on an old theme. Soon after the museum was founded, the director of the Metropolitan complained that the Museum of Modern Art was turning into a "Museum of Fashionable Art," and the alarm has been sounded regularly ever since. Today it is Pop Art—whose practitioners paint soup cans and movie stars—which is being decried both as Fashionable and Silly. Or "Op" art (paintings that create weird optical effects) or kinetic sculpture (structures that move). But today's alarums are often sounded discreetly out of the museum's earshot, because the museum, to its chagrin, has become the most powerful molder of taste in the art world.

The museum dislikes the tag of "taste maker," and it hasn't become one without a fight. In fact, its founding director and guiding spirit, Alfred H. Barr Jr., has waged a determined and patient campaign to keep its walls from becoming hallowed. In 1929 Barr warned that "the value of all contemporary art is debatable and much of it is certainly transitory, no matter how important it may seem to be to us at present." In 1942 he wrote, "The museum is aware that it may often guess wrong in its acquisitions. When it acquires a dozen recent paintings, it will be lucky if . . . in twenty years only one should survive." "In any case," he wrote in 1963, "let those who love the paintings from the Museum of Modern Art be warned, and those who don't, be comforted; they are not all 'masterpieces.'" Recently he referred to himself as "probably at least half blind."

Barr's disclaimers have been ineffective. "The art market reflects everything we do," says curator Peter Selz. "Even when we show a master like Monet or Rodin, his prices go way up. In 1960 I did an art-nouveau show [on the "whiplash" style of design popularized by Louis C. Tiffany at the turn of the century] and sure enough everything from Tiffany glass to wallpaper was suddenly back in fashion."

It is a measure of the museum's success in making modern art respectable that the public's current near-mania for art sometimes wearies even the museum's personnel. "Art is almost too popular now," one curator sighed recently. "I sometimes wish people would forget about it and get back to life."

Such a thought would have been unimaginable back in 1929, especially to the three society ladies who conjured the museum into existence.

One of the city's leading collectors of modern works then was an unmarried society leader named Lillie P. Bliss, and she had to keep her Cézannes, Gauguins and Picassos out of sight in an upstairs storeroom, because her mother forbade her to corrupt the walls of their town house with them. In 1929, together with two other collectors, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr. and Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan, Lillie Bliss persuaded a banker named A. Conger Goodyear to head a group to raise money for a museum of modern art. Within three months Goodyear and the ladies had a museum director: a 27-year-old Wellesley teacher named Alfred Barr, who then was teaching the country's first course in modern art.

The choice was so appropriate that it now seems inevitable. "We have one great thing at the museum, and that's Alfred Barr," says architect Philip Johnson, who is a museum trustee. "He has energy, will and evangelistic

STAN MUSIAL AND ROGER MARIS FOUND THEIR BATS ON EXHIBITION.

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fervor, and a sense of history and an eye so young and brilliant he makes sheep out of the rest of us."

Barr, whose Wellesley course incorporated such things as movies and design, arrived on the scene with the present museum virtually a full-blown concept in his own mind, and he even set it down in what is now known as The 1929 Plan. The only major developments he failed to foresee were the publishing division and the establishment in 1953 of a truly permanent collection; the original plan had been that the Museum of Modern Art would gradually feed its masterpieces to the older Metropolitan Museum of Art and concentrate on relatively new work.

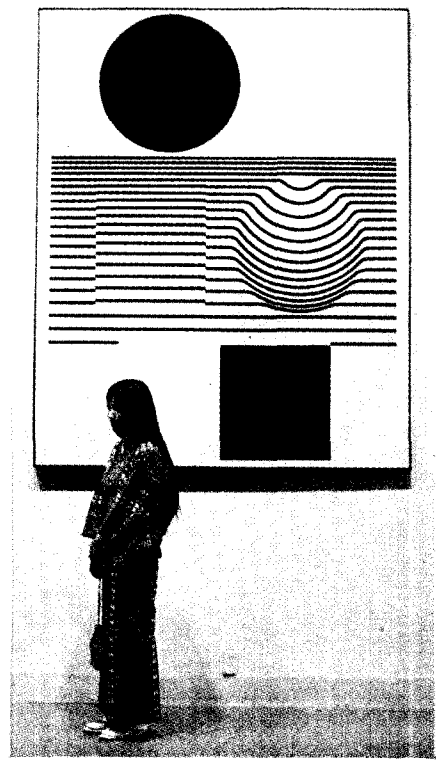
But Barr's schemes often seemed too ambitious to the trustees during the museum's formative years, and he lost a few early battles. He was turned down on a photography show in 1930, and found some trustees reluctant to recognize the movies as art. "I understood their reasons and thought they were very wise," he says. "But I'd urge them, little by little."

Barr is a mild, precise, scholarly looking man, but he has a clear and penetrating eye, and both his father and grandfather were Presbyterian ministers. "I suppose I have a strain of reformism and proselytizing in my blood because of my Scotch Presbyterian ancestry," he says.

The museum opened its doors in a midtown office building at 730 Fifth Avenue on November 7, 1929, and no fledgling enterprise ever had less humble beginnings. The first year's budget was $100,000, and its first show was an exhibition of paintings by Cézanne, van Gogh, Gauguin and Seurat, an all-star lineup which created what one critic called "the event of the century." (The opening proved auspicious for another reason. It was there that Barr met his wife-to-be, art historian Margaret Scolari.) That first show lasted only a few weeks, and later in 1929 the second show, Paintings by 19 Living Americans, was panned as inconsequential, as many of the subsequent Living Americans shows have been. But by the third show, in 1930, the museum was drawing so many visitors it almost failed for succeeding: It was threatened with eviction because some of the building's other tenants complained that museum visitors were monopolizing the elevators.

Surviving this crisis, the museum proceeded to give the first U.S. exhibition of modern architecture in 1932 in a show of what Barr christened the International Style (Mies van der Rohe, Gropius, Le Corbusier and Oud). Then the museum offered the show to other museums, and when a dozen of them put up $1,000 each to share the cost, the first museum traveling-exhibit department was created. The country got its first look at Machine Art in 1933 with a show that offered for appreciation a ship's propeller, a cross section of undersea cable, and a gasoline pump. The Film Library was set up in 1935; the Education Department in 1937; the Photography Department in 1940—and with that, all of Barr's 1929 Plan was in operation.

It may have been too much, too soon; as though determined to prove that success hadn't taken away its spirit, the museum went on a virtual binge of broad-mindedness. In 1942 it put on display a tackily elaborate shoeshine stand which had been decorated, over many years, by a bootblack named Joe Milone. Barr called the stand "jubilant as a circus wagon," but the critics said that Barr was losing his artistic grip. Hard on the heels of the shoeshine stand came a show of crude amateur paintings by a retired Brooklyn slipper manufacturer named Morris Hirshfield, whose subjects all had two left feet. Models for slippers, Hirshfield explained, were always left-footed. That was too much even for some of the Museum's best friends. Goodyear wrote



Vasarely's "Ondho" typifies new "Op" art.

trustee Stephen C. Clark that the show was "perhaps the silliest we have ever had, and that I think is saying a good deal." Two months later Barr was dropped as director, although he remained as an "adviser."

For four years the museum was an

"To be modern, you don't have to be nuts," Dwight Eisenhower once said when confronted with a Fernand Léger like the one at left. At right, Pablo Picasso's "Night Fishing at Antibes."

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'IF IT MAKES YOU SICK, THEN IT'S BOUND TO GET IN.'

MODERN MUSEUM

uncertain, undirected place. Then, in 1947, René d'Harnoncourt was appointed director. D'Harnoncourt is an American citizen who once was entitled to use "count" before his name, is of French-Austrian descent. He stands six-and-a-half feet tall and is a primitive-art expert. D'Harnoncourt immediately brought Barr back from limbo and appointed him director of museum collections. The place has been relatively stable ever since.

But absolute stability is a state that the museum may never achieve. It is populated by ambitious experts whose opinions often clash, and, according to one friend of the museum, "everybody is jockeying for position." Its stability also is continually threatened by physical dangers. In 1958 a fire killed a workman, did $300,000 worth of damage, and destroyed two Monets. And like any museum, it is always prey to thieves. Last year a valuable Pascin sketchbook was stolen, but subsequently recovered. The museum's only other recent theft probably illustrates its progress toward public acceptance. A van Gogh was taken in 1958, but the thief, guilt-ridden, later called to say that he had left it by the front door of the museum. It was found propped against a glass wall, and the repentant thief was never caught.

Perhaps the most hazardous of all is the withering fire the museum has drawn from a constantly changing, and thus bewildering, array of critics. It has been picketed by abstract artists for showing realistic paintings, and by realistic painters for showing abstractions ("The Museum of Modern Nonsense!"). It has had sculptures held up by U.S. Customs on the grounds that they were "building material." Realistic painter Thomas Hart Benton once declared he would sooner see his stuff hung in a saloon than in the museum. Edward Hopper's famous *House by the Railroad* was the first painting acquired by the museum (in 1930), but by 1953 Hopper was leading a group which charged the museum with favoring "mere textural novelty" while showing "irresponsibility, snobbery and ignorance." Although Presidents salute the museum on formal occasions, two of them have expressed less than enthusiastic personal views of modern art. Harry Truman called it "the vaporizings of half-baked, lazy people." Dwight D. Eisenhower, confronted by a Fernand Léger, remarked, "To be modern, you don't have to be nuts."

The museum remains constantly under attack; many old-line artists find today's abstractions inhuman. Three painters whom the museum has bet on in recent years are Mark Rothko, who paints giant, monolithic blocks with cracks of space between them; Barnett Newman, whose canvases of solid color are broken by a thin vertical line; and Ad Reinhardt, who paints the famous "black on black" canvases. "Somebody once said to me," a fellow painter remarked, "that Mark Rothko lowered the blinds, Barney Newman closed the curtains, and Ad Reinhardt turned out the lights."

Intramural jabbing aside, the museum is catching it today on other counts. It is accused of ruling over a court of art consisting of certain ambitious galleries and painters, who have paintings and want to sell, and certain nouveau riche collectors who have money and want social position through association with the museum's elite trustees. The museum's influence on the market is measurable. A few years ago Alfred Barr bought several paintings of targets by an imaginative young painter, Jasper Johns. Johns's reputation skyrocketed, and hasn't come down yet. Measuring the museum's effect on the painters themselves is a more difficult and intriguing job.

"I think the average artist is not venal," Ben Shahn, a realistic painter long on good terms with the museum, said recently. "What he really wants is praise—he wants adjectives. And he's going to look to the meadow that offers the greatest adjectives. A youngster today, seeing Pop Art in the museum, is going to turn to Pop Art unless he's a pretty strong individual, and not many are strong when they're young."

Many of the museum's veterans look back with nostalgia on the nice old days when it was unfashionable. "It was wonderful when it was a nice, small museum, and we all saw each other, and we were pioneers," says Allen Porter, who this month retired as the museum's assistant secretary. "Then suddenly we were famous. I hope the place doesn't get any bigger and lose all its personality."

The Museum of Modern Art is hardly nearing its dotage, however, and it still has not had the influence on American thinking that many on its staff would like. "When you say 'an artist,' at least nine tenths of the American people think of a painter," Alfred Barr said recently. "And that is very sad, because they're affected much more by the other arts than by painting."

Even in the field of painting the museum is still working with evangelistic enthusiasm. One of its happiest manifestations is the Education Department's Art Center, which encourages art appreciation in thousands of New York children and adults a year and is now evangelizing all over the globe. The department's annual Children's Carnival, which features magnetic picture makers and a lazy Susan offering everything from feathers to burlap for the making of collages, now has a permanent counterpart at The Children's Museum in New Delhi. The Indian Carnival drew 6,500 children in its first six weeks.

Herbert Ferber sculpture enlivens the garden.

Some observers actually detect signs that the museum has been getting spryer recently. "I've always felt that the museum was a mere fifteen years behind its time, as opposed to most museums, which are thirty-five years behind the time," says Ivan Chermayeff, who designed the five brightly colored banners that now fly above the museum's entrance. "And now it's closing the gap even more. They have a much livelier and less academic view in everything."

It is undoubtedly the museum's mixture of rashness and care that has made it so successful, and the mixture often seems dazzlingly eccentric. One of the current shows, by a free-lance art expert named Bernard Rudofsky, is called Architecture Without Architects, and features "primitive" dwellings, all the way from the huts of nomads to complex hill towns. Rudofsky first proposed it in 1941. Recently Pop-painter Andy Warhol, at the museum's request, submitted part of a movie he had made called *The Longest Kiss*, which consisted solely of an epoch smooch that lasted two hours. After watching a 15-minute condensation, the museum curators rejected it. "They kept saying, 'Send us movies, send us anything,'" Warhol says. "And when I did, they were shocked."

Then there is *The Responsive Eye*, which the museum has been working on for more than a year. Defining the criteria for acceptance, a museum staffer said, "If it makes you almost sick to your stomach, it's bound to get in." Four years ago curator Peter Selz put on the famous *Homage to New York*, a noisy, complicated contraption by a Swiss named Jean Tinguely, which

The family circle at the museum includes the 1962 Marisol group on left and, right, "American Miner's Family" (1931) by Minna Harkavy.

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played records, shot off fireworks, and finally destroyed itself in the museum's garden while an invited audience and New York firemen looked on. "It was a marvelous, marvelous event," Selz says.

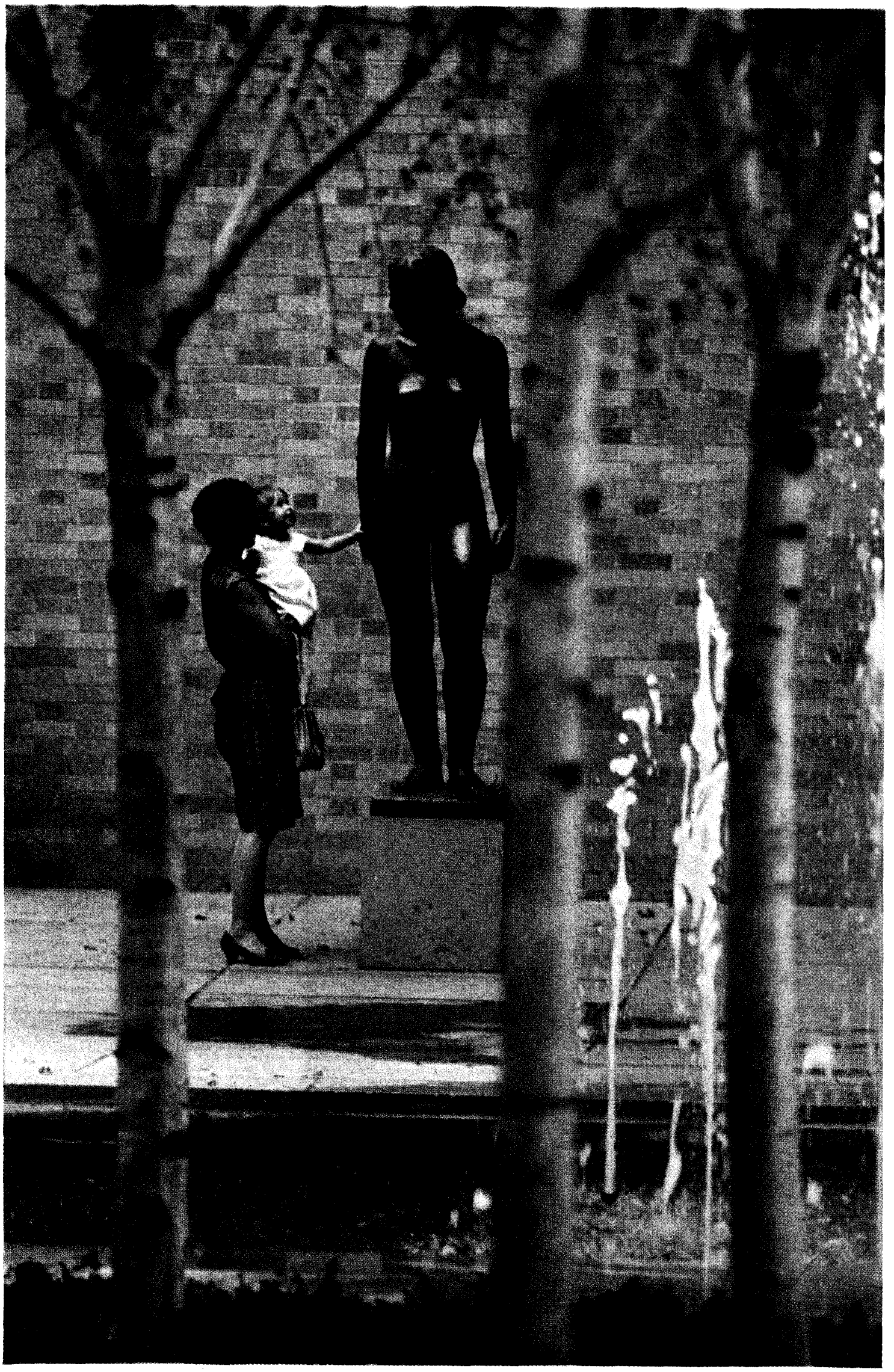
Perspective on the museum will be easier to get because of its new wing, which has doubled its exhibition space. The Departments of Drawings and Prints, Photography, and Architecture and Design now have permanent exhibition room for the first time. In the past it has been easy for the public to shrug off the museum's showings of loudspeakers and propellers as temporary eccentricities. "But if they see a propeller in the permanent collection," says curator J. Wilder Green, coordinator of exhibition programs, "they're going to have to say, 'They may be nuts, but they *mean* it.'"

For perspective on the relationship between the museum and the public itself, there is no better authority than Alfred Barr, whose farsighted plans have brought a public reaction which surprises even him.

"What interests me about our museum, in its social and economic structure," Barr said one day last month, "is that first we have on our board half the names associated with very great wealth. Whitney. Ford. We have two Rockefellers. Under that are 3,000 people who give us $50 a year. Under that are around 30,000 who are minimum members, at $18 to $22 a year. And then under that are student members, and under that are the people who pay a dollar for admission. The museum earns roughly two thirds of its income from the sale of books, admissions and memberships. I don't know of any museum that can match this support at all economic levels, and none of us in 1929 had any intimation that this would happen."

During the coming year, Lillie Bliss's paintings, which went to the museum at her death in 1931, will be seen by nearly a million people. And Lillie's painters, whom the cognoscenti once sneaked in to see, have become so established they are almost old hat. Recently, a precociously hip eight-year-old stood in the lobby and surveyed a Picasso sculpture called *She Goat*. "That's not bad," he said to a chic woman with him. "But it's still not *modern* art, Grandma."

But the clearest measure of the museum's achievement and its remaining challenge probably comes from Abe Chanin, a lecturer at the museum, who has been explaining art to the public for 18 years. "People are much less hostile now," Chanin said recently, after a lecture on Jackson Pollock's *No. 1, 1948*. "A lot of them still don't understand Pollock, and Mondrian's *Broadway Boogie Woogie* is always good for an argument. On the other hand, Picasso's *Guernica* used to infuriate people, and now it's accepted as a classic. And there's another sure way you can tell their opinions have changed. People used to tell me that their five-year-old child could do as well. Now," he concluded happily, "it's gone up to seven or eight." □



Sizable portion of museum patrons visit its garden to lunch, flirt, relax or just touch giant pieces like Charles Despiau's "Assia."

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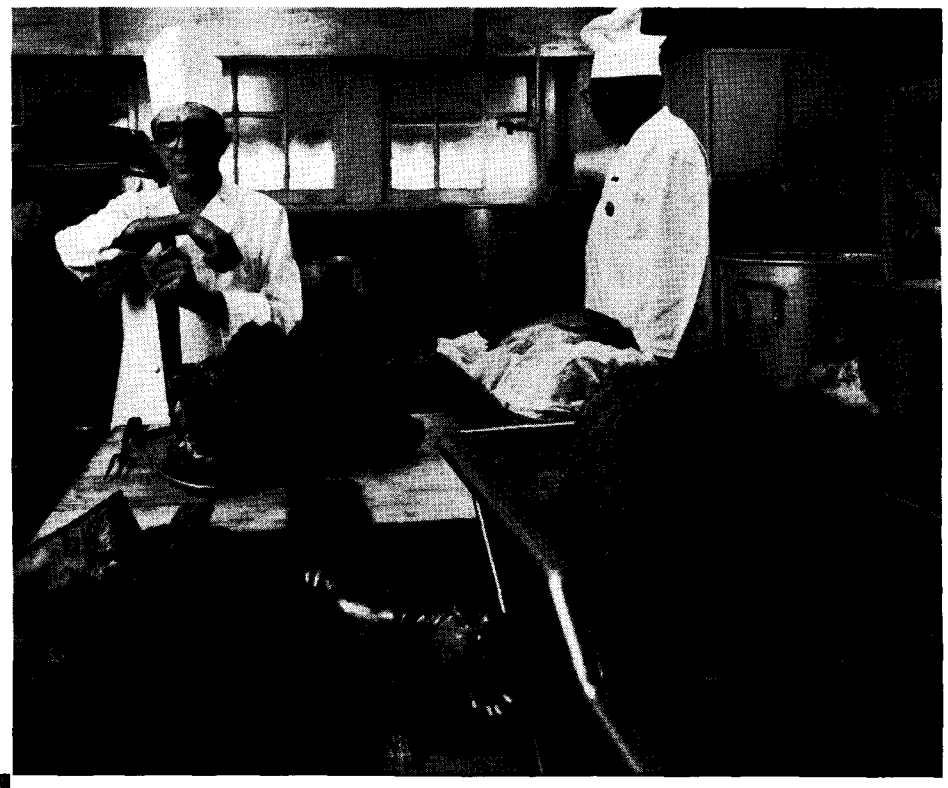
FILET OF HIPPO, ANYONE?

Most people visit Washington's National Zoo to see exotic animals. But the Anteaters come to eat them—it's like a cook's tour of Noah's ark.

A man who has seen and basted everything, chef Russell Deremer confronts hippopotamus.



Manager L. Gordon Leech of the National Zoo restaurant is toasted by guests at Anteater lunch. He scouts the world for rare edibles.

By ANNE CHAMBERLIN

The harassed parent who leaves his lukewarm hot dog to mop the chocolate ice cream off his children's shoes at the restaurant of the National Zoo in Washington, D.C., seldom realizes that he is occupying the headquarters of the nation's most intrepid gastronomic society.

Only a dedicated zoo-restaurant regular is aware that on Tuesday and Wednesday for five successive weeks in the late fall the premises are closed to the public, and this chrome-trimmed hall, with its classic fare of Jell-O, Saran-wrapped cakes and pale coffee in thick-lipped cups, is transformed into a steaming offshoot of the African bush. Here a zinc-lined band of men and women known as the Anteaters Association gather at lunch to nibble on such wild game oddments as *filet* of elephant, roast eland (the giant East African antelope "which can defeat a lion in fair combat"), shoulder of zebu (a relative of the Indian sacred cow), sirloin tips of Scottish stag, Guatemalan iguana, to say nothing of rattlesnake meat (said to taste like salmon) and kangaroo (said to taste like kangaroo).

So exotic are the Anteaters' eating habits that when their 15th-anniversary menu listed such prankish items as Crocodile Tears, Cream of Scorpion Soup and Baby-Ape Liver dusted with Powdered Gazelle, not all the members were able to distinguish it from the serious side of the card.

This fall the Anteaters celebrated their 20th year in action by consuming, at successive luncheons, a roast two-ton hippopotamus from Africa, 1,000 whole chukar partridges from Pakistan, 1,200 North Atlantic harp-seal flippers from Prince Edward Island, one braised Canada moose and 1,400 whole young pheasant, a perennial Anteater favorite. Each *pièce de résistance* is set off by appropriate *hors d'oeuvres* and accompaniments, so that this year's opening lunch, which starred Braised Young Kenya Hippopotamus, began with *Paté-de-Hippo*, tidbits of elephant, elk, moose and reindeer, and Hippo Soup Rudolf. The thick slices of hippo in the main course nestled on a crowded plate next to Baked Yams Nakuru, Beans Kitale and Bush Salad. As a guest at this meeting, I can report that *Paté-de-Hippo* is a subtle and delicate version of chopped chicken liver, while sliced haunch of hippo bears an interesting resemblance to stewed leather briefcase.

To appreciate why the National Zoo Park Restaurant became the setting for all this, one has only to note its pivotal location midway between the duck pond, the lion house and the first-aid station, or to linger in Kiplingesque reverie before an open fire in its back room. Even when it is not occupied by Anteaters, the room somehow smacks of jungle and veld. Perhaps it is the antler-style clothes trees in the corners, where the park police hang their jackets when they stop by for lunch. Or perhaps it is the embossed linoleum mural by Domenico Mortellito, which covers all four walls (except the doorways leading to two subsidiary salons called the "Duck Blind" and the "Lions' Den"). The mural shows Noah, draped in scarlet robes, about to board an ark, which looks like a cross between Onassis's yacht and an LST. Around the walls, two by two, the giraffes, monkeys, zebras, penguins and all the rest are either marching in his wake, swinging from trees or lounging in their lairs, preparing themselves mentally for the journey. Peering through a porthole of what seems to be the promenade-deck smoking saloon of the ark is the frail and wraithlike form of that forgotten heroine, Mrs. Noah. It is a splendid mural. As Mr. L. (for Llewellyn) Gordon Leech, manager of the zoo restaurant for the past 26 years, says, "Art classes come to see it." It can only be washed with soft sponges and Ivory soap under the fretful supervision of the artist.

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HIPPO, ANYONE?

The room derives an added cachet from the fine big fireplace located just under Noah's sandaled feet. On a fall day 20 years ago the late Dr. William M. Mann, who was for many years director of the National Zoo and is still affectionately referred to in zoo circles as Mr. Zoo, was sitting with some friends before a crackling fire. One of them remarked that it was just the kind of day to eat a haunch of buffalo. Mr. Zoo quickly scented a dangerous trend of thought. "Not out of my zoo," he said. "I've got them counted." But Mr. Leech had his restaurateur's pride to uphold. He announced that if a buffalo haunch turned up in the zoo restaurant kitchen, chef Russell Deremer would be glad to cook it.

The men who meet around the fire of the Ark Room do not take challenges lightly, and it wasn't long before a Railway Express truck backed up to the zoo kitchen and unloaded a 1,000-pound buffalo, hoofs, fur and all, packed in dry ice in a coffinlike container, C.O.D. ($135, plus $55 in freight charges). One of the men who had heard the buffalo-haunch discussion had discovered that the Fish and Wildlife people in Oklahoma were thinning out a buffalo herd.

"We've got to eat this damn thing," Mr. Leech announced. "I've got my money in it." And Chef Deremer rose to the first of what were to be many odd culinary occasions. "I remember," he recalls now, "when that big truck backs up to the kitchen and unloads that big animal. I'd never skinned a buffalo."

Mr. Deremer attacked the problem in a spirit any operating-room team could admire. "We just got some knives, and if you have a general knowledge of where things are, it works out all right." (This surgical *sang-froid* was later to stand him in good stead when he had to dismember a complete, extremely hirsute grizzly bear. "You'd be surprised how small a bear is after you get the fat off.")

Chef Deremer's barbecued buffalo and the resulting party were such a dazzling success, and such are the folkways of Washington, that Mr. Leech and his zoo restaurant found they had a permanent fixture on their hands. There is no firm version of where the name Anteaters came from. One school relates it to the fact that Mr. Zoo was a renowned ant specialist who catalogued 117,000 ants and named his autobiography *Anthill Odyssey*. Mr. Leech just claims that the anteater is "the most offensive-looking thing in the world." It is, he explains inscrutably, "the one thing in all the animal kingdom that is least likely to be eaten."

In 20 years 5,400 certified Anteaters have rallied to the association's banner, which, if there were one, would display the association seal, a Burgundy-red anteater rampant on a field of beige. To this day the association has no officers because, as Mr. Leech explains, "Officers mean politicking, and we've got enough of that in this town as it is." There are no committees ("That means meetings and gives people ulcers") and no dues—just a charge of $7.50 a plate for the luncheons. The association's destiny is guided by a small steering committee whose names are not known, and Mr. Leech reasons that since there have been no complaints, there is no need to make any changes.

The Anteater carries a card which certifies membership and mentions, as they ought to at the U.N., that "right is reserved to refuse service to the holder of this certificate or anyone else where the best interest of the Organization is affected." Every member must be nominated by another member. "You can't just call up and say you want to be an Anteater," Mr. Leech says. Once you've been sponsored, it goes through channels—not that anyone knows what channels—and in due course you get a card and a number.

No members of the Cabinet have achieved Anteater status, and there are no Anteaters in the Senate, possibly due to a firm Anteater policy against speeches, but there are several Anteater Congressmen and two Supreme Court Justices (Clark and Douglas). Other Anteaters have included Fran of Kukla, Fran and Ollie, Gene Tunney, George Meany, Gen. Curtis LeMay, professional baseball players, the owner of the Arcade Sunshine Cleaners, the owner of an advertising agency, a restaurant owner ("It's nice to have a fellow restaurateur," Mr. Leech says), the Danish ambassador and several gentlemen described as "the guys who set up the Inaugural Committee for President Eisenhower." As Mr. Leech likes to point out, "I never attempt to build the membership for prestige."

Prestige or not, the association has served American literature on at least two occasions. Novelist James M. Cain once came to an Anteater lunch to eat bear. A character in his novel *Mignon*, which he was working on at the time, was about to eat one, and Mr. Cain wanted to find out for himself how it would taste. Although he later decided to drop the episode from his book, he reports that the bear tasted fine. Readers who reach page 51 of Frances Parkinson Keyes's latest novel, *The Explorer*, will discover that the hero dazzles his fiancée by taking her to an Anteaters meeting. ("'Where are these luncheons held?' Margaret asked, with visibly increasing uneasiness. . . .")

No jungle hunter pursues his prey with the stealth and cunning that Mr. Leech brings to stalking the game served at Anteater luncheons. Take the case of the kangaroo soup. It seems that some years ago, possibly to demonstrate that the sun never sets on British cooking, the chef of the *Queen Mary* decreed there would be kangaroo soup on the menu every day. It takes a lot of kangaroos to make good on a promise like that, and in due course a hundred head of kangaroo, deceased, were shipped to New York. A hundred dead kangaroos are not the kind of thing that escapes the finely tuned radar of the head Anteater. "I moved in on him," Mr. Leech says, in the tone Commodore Vanderbilt might have applied to the capture of the New York Central, "and got ten."

Occasionally a traveling Anteater will contribute esoterica to one of the yearly menus. One member just back from Africa hoped to send in a "surprise delicacy," but found it couldn't be shipped out of the country. Some wits assert that the dish he had in mind was the wife of the chief of a dissident tribal splinter group and that she got away.

Finding a good recipe for something like *filet* of hippo can be almost as complicated as bagging the beast. This season's seal flippers, an Anteater first, were particularly challenging. Mr. Leech contacted the Canadian Embassy in Washington and received a courtly reply from the somewhat startled assistant commercial secretary, enclosing one recipe from the Department of Fisheries and another from the regional officer in St. John's, Newfoundland, and closing with a heartfelt "*bon appétit*." But neither recipe had been kitchen-tested. The Department of Fisheries said not to parboil the flippers, and the regional officer of St. John's said by all means parboil them. "They're not too close to the situation," Mr. Leech concluded, "so we're going to use our own recipe."

"Anyone I know?"

The Leech method is to have a dry run, tested by the secret steering committee. "We've had two or three gourmets in on this flipper thing," Mr. Leech reports. "We've cooked them three ways—and the main thing to do is get rid of the fat. All those northern animals have a lot of fat, and some of that fat gives you a bad flavor." (Or, as a committee member put it, "Anything that *smells* that bad has got to *taste* bad.") Mr. Leech says, "The chef has some ideas that we develop in our own minds. It's what we do instead of golf."

For the benefit of those without a kitchen-tested recipe for seal flippers, Mr. Leech kindly loaned us his.

FLIPPER PIE SUPREME

Clean flippers well. Place in shallow pan and sprinkle lavishly with salt. Pour over 1 cup vinegar per 6 flippers. Cover completely in boiling water. Let stand for 1 hour, then dry flippers well. Peel and slice 12 onions. Open 1 large can of tomatoes. Season 1 cup flour on wax paper. Render 12 strips fatback pork in baking dish. Roll flippers in flour. Line up in pan. Alternate layers of onions. Pour over rest of flour and onions. Pour over tomatoes. Bake at 450 degrees about 1½ hours. Add water occasionally and uncover last 30 minutes. Top with pastry, bake and serve.

Mr. Leech has accumulated a reputation as a man who can cook anything, and is often called by distraught housewives whose husbands have gone out in the woods and shot something and want the little lady to cook it. These emergencies have, as Mr. Leech describes it, concerned "everything from coots to buffalo." A coot is a ducklike bird of the rail family, and Mr. Leech's advice about it was succinct: "Lady, if you've got a garbage can, that's the place for the coots. They're filthy birds, and there's not an ounce of eating meat on them. Why don't you put one over on your husband? Go and buy a couple of ducks and say nothing." She did, and that marriage was saved.

Neither buffalo nor elephant nor gloom of night has rattled the poise of Chef Deremer, who has cooked every Anteater lunch since they began. He did pale briefly before the first hippopotamus, and he has strong memories of the first elephant. "It was cut into huge pieces, and I couldn't tell what they were. Finding out where to cut is the big problem. I knew what size piece we could handle, but these were in 100-pound pieces or better. I went ahead and handled it like an ordinary roast. It was too big to marinate. I just used red wine to baste it."

While Anteaters usually wipe their plates clean, there was a lot of sturgeon left over one year, because the members didn't think it was unusual enough. On another occasion the chef nearly foundered over a big elk. "He looked," Mr. Deremer recalls, "like a great big mule." Unfortunately the resemblance did not stop with appearance.

But everyone considers such contretemps a small price to pay for many warm digestive memories and for the higher purposes of wild-game gastronomy which the Anteaters selflessly serve. And as they march steadfastly forward, to the stately cadence of muffled burps, Anteaters take pride in remembering that no member has succumbed in action, and not once in the history of the association has anyone had to ask if there was a doctor in the house. □

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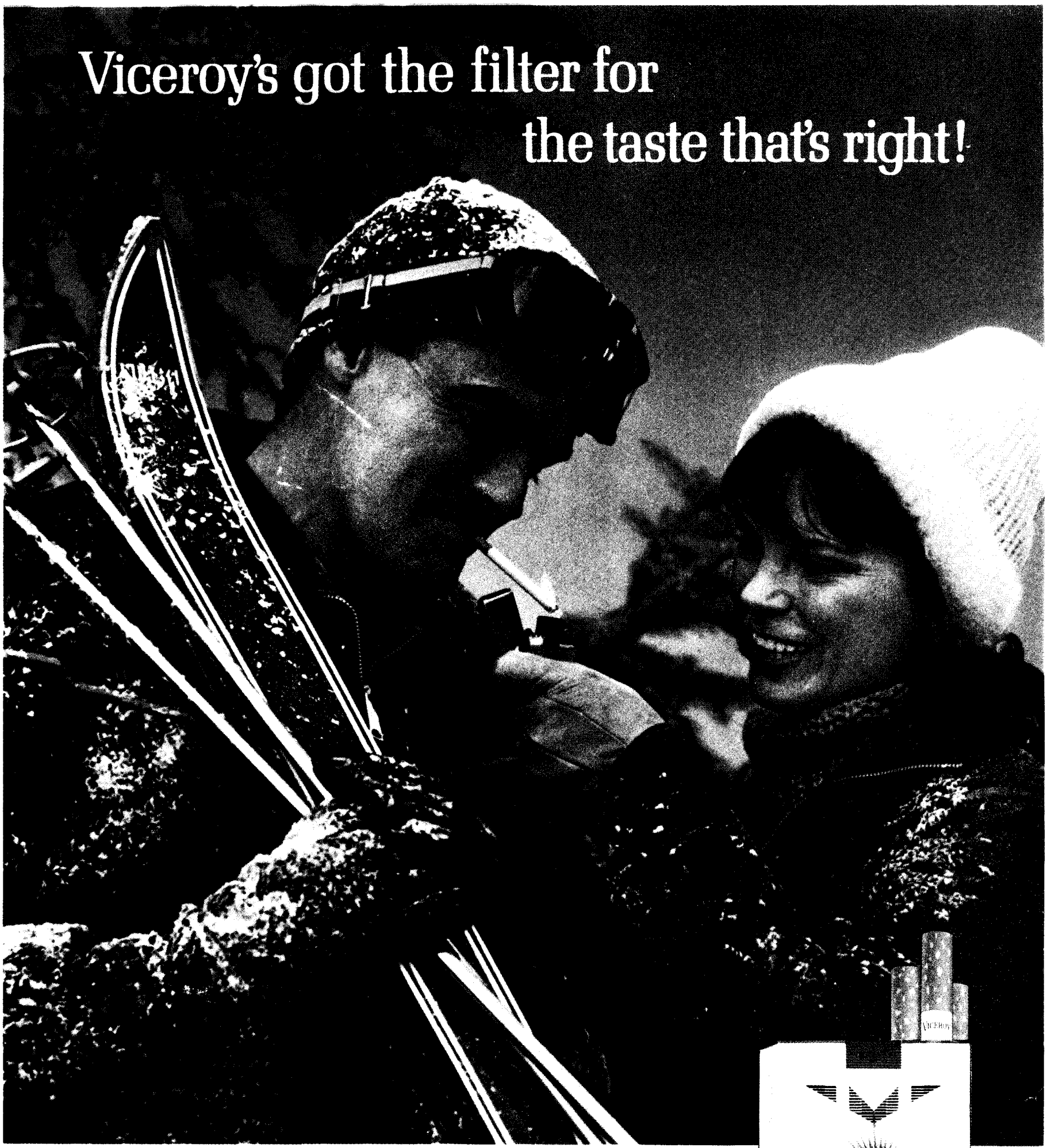

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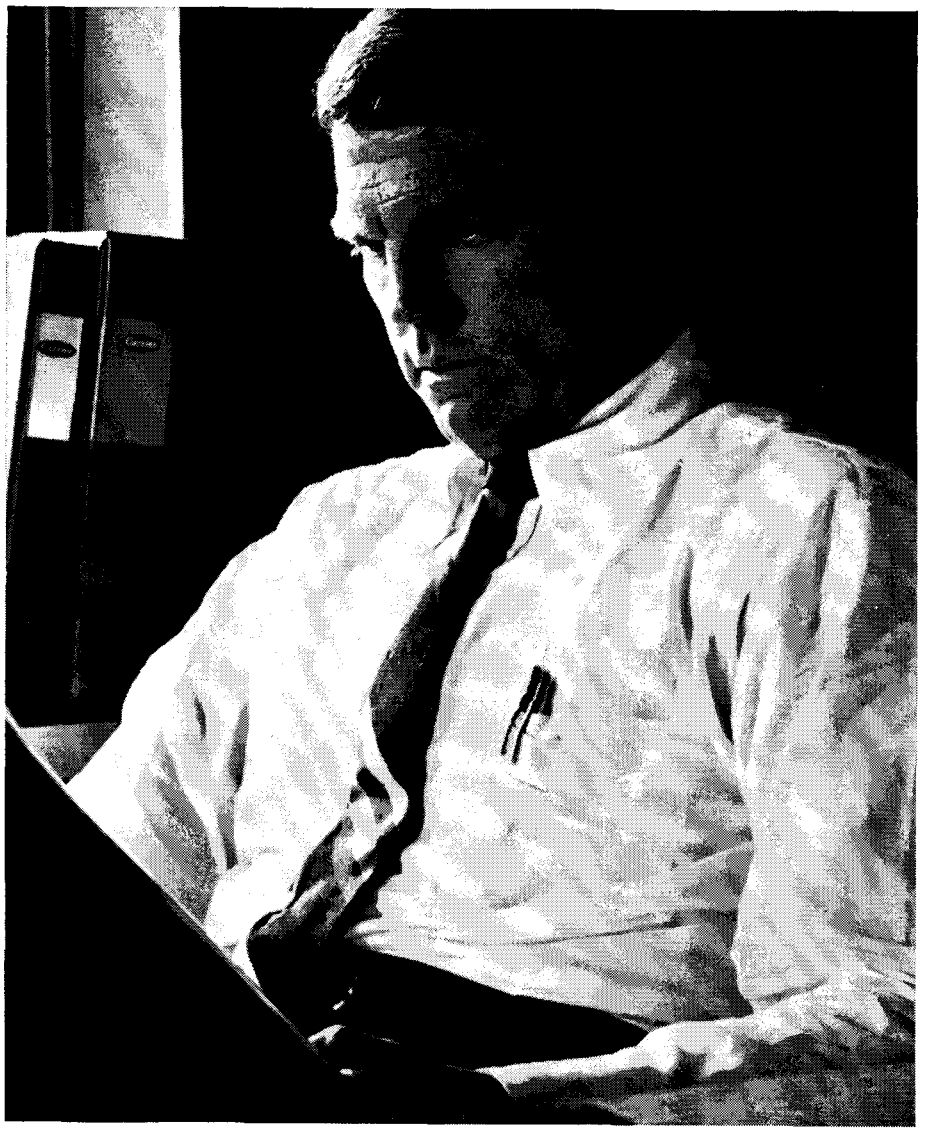

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The masquerade of a counterfeit doctor

For seven years he haunted medical schools and hospitals, surreptitiously acquiring a medical education—but never a diploma. Except for a bad break, he might still be practicing medicine.

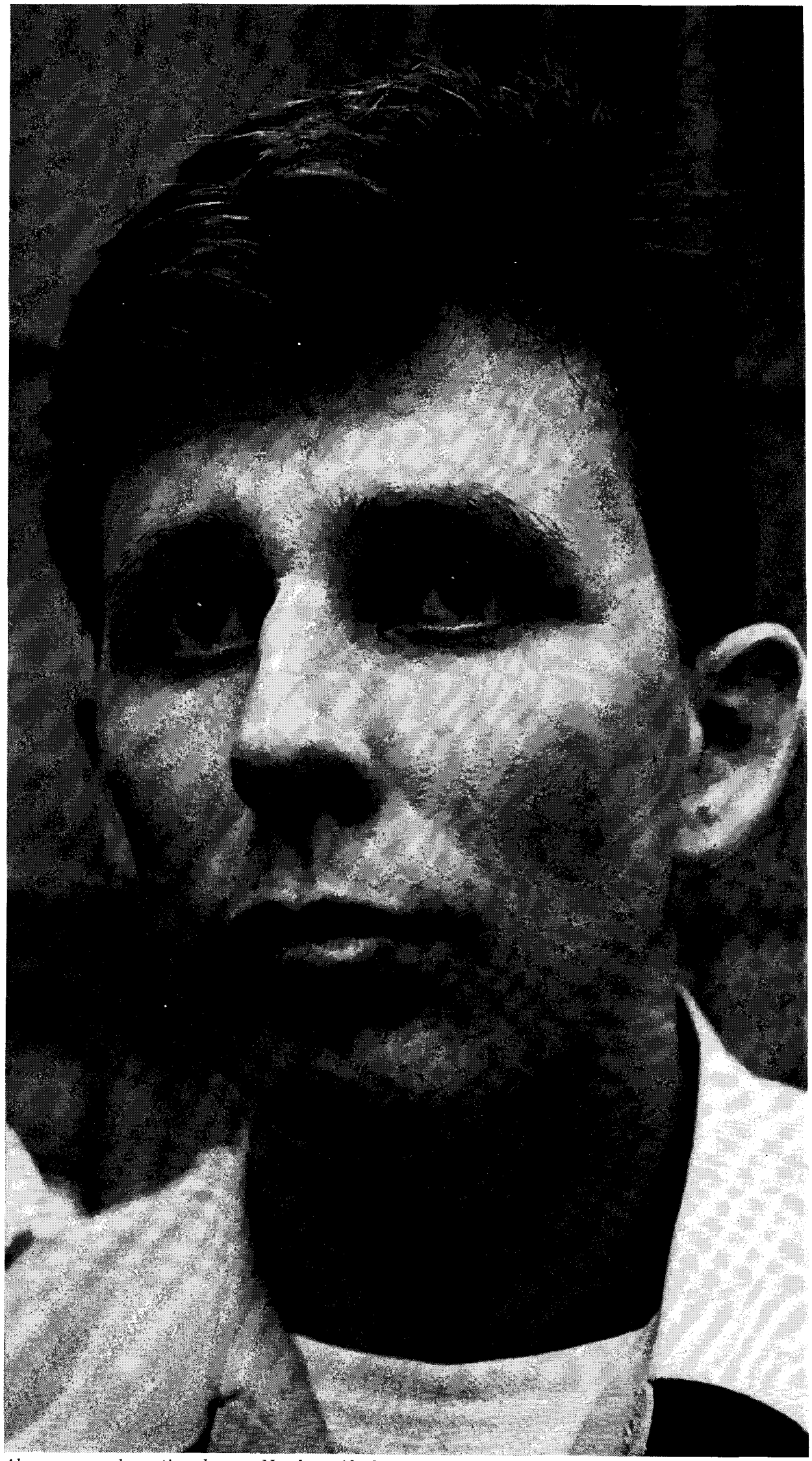
By Bard Lindeman

The elevator doors slid open and tall, boyish-looking Thomas M. Novak stepped out onto the fifth floor of Detroit police headquarters with his pretty wife Pat, eight months pregnant with their third child, holding onto his arm. Together they began to push slowly through the crowd of reporters, photographers and television newsmen most of whom were now shouting questions: "Did you know all along you'd be caught, Novak?" "Hey, can we get a shot of you two kissing?" "Will you stand by your husband, Mrs. Novak?"

Ashamed, confused and suddenly angered, Novak looked up and said sharply, "My God, you'd think I was John Dillinger."

There were, at this moment, some people in Michigan who believed that Novak was indeed a Public Enemy, but there were more who knew the soft-spoken, 29-year-old man as their family doctor. For four years they had trusted him with the care of their children or

Until his arrest, Novak's wife thought he was a doctor.



Always poor and sometimes hungry, Novak sacrificed every pleasure and even his health to study medicine.

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'The phone would ring and I'd grab my black bag. My wife thought I wanted to cure the whole world.'

their elderly parents. Then, on September 2, 1964, "Doctor Tom" was exposed as a skillful masquerader, a man who had no license to practice medicine.

The unmasking of the "do-it-yourself physican" sent the medical world into a small panic. Michigan Attorney General Frank J. Kelly declared, "The shocking and incredible Novak case is the most fantastic incidence of deception in Michigan's history."

Tom Novak believes there was "something in my genes or cells which dictated I be a doctor." As a boy, he remembers how he was fascinated by the world of medicine. He recalls listening with his mother to the radio serial, *Doctor Christian*. He remembers when he had mumps, because it was the only call a doctor ever made at the Novak home, and for Tom this was an event.

"I lay on this old brown davenport," Tom said, "and I was so sick I thought I was going to die. Dr. Sydney Wittenberg, I even remember his name, gave me some medicine. I remember thinking what a great thing he'd done, coming to the house and curing me."

Tom's father, Michael, a thick-bodied, taciturn man, grew up on a northern Michigan farm and remembers nights when there were only potatoes for dinner. He has worked a six-day week in one of the Detroit auto plants as long as Tom can remember. His mother, who is 56 years old, still puts in a 40-hour week at a large bakery. Tom himself had the largest paper route in Detroit before he was 12.

"My family worked hard and we were always saving," said Tom. "We had a coffee cup for loose change and everything else went right in the bank."

In this environment, Tom's dream of becoming a doctor went unattended and died. He claims there was never any thought or talk of his going to college, and so in high school he "goofed off," using his savings to become the sharpest dresser in his crowd, a sport in pegged pants and colored vests. He also smoked, sneaked beer, discovered girls and graduated 229th in a class of 240 from Chadsey High School.

After his 18th birthday, on July 29, 1953, Tom followed his father into the auto factory, where he was encouraged to become a sponsored student to the General Motors Institute. He rejected the idea, saying, "This was life's big deal, to come back an engineer and walk around the plant in a white shirt. The whole thing left me numb."

Tom figured that if it was possible to go to college at all, he was going to study what he wanted, medicine; so he told his father that he was going to Ann Arbor to "look over" the University of Michigan. But at the registrar's office, he was turned away because he had no high-school credits in chemistry, algebra or Latin.

"I walked the campus for hours after that," Tom remembers, "telling myself what a dummy I was to waste those high-school years and to spend my savings foolishly. Then I began to wonder what would happen if I just stayed there at the university. It was worth a try to see whether I could get away with it."

There were 17,000 students at Michigan that fall, and Tom Novak, dressed in scuffed white bucks, khaki pants and a suit coat worn over a button-down white shirt, appeared to be just another undergraduate instead of a poacher who, as he put it, "phantomed around the campus." He charted the tough premed schedule, bought all the books second-hand and eagerly did the reading. He slipped into large classrooms and sat off to one side, taking in the lectures. "I tried to blend in," he explained, "to be inconspicuous."

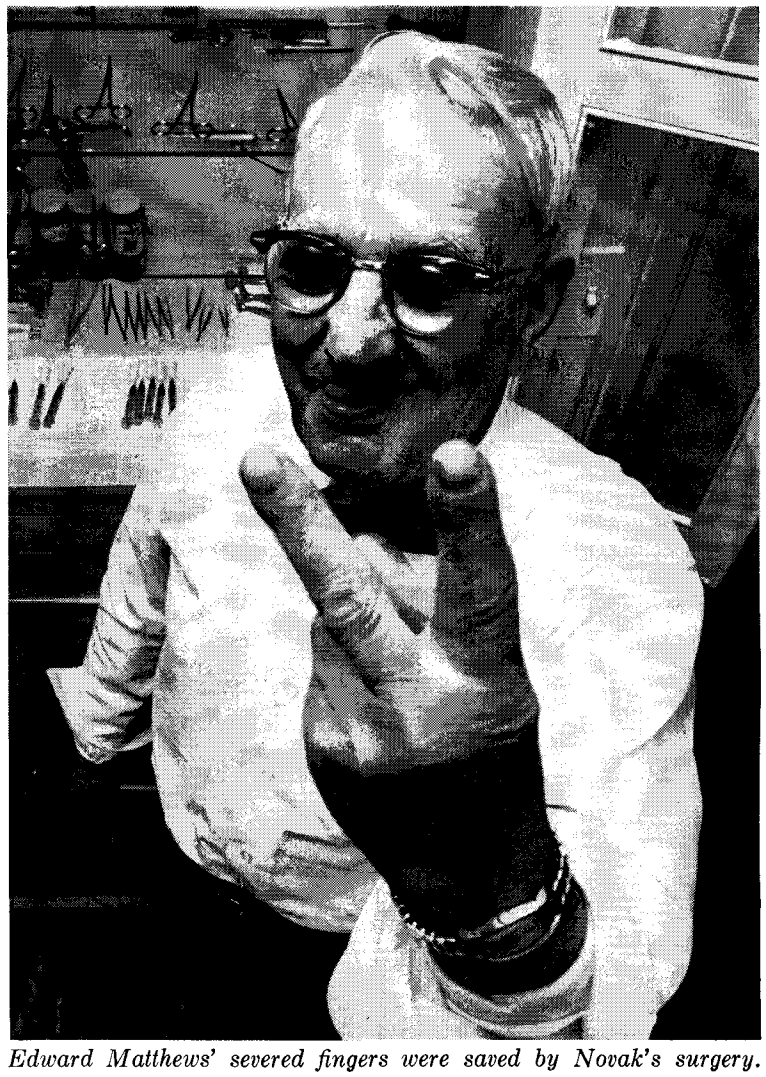
At noontime, while everyone else was at lunch, Tom lurked around the labs, either completing the assigned experiment then and there or taking the frog or salamander or whatever back to his seven-dollar-a-week room on South State Street, where he could work at his own pace.

As weeks passed, Tom grew more comfortable in his role of student masquerader. He satisfied his proud, naïve parents by telling them he had won a full scholarship. He mailed home bogus report cards to prove he was doing well. His campus friends, meanwhile, looked on him as a loner but a good student, the typical premed type—always carrying Gray's *Anatomy* and quoting from it at the slightest provocation.

His best friend at Michigan was John Coxeter, an English major from a small Indiana town and now a newspaperman with the South Bend *Tribune*. "We had a strong bond; we were poor together," Coxeter remembers. "We could afford only one meal a day, a greasy 47-cent double hamburger called a 'blimpeyburger.' We washed them down with a quart of milk and that was our dinner."

Tom was living on what he earned each summer. After he paid his weekly rent, he had $10 left to cover all other expenses. But by skilled budgeting and considerable self-denial, he was able to

Mrs. Rita Lane and her children, Melanie, 7, and Bobby, 8, were all satisfied patients.



Edward Matthews' severed fingers were saved by Novak's surgery.

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buy a secondhand stethoscope and a long-playing record of the normal and abnormal heart sounds. He practiced by listening to his own heart go lub-dub, lub-dub and compared the sound with those on the record, playing it over and over.

Tom believed he could keep up with the bona fide premedical students by working longer and harder than they did. He determined to spend every possible minute in learning. When he wasn't in class or reading or in a lab he prowled the big, 1,200-bed University of Michigan Hospital. Casually but correctly dressed in the white lab coat of an intern, the familiar stethoscope jammed into one of his patch pockets, he moved briskly along the busy corridors. One morning he heard a nurse calling, "Doctor, doctor." She held the arm of a woman visitor who seemed about to faint, and she asked Tom, "Would you check her?" Tom quickly had the woman sit, put her head down and take deep breaths.

It was the first time he was called "Doctor," and he liked the sound. He tells the story now with pride and asks, "Why should anyone suspect me? I knew what I was doing and I was the young-doctor image."

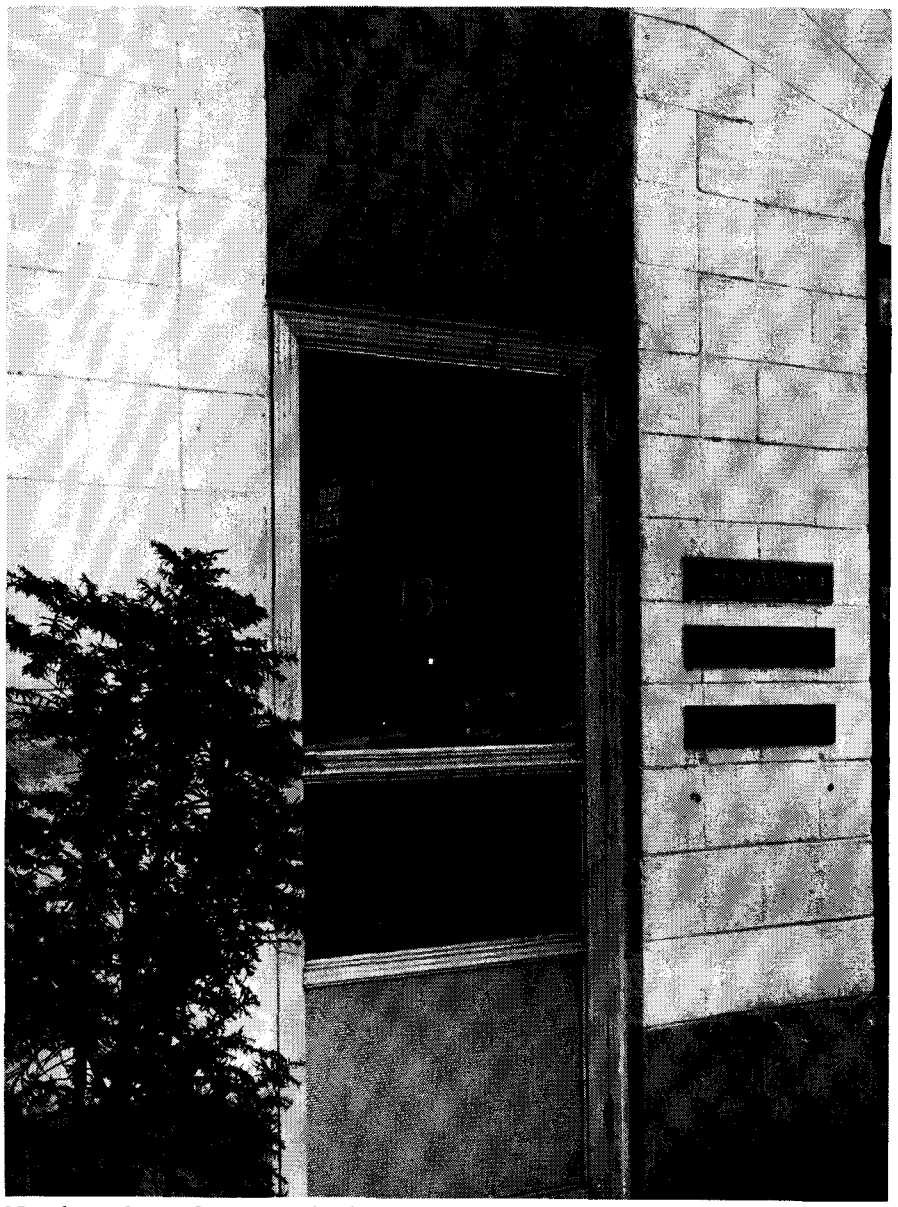
Following this early triumph, Tom treated the hospital pretty much as though it were his own. He took his girl friend and brother on Sunday afternoon tours, he played pool in the interns' lounge and attended lab classes, adding, "As long as you weren't one of those antivivisection zealots, the professors never cared who you were."

Tom spent three years at Michigan, completing his equivalent of premed. In the summer of 1956 he went home to Detroit and married Pat Mazur, a 17-year-old Polish girl who was mature and resourceful, but knew nothing of his deception. That fall the couple moved to Baltimore, where Pat supported them by working in the telephone company and Tom "phantomed" around Johns Hopkins University medical school.

As a teaching hospital, Johns Hopkins was ideal for Novak. There was always some place he could go and learn through observation. He haunted the 13 operating rooms, where he says he watched major surgery from the floor, and spent many hours in the pathology lab. Here he saw what cancer was like, what a plugged coronary artery or a constricted heart valve looked like, and he returned again and again, drawn by the experience of learning.

In complete sincerity, Novak explained that after studying the medical-school catalogues, he chose Johns Hopkins because, "they gave the student all the experience he could handle, and I liked that." If Tom had his way, he would have spent four years there, but when Pat became pregnant that spring and had to quit work, they reluctantly went home to Detroit, where her parents volunteered to pay the rent on a four-room brick house.

Tom looked upon the move as just one more time in his life when he didn't have money enough to do as he wanted. "I don't think I ever resented being poor," he said, "but I knew it was uncomfortable, and I suppose I determined to do something about it."

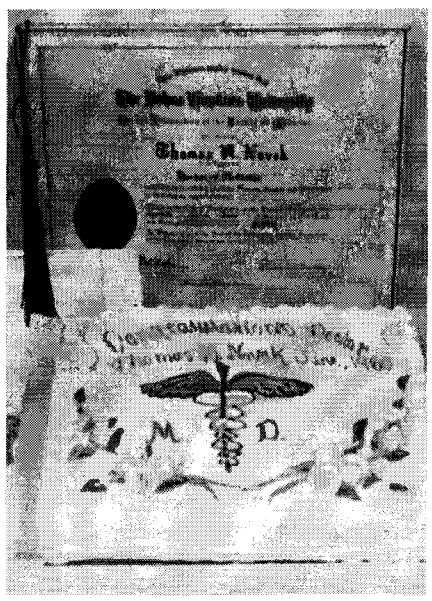


Novak conducted busy practice in this one-story building he shared with a dentist.

Novak during his medical-school days.

At Michigan, Tom remembers, everyone had more money than he did, notably the boy whose father owned a private hospital. His friend, John Coxeter, recalled that Tom "couldn't wait to get out of school and make it big; he wanted to be a doctor, but he was after the loot too."

Back in Detroit, Tom picked up his study routines at Wayne State University medical school and in Receiving Hospital, a busy city hospital affiliated with the local medical school. He continued to keep his secret from his wife and family for the next three years, mailing himself reports to vouch for his satisfactory progress. But the hardships consistently nagged at him, and he often was despondent, almost to the point of quitting. The feeling that someday he must be found out never stopped bothering him. "Some nights I'd lie there in a cold sweat, unable to sleep," he recalled. "I'd torture myself, wondering what would happen when I was caught. But I wouldn't—I couldn't—quit. I convinced myself that I wasn't doing wrong, and that if you were a good doctor, there was no reason to be caught."



After his "graduation" Novak exhibited phony diploma at a family celebration.

Ironically, Novak's most trying hour as a university masquerader came at the graduation exercises. On a warm night in June, 1960, he fell into line with the Wayne State school-of-medicine students as they marched into the huge State Fair Coliseum. "Right away, I started to get clutched," he said. "I had this terrible feeling there wouldn't be enough seats, and that I'd be left standing, or they would call out the individual names and mine couldn't possibly be called."

The ceremony, however, went smoothly. There were chairs for everyone, and when finally the dean announced, "I confer upon you the degree of doctor of medicine and all the rights and privileges therewith," Novak and his classmates paraded proudly across the stage to receive dummy diplomas, the real ones to be mailed later to everyone but Novak.

Tom truly felt he was now ready to practice medicine and, in fact, he already was attending some patients. Neighborhood people, some of whom remembered him as their former newsboy, brought their children, or asked him to stop in on a bedridden grandmother. For the next year, Doctor Tom "interned" out of the basement of his home but claimed to be at Henry Ford Hospital, "because that was a status symbol and impressed people."

In the spring he found a practice for sale after a doctor had died. Luckily it was only six blocks from his home, in a one-story medical-and-dental building just off the busy intersection of Wyoming and Schoolcraft avenues. Tom borrowed $2,000 for a down payment and contracted to pay $269 a month to a total of $19,000. Two months before his 26th birthday, "Thomas M. Novak, M.D.," riveted his tasteful but good-sized brass shingle over those of his co-tenant in the building, Dr. Edward Pierce, a dentist, and Novak's predecessor, the late Dr. Edgar A. Bicknell. Then he sat back and waited for the first patients to appear.

Less than a week after the office was opened, a ramrod-straight old man was rushed in with two fingers mutilated by a power saw. The tips of the fingers

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'I don't expect anyone will understand why I did it. I did it really because for those four years I was a doctor.'

hung by slender tissue, and Novak used 38 stitches to sew up the hand. While he worked, he explained that the wound might not heal properly because of the man's age, but the thick and callused old fingers knit perfectly. Pat Novak often saw the man, Edward Matthews, a 74-year-old retired electrician, around her supermarket after that. She said, "He'd yell across the aisle and hold up the two fingers in the victory sign and say, 'There they are, good as new!'"

Shortly after Tom moved in, Doctor Pierce, the dentist in the adjoining office, complained that he felt tired most of the time. Tom diagnosed his condition as anemia and then discovered a bleeding ulcer, which he treated, checking the loss of blood.

The patients had come slowly at first, but now that Tom was tested (Doctor Pierce was boosting his reputation in the neighborhood), they came in a stream—and they left the office singing his praises: "He's cheerful . . . He's so young . . . You can always get him to come . . . He makes you feel better just with his talking . . . The children love him."

Tom fell into the routine readily, and the practice became his life. He worked 12, 14, sometimes 16 hours a day and as word of his competence spread, he was asked by several older doctors to substitute for them and make their house calls. Through these doctors Tom got himself and his patients into three Detroit hospitals and was able to carry on as though he were a staff physician.

By the end of 1961, just seven months after he opened the practice, Novak had earned $15,000 and was averaging 200 patients a week—not all of whom paid their bills. He claimed this never bothered him. It was his simple boast that $2,000 was owed to him and "I always did my share of charity work too." He looked after the priests at St. Brigid's and was team doctor for the grammar-school football players.

"To me, being a doctor wasn't work," he said. "I never counted hours and I believed you were a doctor every day. Saturdays and Sundays were no different. The phone would ring, and I'd grab my black bag and head for the car. Over my shoulder I'd hear Pat protesting, 'Must you cure the whole world?' That was a saying in our house."

The practice grew and grew until there were 2,511 patients from 1,180 families and, in 1962, Tom's income rose to $35,000. It reached $40,000 the next year and was headed for better than $50,000 in 1964. Tom insists that medicine is what really mattered to him, the money only came because the patients flocked to his office. Nonetheless, he and Pat enjoyed their affluence and it gave them a new life. They built a $24,500, ten-and-a-half-room home in the suburbs and filled it with French and Italian provincial furniture. They drove two cars. Pat got a mink stole, the children went to nursery school, and Tom joined a country club for golf. Tom carried two credit cards, a roll of cash, and every morning took a fresh shine for his $30 shoes, tipping the boy a dollar.

For the first time in his life Tom Novak was completely independent. "I didn't have to ask anyone for anything; our life in those days was perfect," he said. Then, last summer, the perfect life began to chip apart. Tom began having difficulty with his equilibrium, and he was continually overtired. He suspected multiple sclerosis, and another doctor's opinion confirmed his belief. It became his second secret, shared only by his wife. The incurable and slowly crippling disease had first struck him four years before, impairing the vision in one eye and causing him to grow tired more quickly than normal. On his bad days he stumbled on stairs, fumbled for his instruments, and was exhausted by late afternoon. When the left hand grew so stiff that he couldn't write prescriptions, he taught himself to use his right. And, while he should have been getting more rest, he stepped up his pace.

"It was a funny thing with my hands," he said. "Once I got a grip on the surgical instrument, I was in full control. The stiffness seemed to leave me. Many times I did stitching on one of my bad days. I remember sewing up a woman's face, using twenty-some stitches around the eyes, and it was as good a job as I ever did."

On another of the so-called bad days, Tom sewed up the arm of seven-year-old Melanie Lane after the child crashed through a storm door, cutting herself so badly that her mother feared she might be left crippled.

Tom realized, nevertheless, that he was losing the battle with the disease. He worried about Pat and the children, and he was frightened for himself and his practice. He felt that he needed additional life insurance and asked his agent to double his $25,000 policy. This was the move that brought the final disaster to Tom Novak's life.

A week later the insurance man told Tom a routine credit investigation showed there was no Dr. Thomas M. Novak with the Wayne County (Detroit) or Michigan medical societies, nor was he listed with the state Board of Registration in Medicine.

"I told them you must be a doctor," said the agent, "because you've been practicing okay for four years."

Although there are 9,000 licensed physicians in Michigan, the medical board has only one investigator, a painstaking retired state policeman named Charles C. Holton, who last year traveled 8,286 miles tracking down charlatans, quacks and medical cheats. On Friday night, August 28, Holton, alerted by the insurance company, parked his car in the shadows of Wyoming Avenue and sat watching patients file in and out of Novak's office. At nine o'clock the state investigator rang the bell and handed Tom his card with the Michigan seal in the upper left-hand corner. He said evenly, "You've caused us quite a bit of embarrassment down in the capitol."

At first Tom tried to brazen it through, claiming he was licensed in Maryland where he went to school, but hadn't bothered to take out a Michigan license. Told to show up with his diplomas and other credentials, he poured out the whole story the following Wednesday before the medical board in Lansing. "I'll never forget Pat's first reaction," said Tom. "She just said, 'Well, now the children will see more of you.'" Later on, both families had a good cry, and Tom's father remarked that he knew all along Tom should have gone to engineering school.

The story broke big in Detroit. Radio and television carried the news every hour. Cranks, drunks, angry neighbors, newsmen and well-meaning friends called the Novak house. Stunned patients phoned wanting to know whether they should continue their medicine, or asking simply, "Is that you on TV, Doctor Novak?" Tom's lawyer and friend, Richard L. Lehman, turned from a TV newscast and said quickly to his wife, "Carol, bring me the telephone book—and there better be *two* Dr. Thomas M. Novaks in it."

At first, Tom insisted on taking all the calls, explaining that "no one got sick or died because of any lack of knowledge on my part. I knew what I was doing." For most of his patients the explanation was unnecessary. They were already reacting like crusaders. Some offered to raise money for the defense; one woman wrote President Johnson for help and others wired or phoned the prosecutor until he told the switchboard, "No more Novak calls." At St. Brigid's Church, Father Joseph Byrne reminded his parishioners of the Biblical injunction to "judge not lest ye be judged" and urged them to pray for their good friend who was "in a little trouble."

Seemingly, everyone in Detroit was talking about Tom Novak. Everyone

Mrs. Novak holds Tom II for sisters Christine, 7, and Kathleen, 6, to admire.

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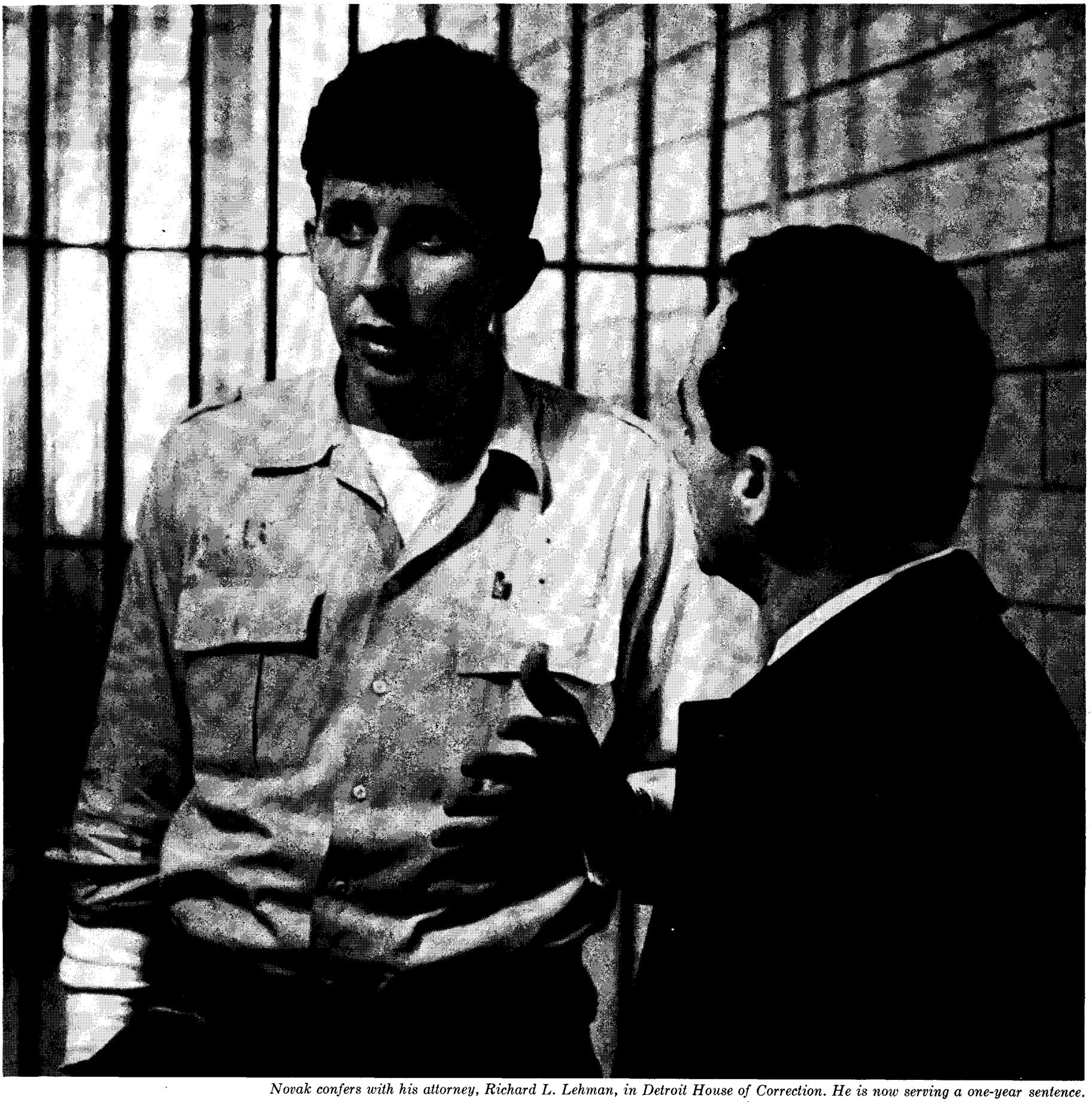

Novak confers with his attorney, Richard L. Lehman, in Detroit House of Correction. He is now serving a one-year sentence.

but other doctors, that is. Few medical men were willing to discuss Novak's abilities seriously, preferring instead to treat the matter as a joke. One doctor said, "He was nothing more than a scrub nurse, I understand. I doubt that he treated anyone who was really sick." Another widely held feeling was expressed by the president of the county medical society, who said, "I hope this doesn't hurt our image too much."

But there was one doctor who came to Tom's defense. Dr. R. J. McPherson, who has been a general practitioner for more than 25 years, remembered that Novak made calls for him and added, "I never had reason to doubt his judgment; he was a good doctor. I think he even taught us old fellows something, to be more understanding with our patients."

Tom pleaded guilty to the misdemeanors of practicing medicine without a license and possession of barbiturates. In Detroit Recorder's Court on November 24 he was sentenced to prison for one year by Judge Paul E. Krause, who apparently relied upon a probation report which described Novak as "egocentric and insolent" and which also said that in his later years he actually believed he was a physician.

"Maybe you helped people, I am not sure," Judge Krause said from the bench. "But it is also possible that you might have hurt people. And to use the vernacular, there was a little bit of 'con' in your work."

The state's probation report declared Novak showed no remorse. This is generally true, because Tom believes the good he did outweighs the bad.

"I'm sobered by the fact that I was capable of so much deception," he said one morning recently, "but I didn't defraud anyone, and I want people to understand this. I really took care of my patients. They came back to me because they felt better; they were satisfied. No one can say I was just taking their money.

"But I don't expect anyone will ever understand why I did it. I did it, really, because for those four years I was a doctor, and I'd do it all over again for that same reason." □

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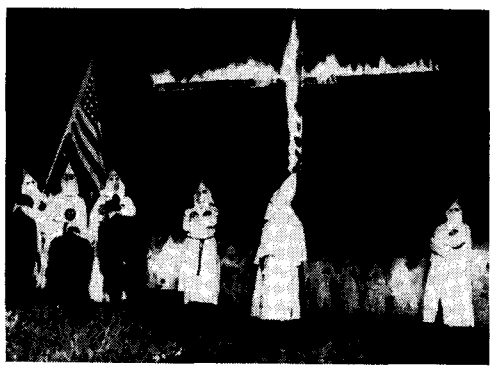
Editorials



The men in hoods

Despite the sinister atmosphere that has long surrounded the Ku Klux Klan—as described in this issue of *The Post*—there has always been something ludicrous about men dressing up in bed sheets to chant mystic rituals and warn of a coming Armageddon. Indeed, the Klan was founded as a kind of joke.

It was the night before Christmas, 1865, when six bored young men in a law office in Pulaski, Tenn., decided to form a secret club for some merrymaking. They picked the curious name "Ku Klux," a corruption of the Greek word for circle, and added "Klan" because all were Scotch-Irish and had clans in their backgrounds. They created preposterous titles, with a grand wizard and 10 genii at the top and such lesser powers as grand dragons, hydras, and furies, scaling down to the cyclopses who were masters of the local dens, where members were known as ghouls.

The young men raided a linen closet for costumes—sheets and pillow cases for themselves, and sheets for their horses. They had a great time whooping it up on the road at night, but the newly freed slaves mistook them for ghosts from nearby battlefields—and were terrified. This effect did not go unnoticed, but it was only when marauding Negro militia, northern carpetbaggers and pillaging freedmen began to overrun the South that the Klan took on a serious purpose and spread like wildfire. There was hardly a responsible Southerner not involved in some way with the Klan during the heat of Reconstruction. But as the critical problems were solved, responsible men began to turn away from violence.

Even today, there is something absurd about the Klansmen. Klaverns turn up with electrified crosses that can be plugged in, and its members are seen in walking shorts. Some branches of the Klan even have their own public-relations people who wistfully try to improve the Klan's image by serving coffee to motorists on holidays.

It has been said that no political power can withstand the withering effect of laughter. But if anyone has been laughing about the Klan, the sound does not seem to have penetrated the Klaverns, or to have diminished their growth.

In fact, the Klan is anything but funny. Even the crude racial jokes that prompt its members to laughter are expressions of hatred. Yet unlike most hate groups, the Klansmen do not all limit themselves to speeches and pamphleteering; some Klan members have been arrested in cases of bombing, murder, mutilation.

Such an organization is ultimately self-destroying, just as the Klan destroyed itself in its previous incarnations. That day will be speeded if Southerners remember the true nature of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, a stern, moral man who became head of the Klan in 1868. In the following year, Forrest openly denounced the lawless elements of the organization and ordered that the Klan be disbanded. If the general were alive today, we suspect he would be indignant enough to chase the hooded men through every swamp in Mississippi.

In praise of speaking bluntly

We take a certain amount of pride in the fact that one of our editors was the first American to obtain an exclusive interview with Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson since his election. He didn't make any startling revelations, of course, nor did we expect any. But we liked, among other things, the way Wilson compared himself to the President with whom he had just conferred:

"We have, with all our differences, a great deal in common. . . . Without going into the points of contact between a Texan and a Yorkshireman—Yorkshire is the biggest state in *our* union anyway—I think we're both, with respect of our origins, noted for speaking bluntly, saying what you think, and not too much diplomatic finesse. And this is the best way to get results. I've always welcomed President Johnson's quotation from Isaiah, 'Let us reason together,' and at the end of our talks I said to him, 'We *have* reasoned together. I think Isaiah would have been pleased.'"

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